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DEC 5 1986
APR 24 1988
OCT 31 1989
DEC 27 1996
MAR 1 - 1997
MAY 7 - 1997
SEP 10 1997
SEP 21 2001
OCT 20 2001

201-6503

Printed in USA

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THE SECOND BOOK OF NEGRO SPIRITUALS

Edited with an introduction by

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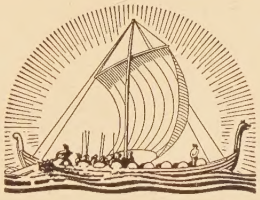

NEW YORK THE VIKING PRESS MCMXXVI

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Published October, 1926

MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY THE VAIL-BALLOU PRESS, INC., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

To

JOHN W. WORK

and

NATALIE CURTIS BURLIN

Lovers of the Spirituals
and toilers for their preservation

CONTENTS

PREFACE	11
A LITTLE TALK WID JESUS MAKES IT RIGHT	74
ALL I DO, DE CHURCH KEEP A-GRUMBLIN'	130
CAN'T YOU LIVE HUMBLE?	138
CHILLY WATER	114
COME HERE, LORD!	176
DANIEL SAW DE STONE	162
DE ANGEL ROLL DE STONE AWAY	118
DE ANGELS IN HEAB'N GWINETER WRITE MY NAME	128
DEATH COME TO MY HOUSE HE DIDN'T STAY LONG	108
DEATH'S GWINETER LAY HIS COLD ICY HANDS ON ME (Familiar Version)	93
DEATH'S GWINETER LAY HIS COLD ICY HANDS ON ME (Rare Version)	96
DE OL' ARK'S A-MOVERIN' AN' I'M GOIN' HOME	25
DE OL' SHEEP DONE KNOW DE ROAD	160
DERE'S A HAN' WRITIN' ON DE WALL	171
DO DON'T TOUCH-A MY GARMENT, GOOD LORD, I'M GWINE HOME	68
GIMME YO' HAN'	86
GOD'S A-GWINETER TROUBLE DE WATER	84
GREAT DAY	56
GWINETER RIDE UP IN DE CHARIOT SOON-A IN DE MORNIN'	121
HOL' DE WIN' DON'T LET IT BLOW	178
HUMBLE YO'SELF DE BELL DONE RING	183
I FEEL LIKE MY TIME AIN'T LONG	174
I HEARD DE PREACHIN' OF DE WORD O' GOD	90
I KNOW DE LORD'S LAID HIS HANDS ON ME	164
I'M GWINE UP TO HEAB'N ANYHOW	126
IN DAT GREAT GITTIN' UP MORNIN'	40
I THANK GOD I'M FREE AT LAST	158
I WANT GOD'S HEAB'N TO BE MINE	88

CONTENTS

I WANT TO DIE EASY WHEN I DIE 46
JUBALEE 142
LOOK-A HOW DEY DONE MY LORD 168
LORD, I WANT TO BE A CHRISTIAN IN-A MY HEART 72
MARY AN' MARTHA JES' GONE 'LONG 81
MARY HAD A BABY, YES, LORD 124
MEMBERS, DON'T GIT WEARY 155
MOS' DONE TOILIN' HERE 140
MY LORD SAYS HE'S GWINETER RAIN DOWN FIRE 28
MY SHIP IS ON DE OCEAN 150
MY SOUL'S BEEN ANCHORED IN DE LORD 37
NOBODY KNOWS DE TROUBLE I SEE (Familiar Version) 34
OH, HEAR ME PRAYIN' 166
OH, MY GOOD LORD, SHOW ME DE WAY 133
OH, YES! OH, YES! WAIT 'TIL I GIT ON MY ROBE 105
PO' MOURNER'S GOT A HOME AT LAS' 78
RELIGION IS A FORTUNE I REALLY DO BELIEVE 53
RISE, MOURNER, RISE 116
RISE UP SHEPHERD AN' FOLLER 66
RUN, MARY, RUN 110
SAME TRAIN 60
SINNER, PLEASE DON'T LET DIS HARVES' PASS 50
SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE A MOTHERLESS CHILD 30
TOO LATE 102
TO SEE GOD'S BLEEDIN' LAM' 152
WALK IN JERUSALEM JUS' LIKE JOHN 58
WALK, MARY, DOWN DE LANE 147
WALK TOGETHER CHILDREN 180
WERE YOU THERE WHEN THEY CRUCIFIED MY LORD? 136
WHEN I FALL ON MY KNEES 63
YOU GO, I'LL GO WID YOU 44
YOU MUS' HAB DAT TRUE RELIGION 100
'ZEKIEL SAW DE WHEEL 144

THE SECOND BOOK OF NEGRO SPIRITUALS

PREFACE

In this the second Book of American Negro Spirituals we are continuing the work of putting these songs, characteristically arranged, in permanent form.

The present volume contains most of those old favorites that largely for reasons of space were left out of the first. In it will be found the familiar version of *Nobody Knows De Trouble I See.* (The first volume contained the rare version of this song.) There will also be found the stirring and triumphant *Walk Together Children,* the apocalyptic *'Zekiel Saw De Wheel,* and the poignantly sad *Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child.* Other old favorites are: *Sinner Please Don't Let Dis Harves' Pass, Gwineter Ride Up In De Chariot, Lord I Want To Be A Christian In-a My Heart, Gimme Yo' Han', I Know De Lord's Laid His Hands On Me, Walk In Jerusalem Jus' Like John, De Ol' Ark's A-Moverin',* and *Humble Yo'self De Bell Done Ring.* Moreover, we are confident that even those who are familiar with the Spirituals will be astonished at the number of songs, lesser known but of remarkable beauty and quality, here included. These are some of the songs in this volume which need only to be heard to be loved: *My Soul's Been Anchored In De Lord, God's A-Gwineter Trouble De Water, Dere's A Han'writin' On De Wall, Walk, Mary, Down De Lane, Mary Had A Baby, Chilly Water, I Want God's Heab'n To Be Mine, Death's Gwineter Lay His Cold Icy Hands On Me, I Want to Die Easy When I Die, My Lord Says He's Gwineter Rain Down Fire, Same Train, In Dat Great Gittin' Up Mornin'.*

It would almost seem that the number of beautiful Spirituals is inexhaustible. In these two volumes of The Book of American Negro Spirituals there have been collected and arranged six score songs, and, despite the number of lost Spirituals, there are many score more. And the Spirituals, in a limited degree, are still in the making; as is evi-

denced by the recent splendid collection made at the Penn Normal, Industrial and Agricultural School, St. Helena Island, South Carolina, by N. G. J. Ballanta, an accomplished African musician. Considering the common source of the Spirituals, the absence of monotony is more than surprising. Those who have heard J. Rosamond Johnson and Taylor Gordon or Paul Robeson and Lawrence Brown in recital must have remarked the unexpected variety displayed in a program made up exclusively of Spirituals. These artists generally sing at a concert twenty to twenty-five numbers, and yet they avoid approaching anything like sameness. They often conclude programs even of such length with the audience clamoring for more.

What is the secret of the wide variety and perennially fresh appeal of the Spirituals? How is it that an audience can listen to them for two hours without interlude and without boredom or satiety? The Negro took as his basic material just his native African rhythms and the King James version of the Bible and out of them created the Spirituals;[1] how then was he able to produce a body of five or six hundred religious songs with so little monotony of treatment and effect? One explanation is the fact that although the Spirituals in a general classification fall under the heading "religious songs," all of them are by no means religious in a narrow or special sense. All of them are by no means songs of worship, though having a religious origin and usage. In the Spirituals the Negro did express his religious hopes and fears, his faith and his doubts. In them he also expressed his theological and ethical views, and sounded his exhortations and warnings. Songs of this character constitute the bulk of the Spirituals. But in a large proportion of the songs the Negro passed over the strict limits of religion and covered nearly the whole range of group experiences—the notable omission being sex. In many of the Spirituals the Negro gave wide play to his imagination; in them he told his stories and drew his morals therefrom; he dreamed his dreams and declared his visions; he uttered his despair and prophesied his victories; he also spoke the group wisdom and expressed the group philosophy of life. Indeed, the Spirituals taken as a whole contain a record and a revelation of the deeper thoughts and experiences of the Negro in this country for a

[1] For an account of the origin and development of the Spirituals see preface to first Book of American Negro Spirituals (New York, 1925), pp. 19–23.

period beginning three hundred years ago and covering two and a half centuries. If you wish to know what they are you will find them written more plainly in these songs than in any pages of history. The Spirituals together with the secular songs—the work songs and the sex songs—furnish a full expression of the life and thought of the otherwise inarticulate masses of the Negro race in the United States.

A further explanation of the variety of the Spirituals lies in the Negro's many-mooded nature; his sensitiveness and quick response to the whole gamut of human emotions. And what a range he has! I do not believe there is any other people in the world that can be so lugubriously sad as the Negro, or so genuinely gay. An added explanation is found in his lively imagination, not yet wholly dulled by stereotyped ideas. For illustration: the age-old symbol of death's convoy is a boat crossing a stream or a ship leaving one port and entering another. The Negro has made frequent use in the Spirituals of this classic symbol; but turn to the song, *Same Train,* and you will see that he does not hesitate to scrap the stereotype and create a new symbol out of his own everyday experiences. He dares to do this, and, what is more important, he does it to the point of perfection. The imagery is not lessened; and see how the inevitability of death is insistently suggested in the inevitably recurring "Same train. Same train."

Above all, the Negro was using as his medium the infinitely varied rhythmic patterns of his native African music, to which he had added a new-found harmonic strength and melodic beauty.[2] For these reasons he was able to fashion many kinds of songs from what was practically the same materials. Songs that are the cry of a lost soul and songs that are the voice of an army with banners. Songs that are crooning lullabies and songs like the thunders about Sinai. Pass from the pathos of *Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child* to the thrill of *Walk Together Children,* from the intenseness of *Stan' Still Jordan* to the exultancy of *Joshua Fit De Battle Ob Jericho,* from the lull of *Swing Low Sweet Chariot* to the trumpet-tongued proclamation of *Go Down Moses,* and you will get an idea of the wide musical and poetical range spanned by the Spirituals that I have been trying to indicate.

[2] For a discussion of African rhythms and the "swing" of the Spirituals see *ibid.*, pp. 17–18 and 28–30. See also foreword to St. Helena Spirituals, N. G. J. Ballanta, New York, 1925.

The present volume contains sixty-one numbers. Every kind of Spiritual, as in the first Book, is here represented. There is, indeed, one kind that is extremely rare, the Spiritual based on the birth or infancy of Jesus. The crucifixion and the resurrection have been treated over and over by the creators of the Spirituals, but apparently the birth of Christ made very little appeal to them, and there are practically no "Christmas Spirituals." This is to me a quite curious fact. It would seem that the lowly birth of Jesus, from which more than one analogy could have been drawn, would have furnished the makers of the Spirituals with an inspiring theme, but, for reasons I am not able to give, it did not. It may be that the old-time plantation preacher, nonplussed by the Immaculate Conception, touched upon the birth of Christ only lightly or not at all, and, therefore, that part of the story of his life was not deeply impressed upon the bards.[3] Or it may be that the Negro preferred to think of Jesus as God, as almighty, all-powerful to help; and this idea of him could not easily be reconciled with his being born of a woman. Jesus, in the older Spirituals, is generally given a title of power. Sometimes he is referred to as "Massa Jesus"; most often he is called "King Jesus." One of the noblest and most inspiriting of all the Spirituals runs:[4]

> Ride on Jesus, Ride on Jesus.
> Ride on Conquering King;
> I wanter go to heab'n in de mornin'.

The reason may be due in part to the fact that the anniversary of the birth of Christ was not, in the South, in any sense a sacred or religious holiday. Up to within recent years, at least, it has been celebrated chiefly with gunpowder and whiskey. It has there been the most secular, even the most profane of all holidays. In slavery times it was the one day on which the slaves were given a sort of freedom. The liberty of coming and going was greatly enlarged. On many plantations whiskey was distributed. The day was one given over to a good time; to singing, dancing and visiting; to guzzling, gluttony and

[3] For reference to the work and offices of these bards see preface to first Book of Spirituals, pp. 21–23.

[4] For discussion of the poetry of the Spirituals see *ibid.*, pp. 38–42.

debauchery. It is possible that it was a conscious part of the scheme of slavery to make Christmas a day on which the slaves through sheer excess of sensuous pleasure would forget their bonds. One sure result was that there was destroyed in the minds of the slaves any idea of connection between the birth of Christ and his life and death. At any rate, there are at most only two or three "Christmas Spirituals," and occasional lines referring to the birth of Jesus Christ here and there in other songs. In 1919 Miss Natalie Curtis published two songs, one she had found in Virginia entitled *Dar's A Star In De East,* and the other a song she got from St. Helena Island, South Carolina, entitled *Mary Had A Baby.* There are several versions of this latter song in the Ballanta collection. There was included in the Hampton collection (1909) a song entitled, *Rise Up Shepherd An' Foller.* Both *Mary Had A Baby* and *Rise Up Shepherd An' Foller,* characteristically harmonized and arranged, are in this volume.

In my opinion, the above observations are fairly good evidence that the "Christmas Spirituals" and the other songs containing lines referring to Christ's birth are of recent date. It is more than probable that they belong to a period quite some time after Emancipation; to a period in which there had come the development of a new idea not only of Christmas, but of Christ. This conclusion is further borne out by my inability through racking my early memories to recall anything like a "Christmas Spiritual," and by the fact that no Spiritual of that sort is found in the early standard collections.

There is no way of telling how much of this music has been lost beyond hope of retrieval. For more than a century the Negro had been singing his Spirituals before their beauty and significance were in the slightest degree recognized. It is only within the past fifty or sixty years that any worth-while effort has been made to collect and record these songs; and it is not probable that the original collections were anything near exhaustive. But the Negro and the world are lucky in that so great a mass of them has been saved. I say lucky because it was largely a matter of chance that practically all of this music was not completely lost. The Negro has been doubly lucky, because his music was preserved by others when he himself was unable to do the work, and because his amanuenses, in addition to their other qualifica-

tions, were men and women of honesty. The Spirituals were first collected and set down by white people from the North who came in contact with the Negroes of the South during or immediately after the Civil War.[5] These collectors might have omitted to make the exclusive Negro origin of the songs a part of the record; and so the task might have devolved some day upon the Negro to establish his title as their sole creator. The Negro was likewise lucky with regard to his folk tales. The plantation stories were collected and set down by a Southern white man,[6] who, had he failed to tell specifically where he got the tales and about their creators, might in time have been passed as an original and imaginative writer *influenced* by Negro life.

The Negro has not had such good fortune with the other folk contributions he has made to the common store of American art. Dancing, so far as it is a native art in America, has been dominated almost absolutely by Negro influence; and yet the Negro has received only the scantiest credit for his contribution. Of course, professional exponents who draw upon or exploit Negro dances do not pause to explain the fact, nor could they reasonably be expected to do so. I know of but one exception, Mr. Vernon Castle, perhaps the most noted, and, by the way, an Englishman, who always danced to the music of a colored band, and never failed to state that most of his dances had long been done "by your colored people," as he put it. Moreover, in great measure, the credit has been deliberately taken away; as witnessed by the number of white vaudeville performers and dancing instructors who promptly advertised themselves as "originators" of the world-encircling "Charleston." Something of the same sort has happened with regard to Negro secular music. The early black-face minstrels simply took such Negro songs as they wished and used them. The first of the so-called Ragtime songs to be published were actually Negro secular folk songs that were set down by white men, who affixed their own names as the composers. In fact, before the Negro succeeded fully in establishing his title as creator of his secular music the form was taken away from him and made national instead of racial. It has been developed into the distinct musical idiom by which America expresses it-

[5] For a history of the collection and preservation of the Spirituals see *ibid.*, pp. 46–49.

[6] The plantation stories were collected and published by Joel Chandler Harris under the title of *Uncle Remus*.

self popularly, and by which it is known universally. For a long while the vocal form was almost absolutely divorced from the Negro; the separation being brought about largely through the elimination of dialect from the texts of the songs. The vogue of the Blues, and the record of the origin and development of this latest vocal form written down by W. C. Handy and Abbe Niles, have gone far to recover the ground lost in this field. There was at one time much publicity discussion as to which of the white Jazz band leaders was entitled to the credit of originating the instrumental form. Now, however, there is a widening acknowledgment of the fact that this form, which has reached a point of development where it is commanding the attention of scholarly musicians, is based upon Negro rhythms and polyphonic structure, and was used by colored bands as far back as twenty years ago. By way of further digression, it is interesting to speculate upon how far one of the most distinctive qualities of Jazz, the orchestral tone-color, is to be credited to the Negro in a negative sense, indeed, to a lack. The charm of this tone-color results from the unorthodox composition of the Jazz orchestra. The composition of the Jazz orchestra is based upon instruments that do not demand long and arduous and expensive training under a master, but which, for anybody with a natural musical ear, are easily self-taught. The violin, which is the mainstay of the orthodox orchestra, is in the Jazz orchestra entirely eliminated or reduced to a place of least importance. The instrumental combination which gives to good Jazz music its peculiar power of excitation to motor response was not consciously designed; it, like Topsy, just happened and grew. At the same time, it cannot be overlooked that the two instruments which play the greater part in producing this effect are the African drum and the Aframerican banjo.

There are no indications that the high regard attained by the Spirituals will be followed by any marked decline in interest. The vogue of these songs is by no means a suddenly popular fad; it has been reached through long and steady development in the recognition of their worth. Three generations ago their beauty struck a few collectors who were attuned to perceive it. A little while later the Fisk Jubilee Singers made them known to the world and gave them their first popularity, but it was a popularity founded mainly on sentiment. The chief effect

of this slave music upon its white hearers then was that they were touched and moved with deepest sympathy for the "poor Negro." The Spirituals passed next through a period of investigation and study and of artistic appreciation. Composers began afterwards to arrange them so that their use was extended to singers and music-lovers. And then they made their appearance on concert programs and their appeal was greatly broadened. Today, the Spirituals have a new vogue, but they produce a reaction far different from the sort produced by their first popularity; the effect now produced upon white hearers is not sympathy for the "poor Negro" but admiration for the creative genius of the race. The Spirituals have passed through and withstood many untoward conditions on the long march to the present appreciation of their value; they have come from benighted disregard through scorn, apathy, misappraisal, even the ashamedness and neglect of the race that created them, to where they are recognized as the finest distinctive artistic contribution America can offer the world. The history of the Spirituals is sufficient evidence that they possess the germ of immortality. It is far this side of prophecy to say that they will last as long as anything artistic that has thus far been produced on this continent.

Has this music in any way been a vital force? Has its power brought about any change? What modification has it worked upon the nation and within the Negro? The Spirituals have exerted a gentle and little-considered influence for a good many years. For more than a half century they have touched and stirred the hearts of people and effected a softening down of some of the hard edges of prejudice against the Negro. Measured by length of years, they have wrought more in sociology than in art. Indeed, within the past decade and especially within the past two or three years they have been, perhaps, the main force in breaking down the immemorial stereotype that the Negro in America is nothing more than a beggar at the gate of the nation, waiting to be thrown the crumbs of civilization; that he is here only to receive; to be shaped into something new and unquestionably better. The common idea has been that the Negro, intellectually and morally empty, is here to be filled, filled with education, filled with religion, filled with morality, filled with culture, in a word, to be made into what

is considered a civilized human being. All of this is, in a measure, true; but in a larger measure it is true that the Negro is the possessor of a wealth of natural endowments; that he has long been a generous giver to America; that he has helped to shape and mold it; that he has put an indelible imprint upon it; that America is the exact America it is today because of his influence. A startling truth it is that America would not be precisely the America it is except for the silent power the Negro has exerted upon it, both positive and negative. I say the truth is startling because I believe the conscience of the nation would be shocked by contemplation of the effects of the negative power the Negro has involuntarily and unwittingly wielded. This awakening to the truth that the Negro is an active and important force in American life; that he is a creator as well as a creature; that he has given as well as received; that he is the potential giver of larger and richer contributions, is, I think, due more to the present realization of the beauty and value of the Spirituals than to any other one cause.

The Spirituals have only just begun to exert an appreciable influence in art; and, strange to say, not at all or very little have they affected the field of music. The recent emergence of a younger group of Negro artists, preponderantly literary, zealous to be racial, or to put it better, determined to be true to themselves, to look for their art material within rather than without, got its first impulse, I believe, from the new evaluation of the Spirituals reached by the Negro himself. Almost suddenly the realization broke upon the Negro that in the Spirituals the race had produced one of the finest examples of folk-art in the world. The result was a leaping pride, coupled with a consciousness of innate racial talents and powers, that gave rise to a new school of Negro artists. In fact, it gave rise to what can be termed The Negro Youth Movement, a movement which embodies self-sufficiency, self-confidence and self-expression, and which is lacking in the old group sensitiveness to the approbation or opinion of its white environment. Of course, there have before been individual Negro writers actuated in the same way as this younger school, who have drawn deeply on racial resources and material, but this group motivation, operating upon a larger group which is aware and responsive, is a new and significant thing.

The Negro was a long time in coming to a realization of the true

worth of the Spirituals[7]—and there are still some faultily educated colored people who are ashamed of them—but when he did, his eyes were opened to all of his own cultural resources.

Before going into how much farther the Spirituals may advance as a force in art, let us, in passing, give a moment's consideration to the distance the younger school of Negro artists may cover. It is a fact beyond question that the Negro in the United States has produced fine and distinctive folk-art. Aframerican folk-art, an art by Africa out of America, Negro creative genius working under the spur and backlash of American conditions, is unlike anything else in America and not the same as anything else in the world; nor could it have been possible in any other place or in any other times. With the close of the creative period of the Blues, which appears to be at hand, it is probable that the whole folk creative effort of the Negro in the United States will have come to an end. The Blues, in their primitive form, are pure folk songs. They are the philosophical expression of the individual contemplating his situation in relation to the conditions surrounding him. In this respect they are the opposite of the Spirituals, which are an expression of the group. And, as follows naturally, the Spirituals are essentially group songs, while the Blues are essentially solos. The date of the origin of the Blues cannot be exactly fixed, but the internal evidence of the songs indicates that it is comparatively recent. The philosophical comment in them is upon conditions which Negroes in the South have had to face only since the Civil War: the courts, the law, the savagery of officers of the law, the chain gang, the life of work on the railroads, and life in the cities; in a word, the Blues contain the judgments of the ignorant and lower Negro masses upon all the hard conditions of modern life they have been called on to meet. Another evidence of this more or less recent origin is a new note in them that is foreign to the traditional traits; there is a note of pessimism, even of cynicism. Mr. Abbe Niles in his foreword to "Blues" declares this philosophy is that of choosing as the reaction to disaster laughter instead of tears, and says it is summed up in the line:

Got de blues, and too dam' mean to cry.

[7] For an account of the attitude of the colored people toward the Spirituals see preface to first Book of Spirituals, pp. 49–50.

But this philosophizing, no matter upon what subject, generally centers around the separation of the man from the woman or the woman from the man by the intervening conditions; and so for the most part, these songs resolve themselves into the lament of a lover who is feeling "blue." Many of the lines contain flashes of real primitive poetry. For these reasons, the Blues are even more interesting and valuable as poetry than they are as music.[8] For example, the lines:

> My man's got teeth like a lighthouse by de sea,
> An' when he smiles he th'ows a light on me.

The production of folk-art requires a certain naïveté, a certain insouciance, a sort of intellectual and spiritual isolation on the part of the producing group that makes it indifferent to preconceived standards. All of these, the Negro in the United States is fast losing, and inevitably. The bulk of this Aframerican folk production has been music, music of many kinds, songs of many kinds; but the urge and necessity upon the Negro to make his own music, his own songs, are being destroyed not only by the changing psychology but by such modern mechanisms as the phonograph and the radio. In fact, there are phonograph companies that make a business of furnishing colored people with close imitations of Negro folk songs. The production of genuine Aframerican folk-art must, sooner or later, cease. In time, even Negro dialect will be only a philological curiosity. Now, can the individual Negro artist produce a conscious art that will be as distinctively Aframerican as is the folk-art?

I doubt the possibility for the individual artists, especially the preponderating literary group, to produce anything comparable to the folk-art in distinctive values. Common education, common interests, a common language—all the environmental forces are against it. Through sheer conscious effort and determination something "different" might be produced, but most likely it would be something artificial and stillborn. I do not believe such effort is worth the while. But I do believe these artists can and will bring something new and vital *into American art*. They will bring to it something from the store of

[8] For a more detailed discussion see foreword to *Blues*, A. & C. Boni, New York, 1926, and the valuable treatise on Negro work songs and the Blues, *Negro Workaday Songs*, Odum and Johnson, University of North Carolina Press, 1926.

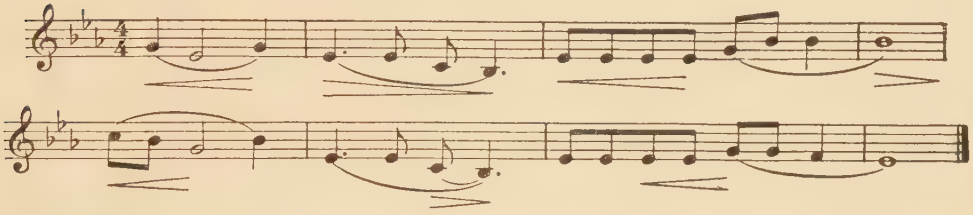
their racial genius:—warmth, color, movement, rhythm, abandon, freshness of unfettered imagination, the beauty of sensuousness, the depth and swiftness of emotion. This they can do by drawing fully on their racial resources and material, and through not being afraid of the truth. The writers, especially, have large opportunity to do their share by portraying Negro life as they alone can see and understand and interpret it, by painting it in true colors from the depths to the heights. And what a range they have! From the drollest comedy, through romance to the most overwhelming tragedy. No other group encompasses in its actual history and experiences in this country so wide and varied an emotional sweep as the Negro; and none but Negro artists can ever give it fullest artistic play. I am not even suggesting racial limits for Negro artists; any such bounds imposed would be strangling. I am rather re-stating what is axiomatic; that the artist produces his best when working at his best with the materials he knows best.

The environmental forces operating upon the individual Negro artists will not, I think, apply so inflexibly to those who may come in the fields of painting and the plastic arts. And less inflexibly still will they apply to the musicians. And this brings us back to a brief consideration of the Spirituals as a force in music. What is to be the future of this music? Will it continue only as folk songs, to become some day merely an exhibit in our museum of artistic antiquities, or is it to be a force in the musical art of America? It is safe to say that for many generations the Spirituals will be kept alive as folk songs. I think it equally safe to say they will some day be a strong element in American music. They possess the qualities and powers; the trouble, so far, has been their almost absolute neglect and rejection by our serious composers. Our lesser musicians have been wiser and more diligent; they have taken the music the Negro created in lighter moods —Ragtime, Jazz, Blues—and developed it into American popular music. Indeed all the major folk creations of the Negro have been taken up and developed, except the Spirituals. The secular music has been developed and has become national and international; the dances have been developed with an almost equal result; we see even the development or degeneration of "Uncle Remus" into the popular bed-time stories. Why cannot this nobler music of the Negro in the hands of

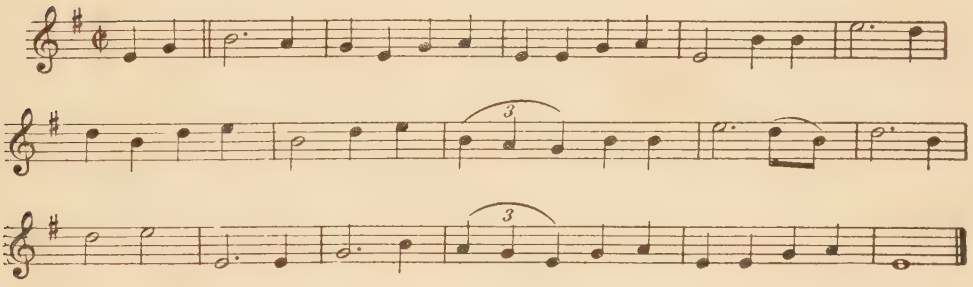
our serious composers be wrought into the greater American music that has so long been looked for?

I do not think the composers of any country have at their hands an unexplored mine of richer materials than American composers have in the Spirituals. Do our composers want themes for development into the greater forms, themes rooted in our artistic subsoil and having the vital spark of life? Let us suggest a few from the Spirituals; a choice can be made almost at random, sweet, plaintive, rhythmic, majestic:

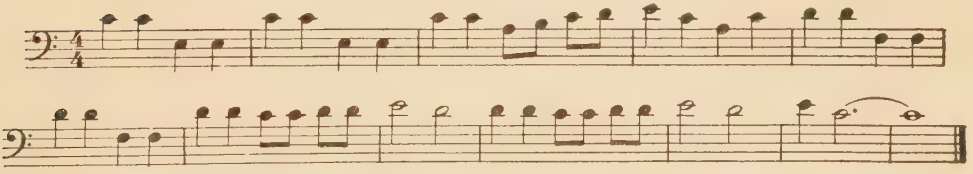
Swing Low Sweet Chariot



Sinner Please Don't Let Dis Harves' Pass

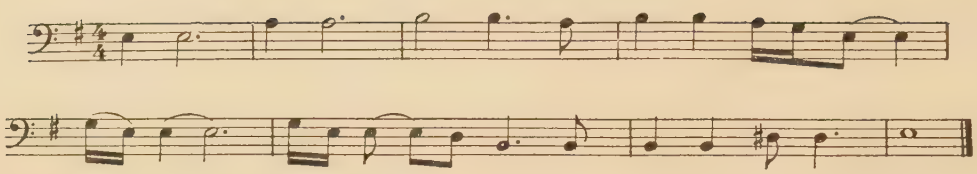


My Lord Says He's Gwineter Rain Down Fire



PREFACE

Go Down Moses



I do not believe American composers will always overlook and pass over this fund of source material.

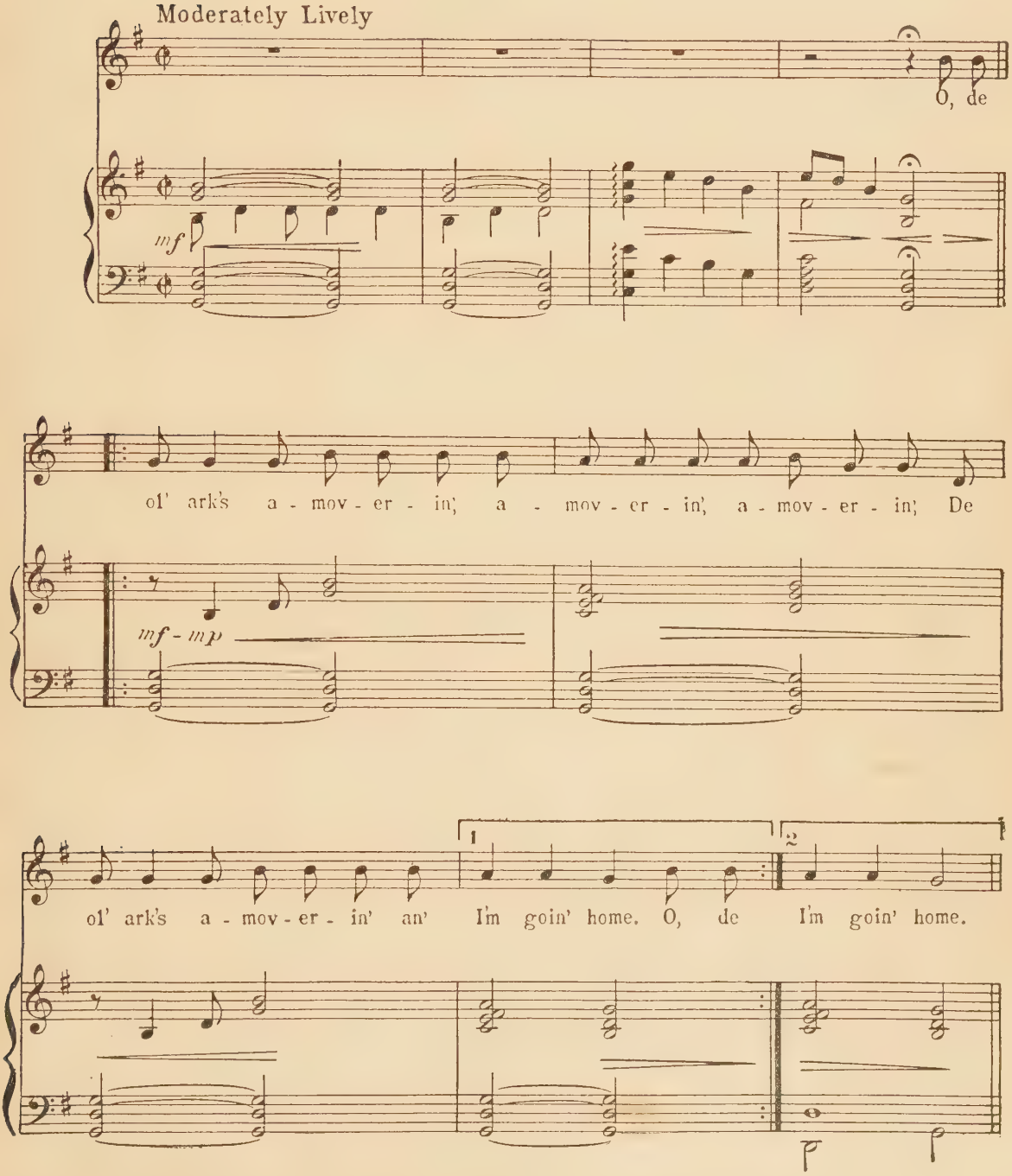
In the arrangements in this volume Mr. J. Rosamond Johnson has observed the same fidelity to the true characteristics of this music as he did in the First Book. However, he has here striven for greater simplicity. These arrangements will, we believe, prove interesting to the musician, but they will not be found too difficult for the average pianist.

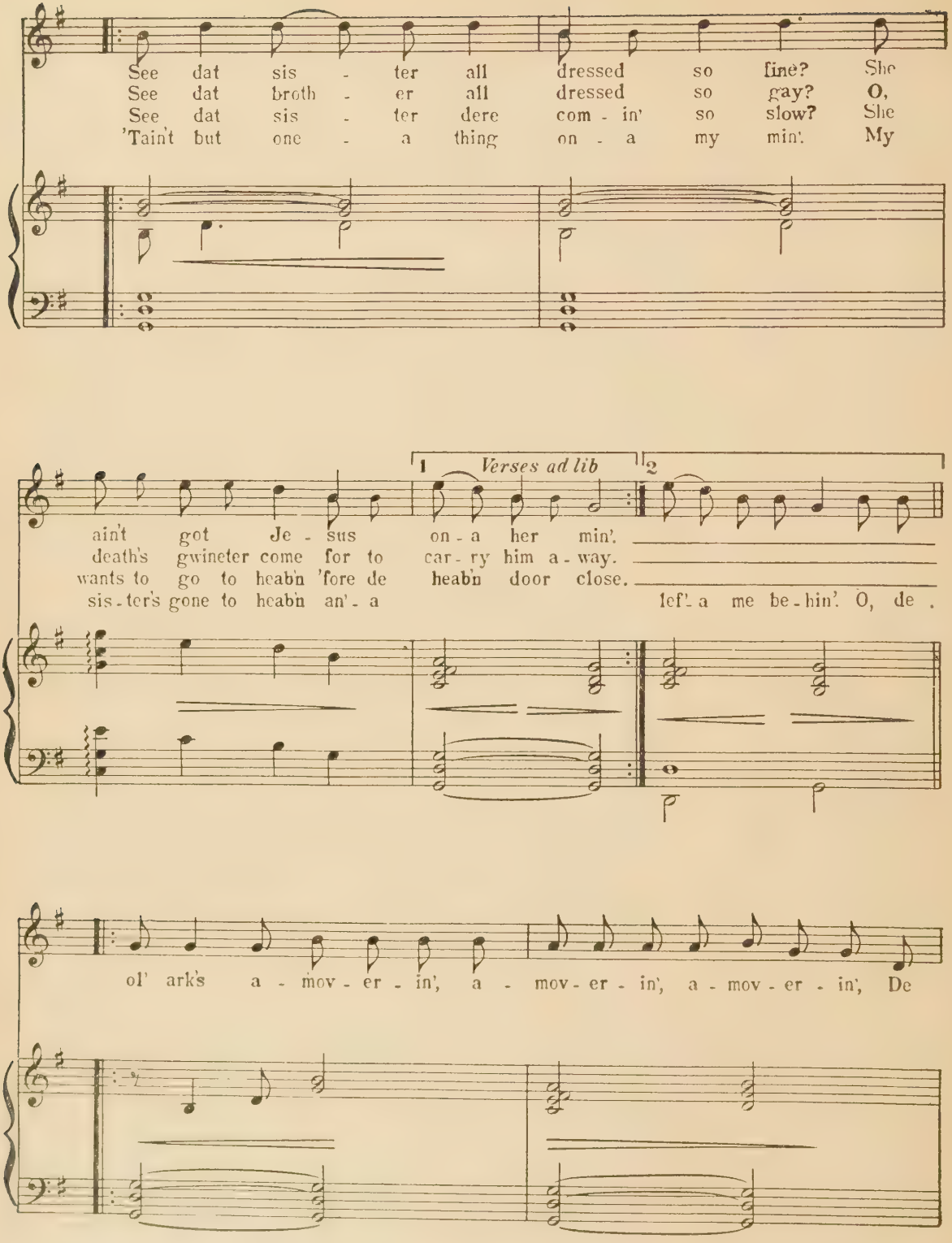
JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

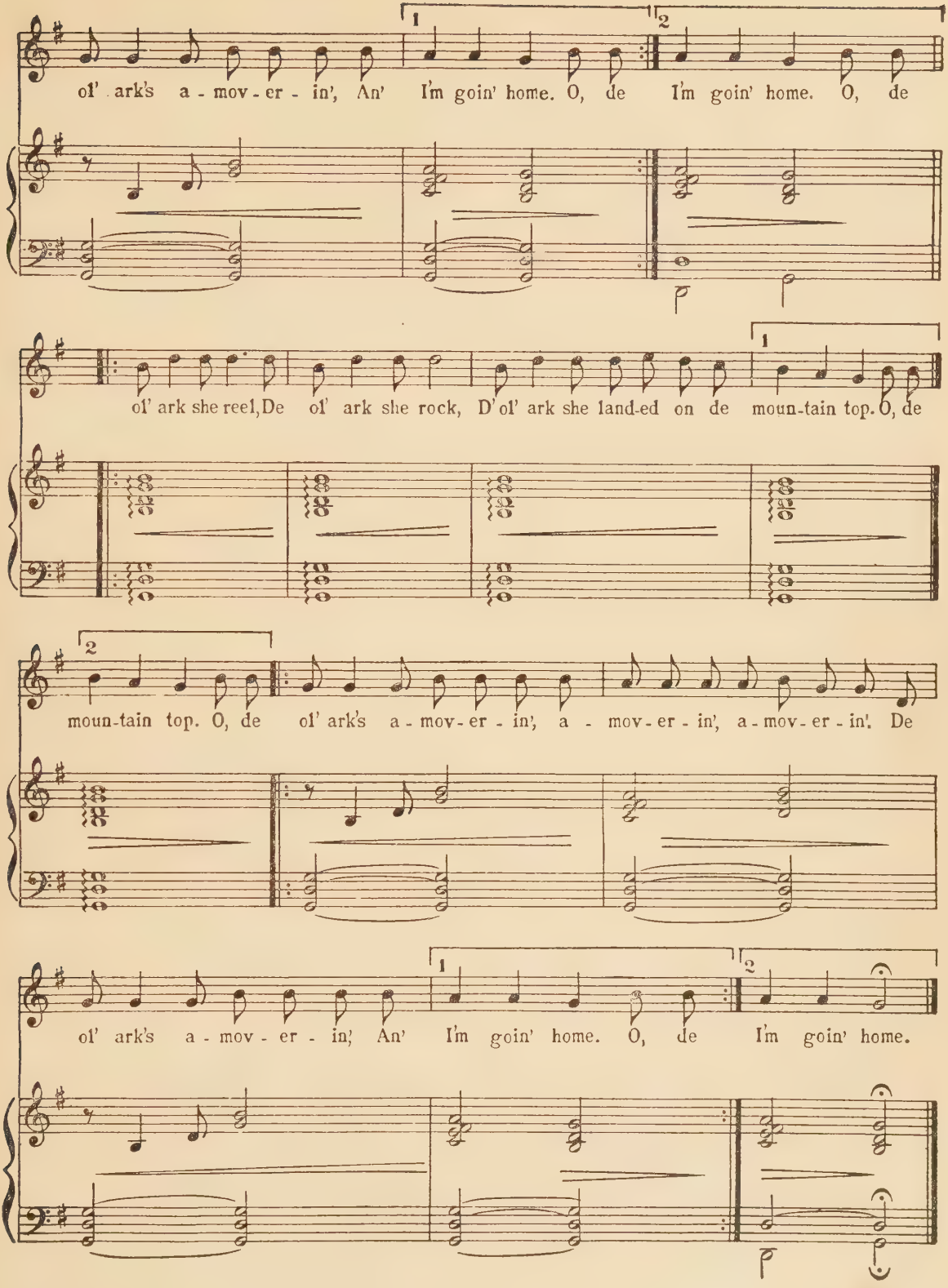
Great Barrington, Massachusetts.
1926.

DE OL' ARK'S A-MOVERIN' AN' I'M GOIN' HOME

To Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Langner

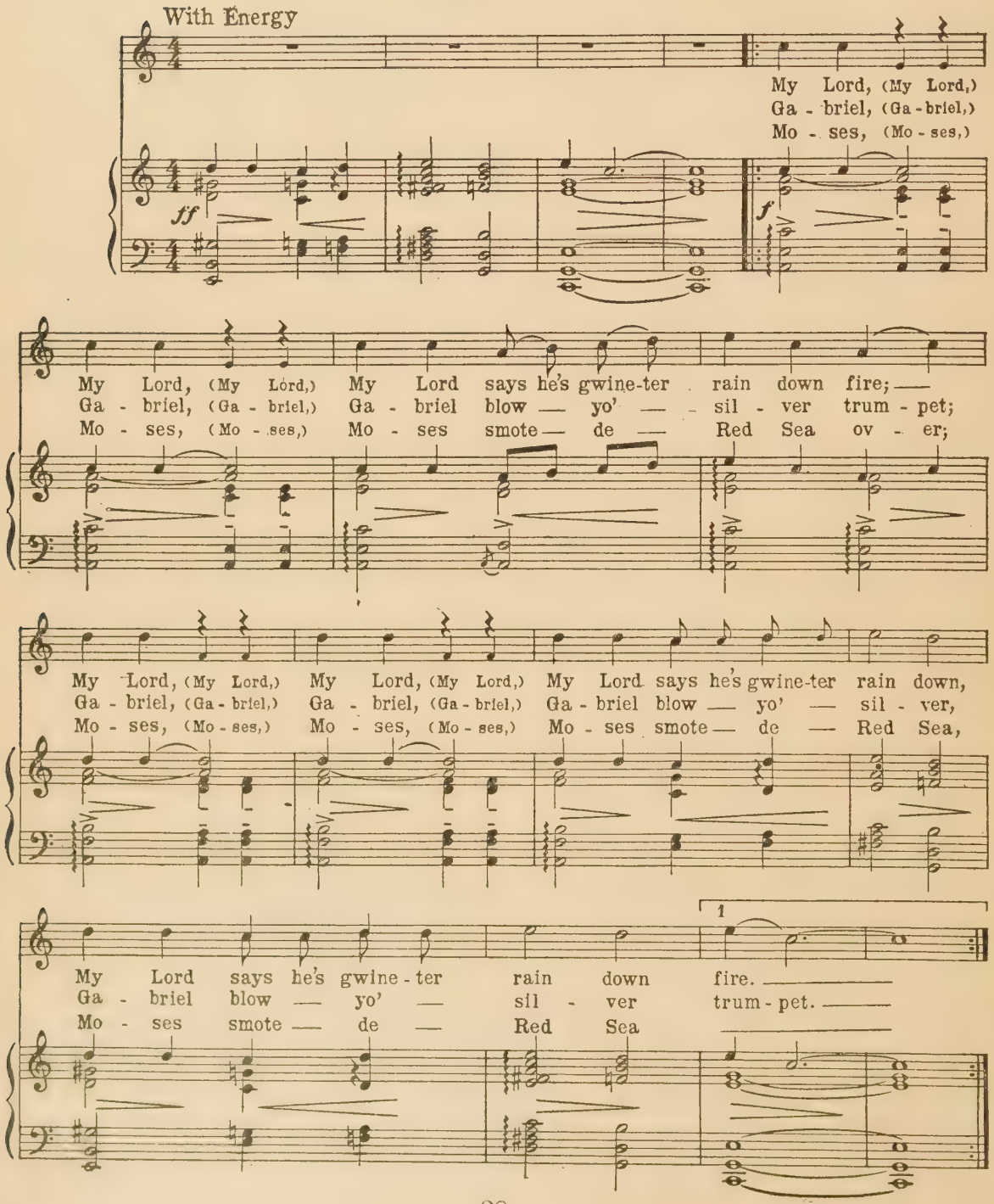


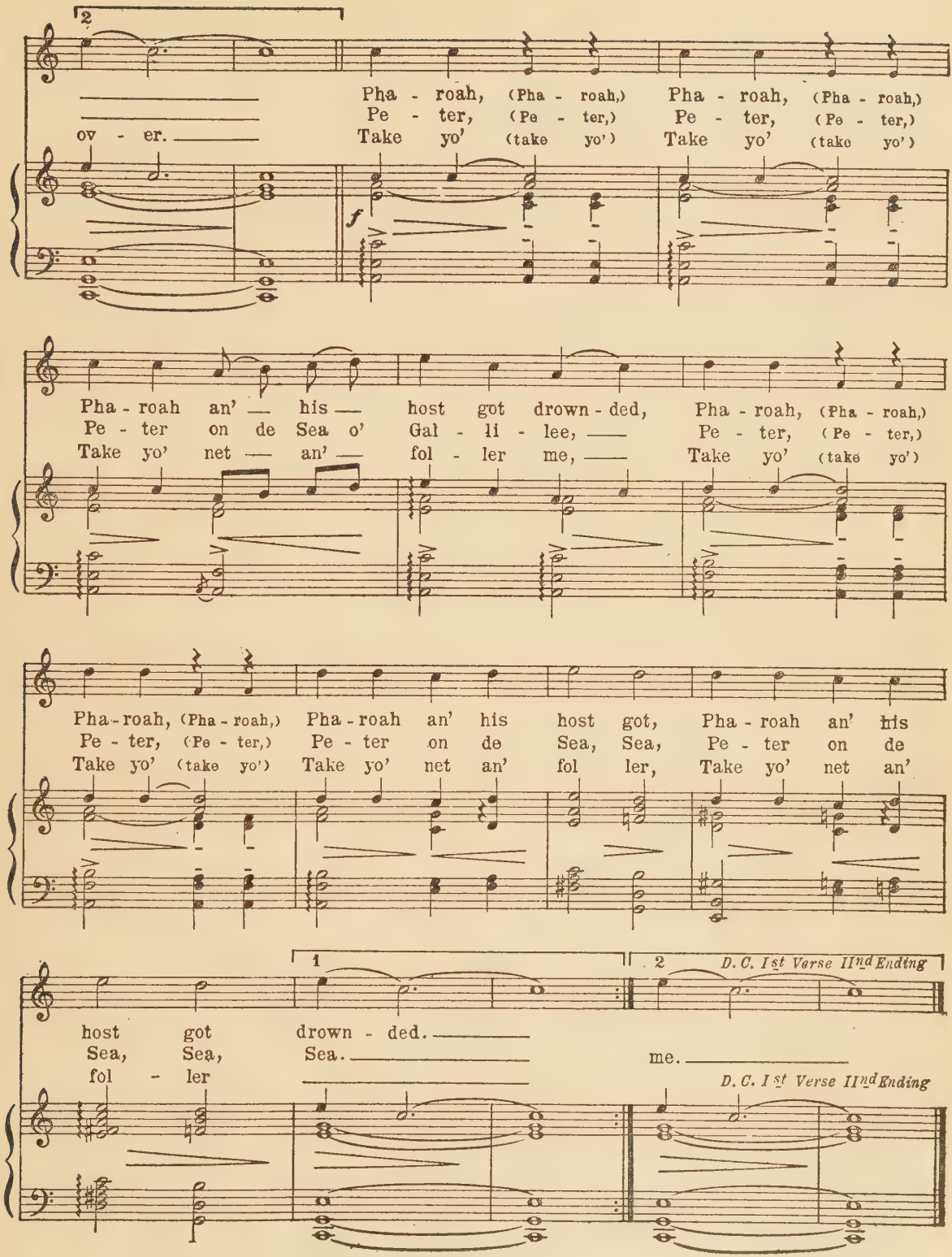

See dat sis - ter all dressed so fine? She
See dat broth - er all dressed so gay? O,
See dat sis - ter dere com - in' so slow? She
'Tain't but one - a thing on - a my min'. My
1 Verses ad lib
2
ain't got Je - sus on - a her min'.
death's gwineter come for to car - ry him a - way.
wants to go to heabn 'fore de heabn door close.
sis - ter's gone to heabn an' - a lef' - a me be - hin'. O, de .
ol' ark's a - mov - er - in', a - mov - er - in', a - mov - er - in', De


ol' ark's a - mov - er - in', An' I'm goin' home. O, de I'm goin' home. O, de
ol' ark she reel, De ol' ark she rock, D' ol' ark she land-ed on de moun-tain top. O, de
moun-tain top. O, de ol' ark's a - mov - er - in', a - mov - er - in', a - mov - er - in'. De
ol' ark's a - mov - er - in', An' I'm goin' home. O, de I'm goin' home.

MY LORD SAYS HE'S GWINETER RAIN DOWN FIRE

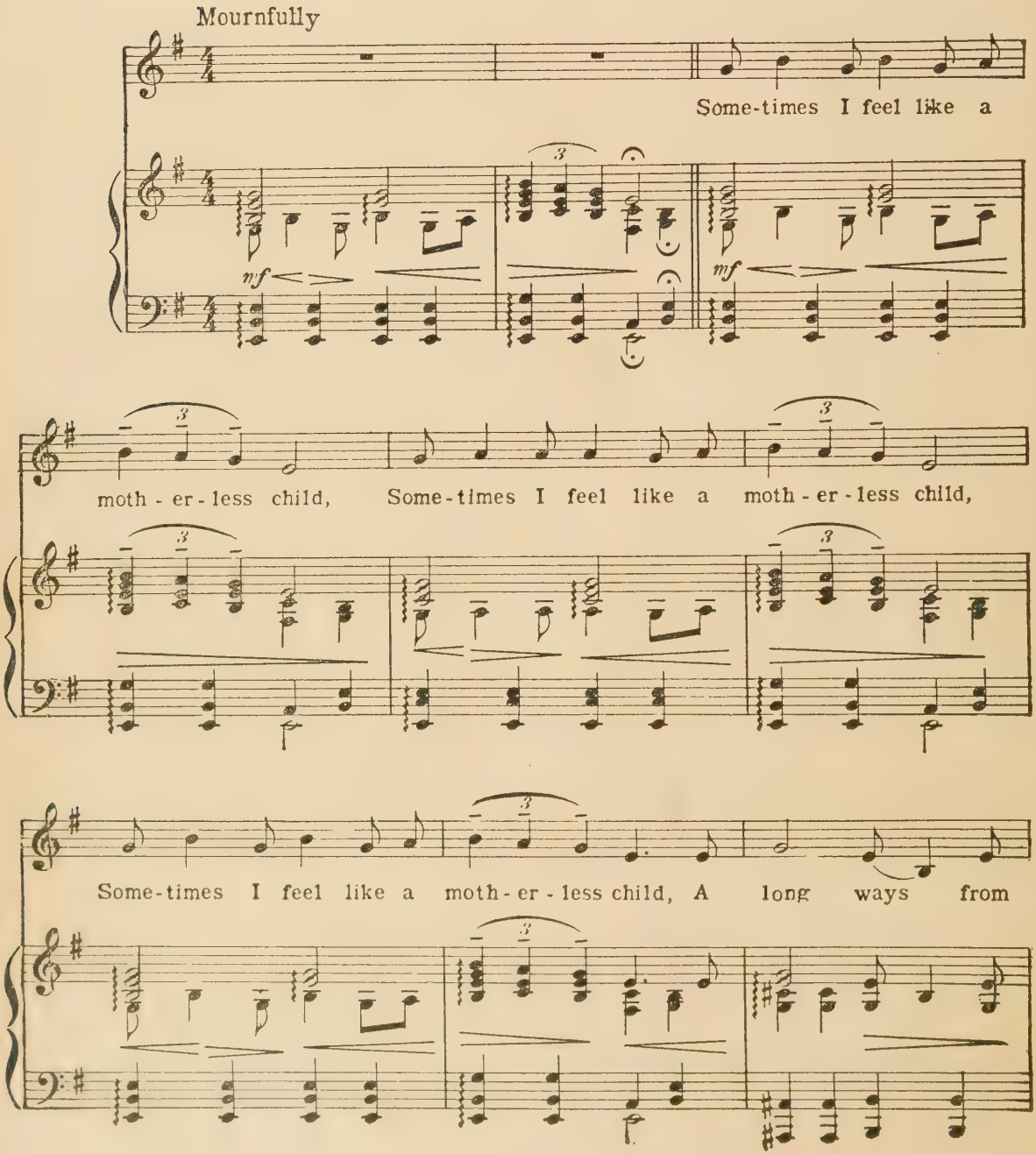
To Mr. Melville Charlton

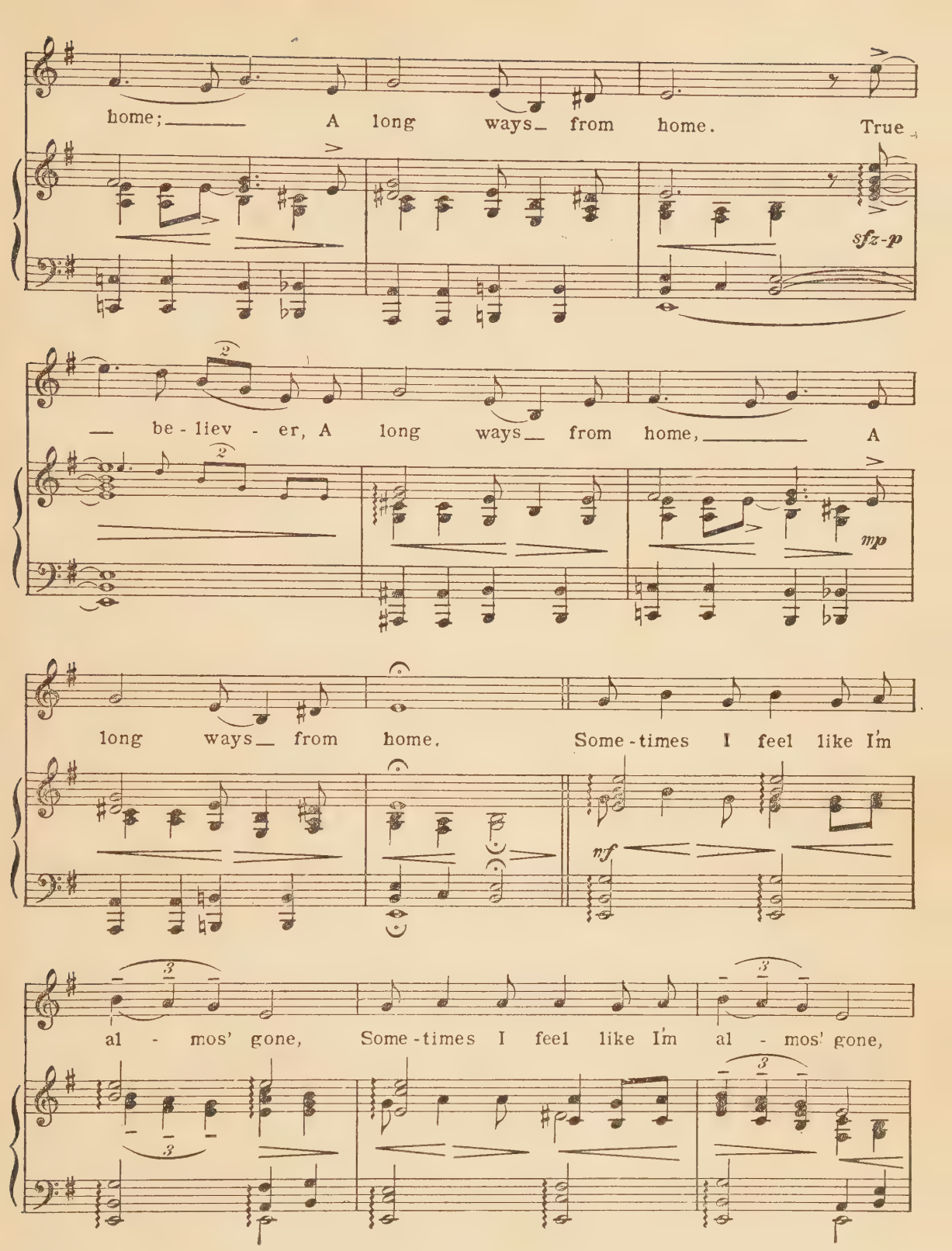


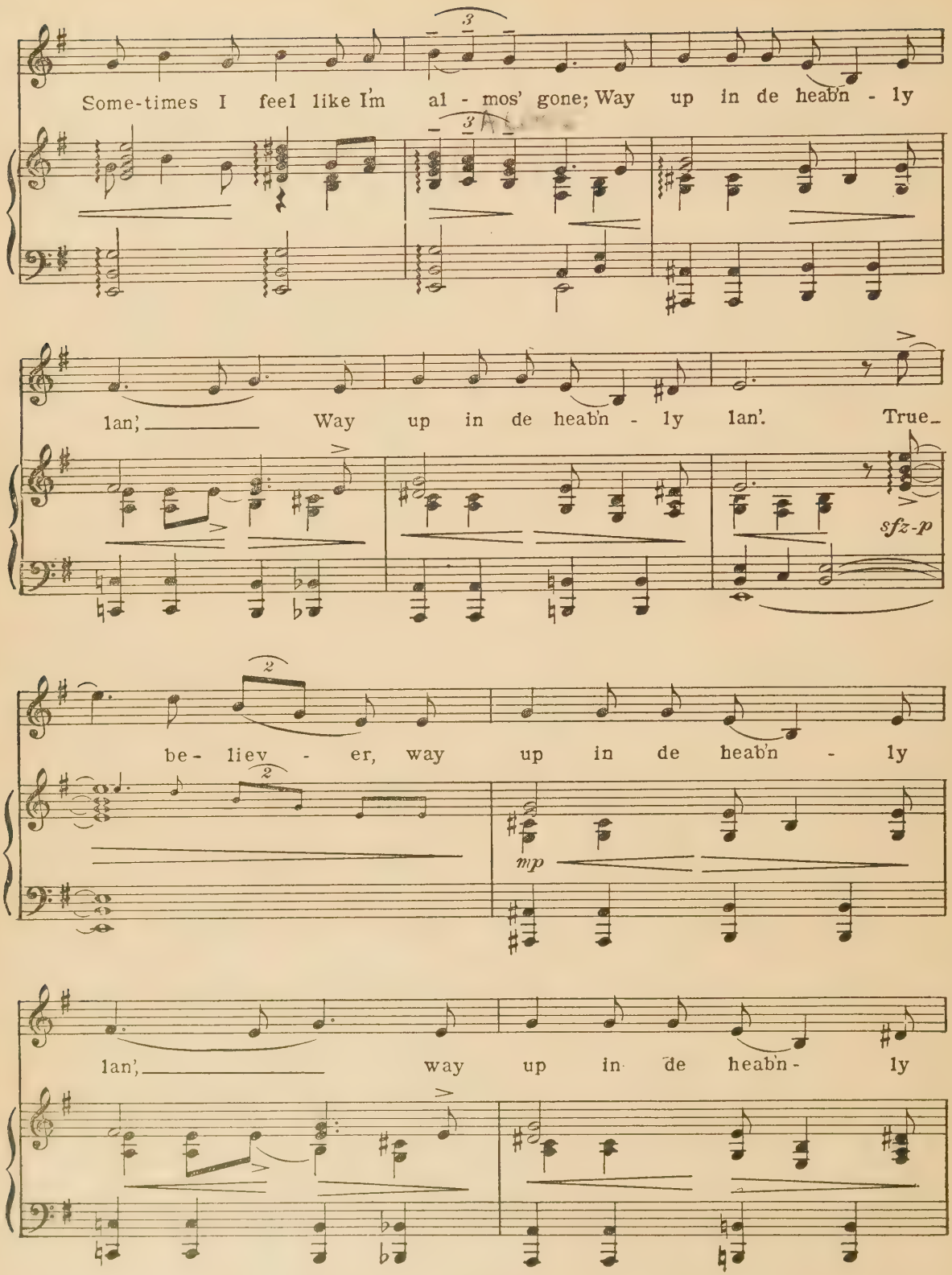

2
Pha - roah, (Pha - roah,) Pha - roah, (Pha - roah,)
Pe - ter, (Pe - ter,) Pe - ter, (Pe - ter,)
ov - er. Take yo' (take yo') Take yo' (take yo')
f
Pha - roah an' his host got drown - ded, Pha - roah, (Pha - roah,)
Pe - ter on de Sea o' Gal - li - lee, Pe - ter, (Pe - ter,)
Take yo' net an' fol - ler me, Take yo' (take yo')
Pha - roah, (Pha - roah,) Pha - roah an' his host got, Pha - roah an' his
Pe - ter, (Pe - ter,) Pe - ter on de Sea, Sea, Pe - ter on de
Take yo' (take yo') Take yo' net an' fol ler, Take yo' net an'
1
2
D. C. 1st Verse IInd Ending
host got drown - ded.
Sea, Sea, Sea.
fol - ler
me.
D. C. 1st Verse IInd Ending

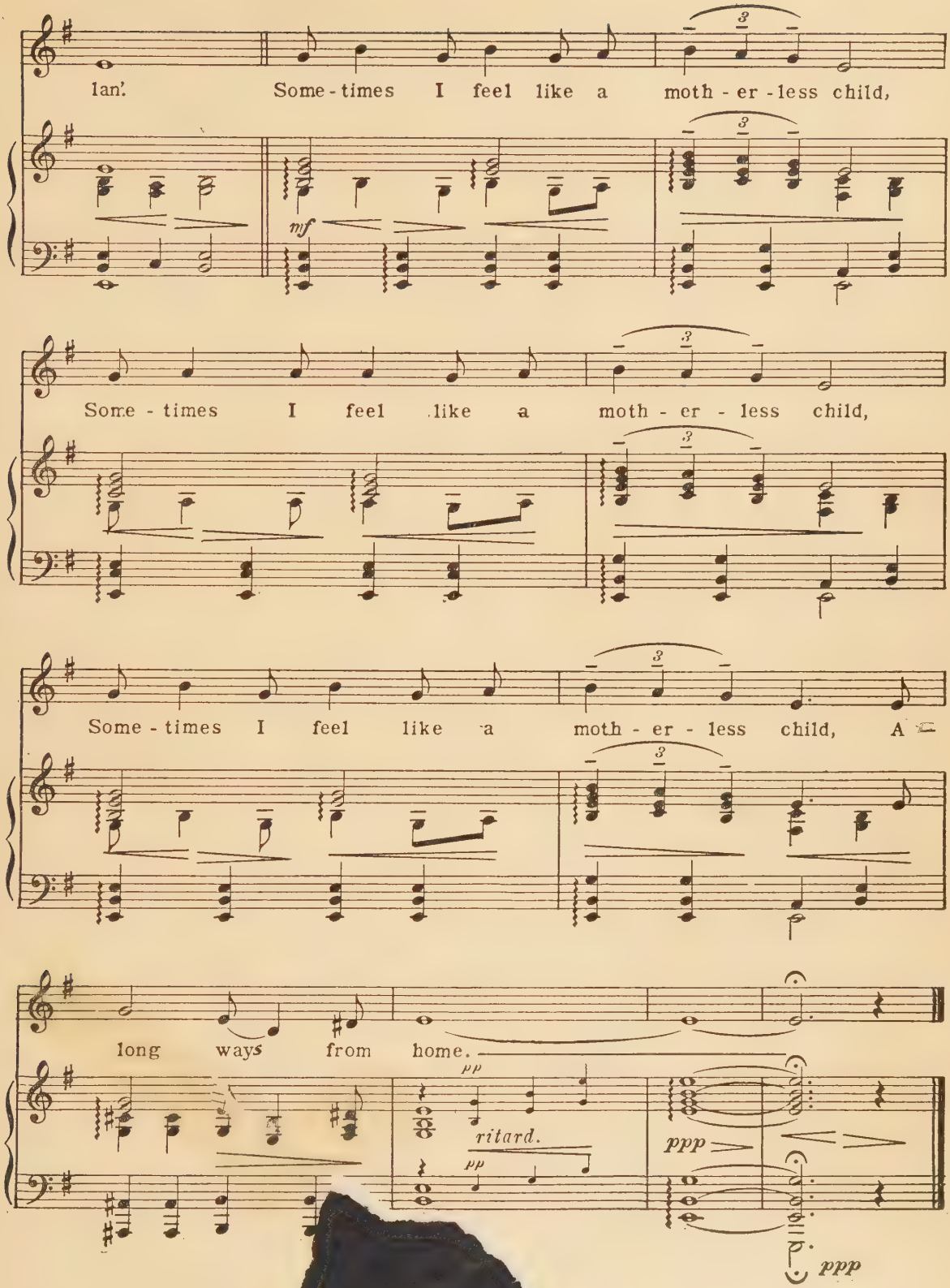
SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE A MOTHERLESS CHILD

To Miss Ruth Hale




home; A long ways from home. True
sfz-p
— be - liev - er, A long ways from home, A
mp
long ways from home. Some-times I feel like I'm
nf
al - mos' gone, Some-times I feel like I'm al - mos' gone,

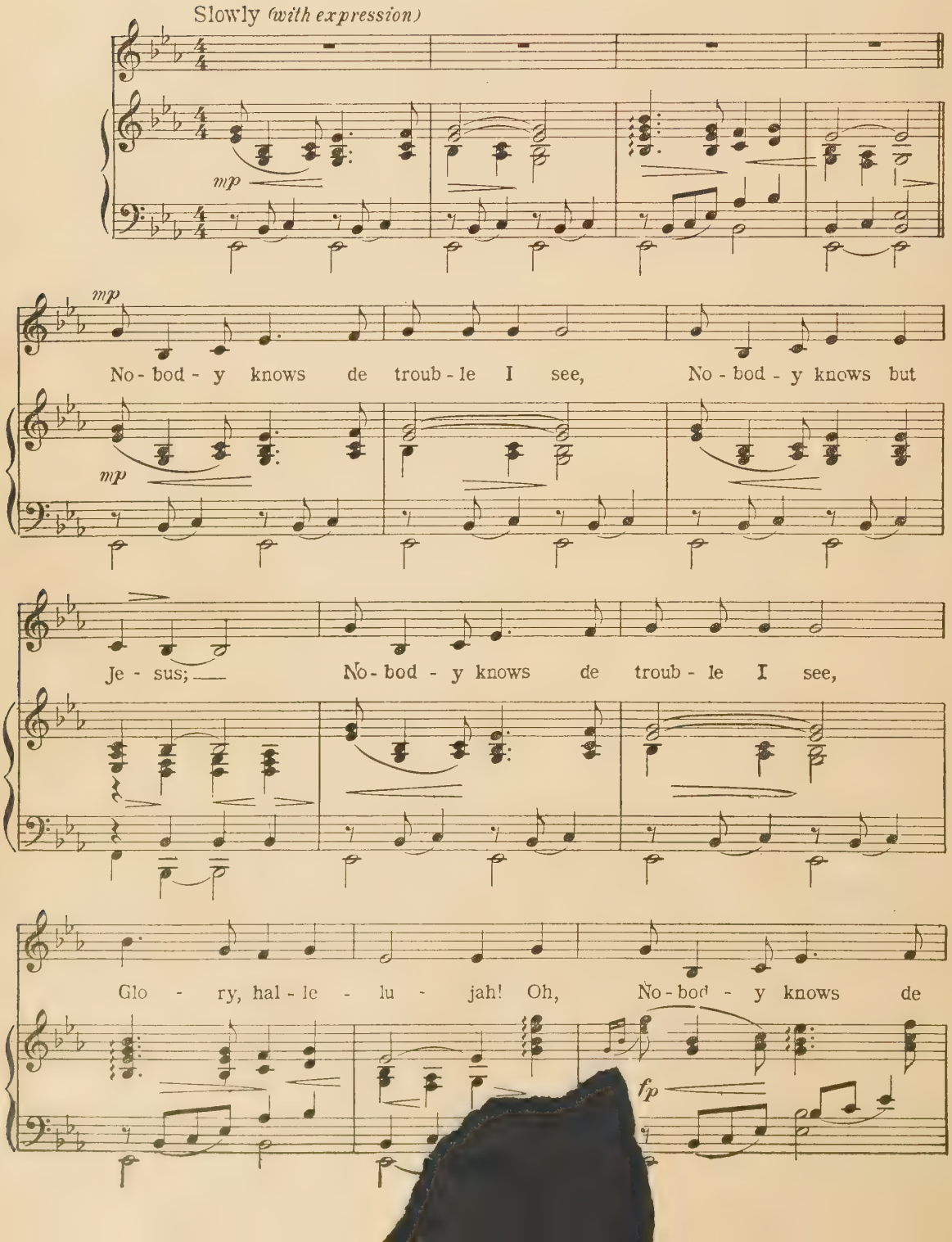

Some-times I feel like I'm al - mos' gone; Way up in de heab'n - ly
lan', Way up in de heab'n - ly lan'. True_
sfz-p
be- liev - er, way up in de heab'n - ly
mp
lan', way up in de heab'n - ly

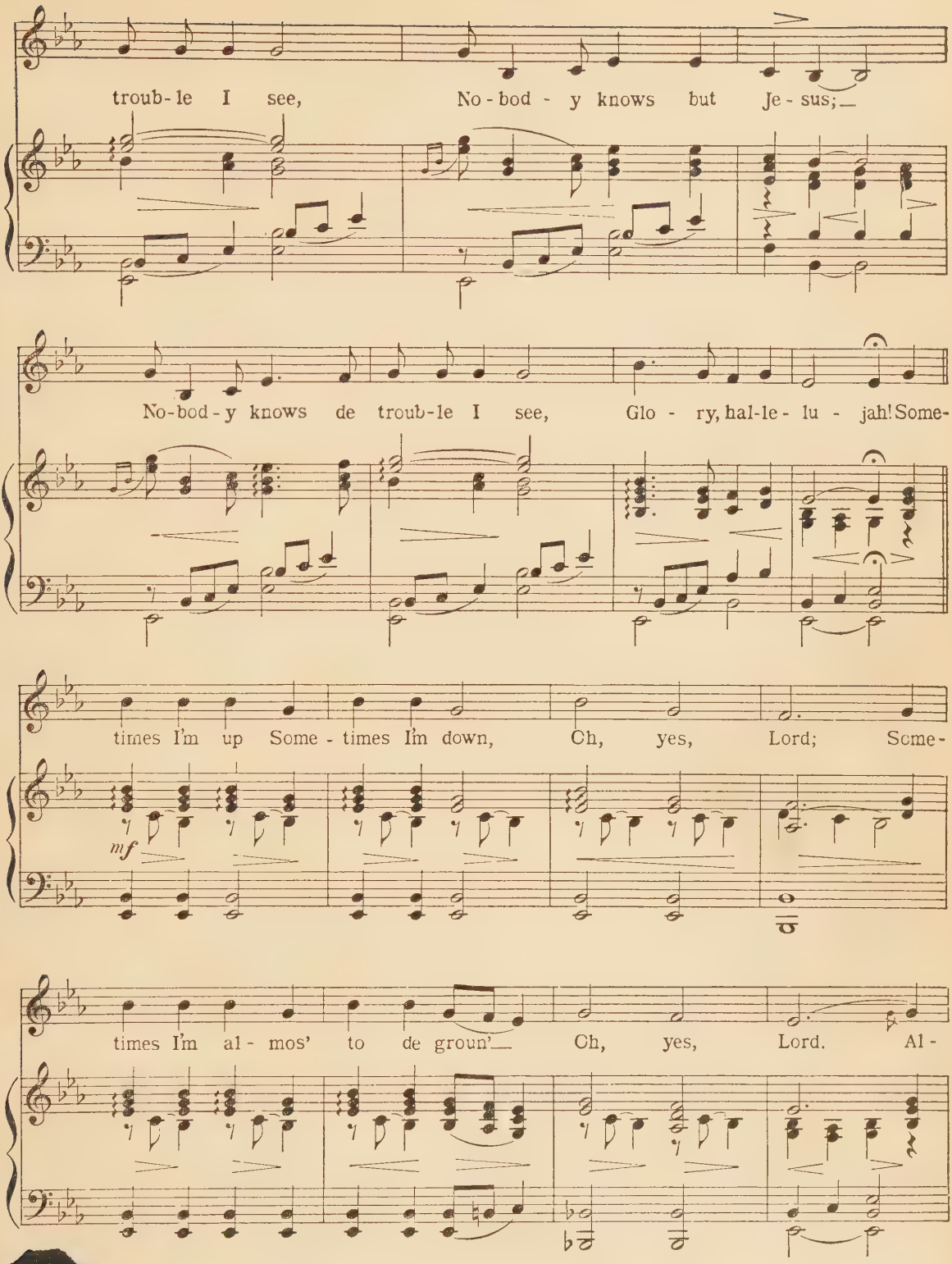

lan'.
Some - times I feel like a moth - er - less child,
mf
Some - times I feel like a moth - er - less child,
Some - times I feel like a moth - er - less child, A
long ways from home.
pp
ritard.
pp
ppp
ppp

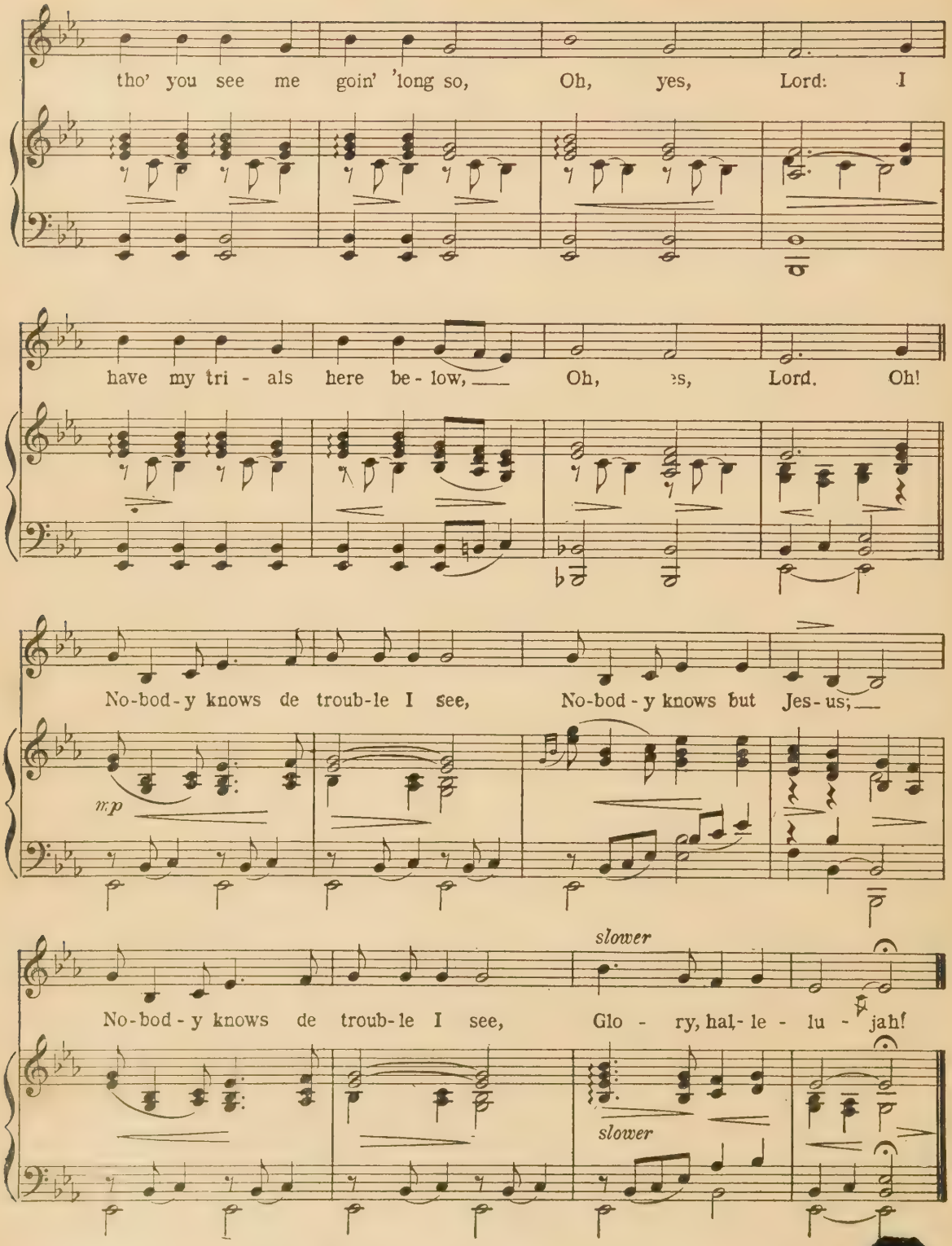
NOBODY KNOWS DE TROUBLE I SEE

(Familiar Version)

To Mr. Harold K. Guinzburg

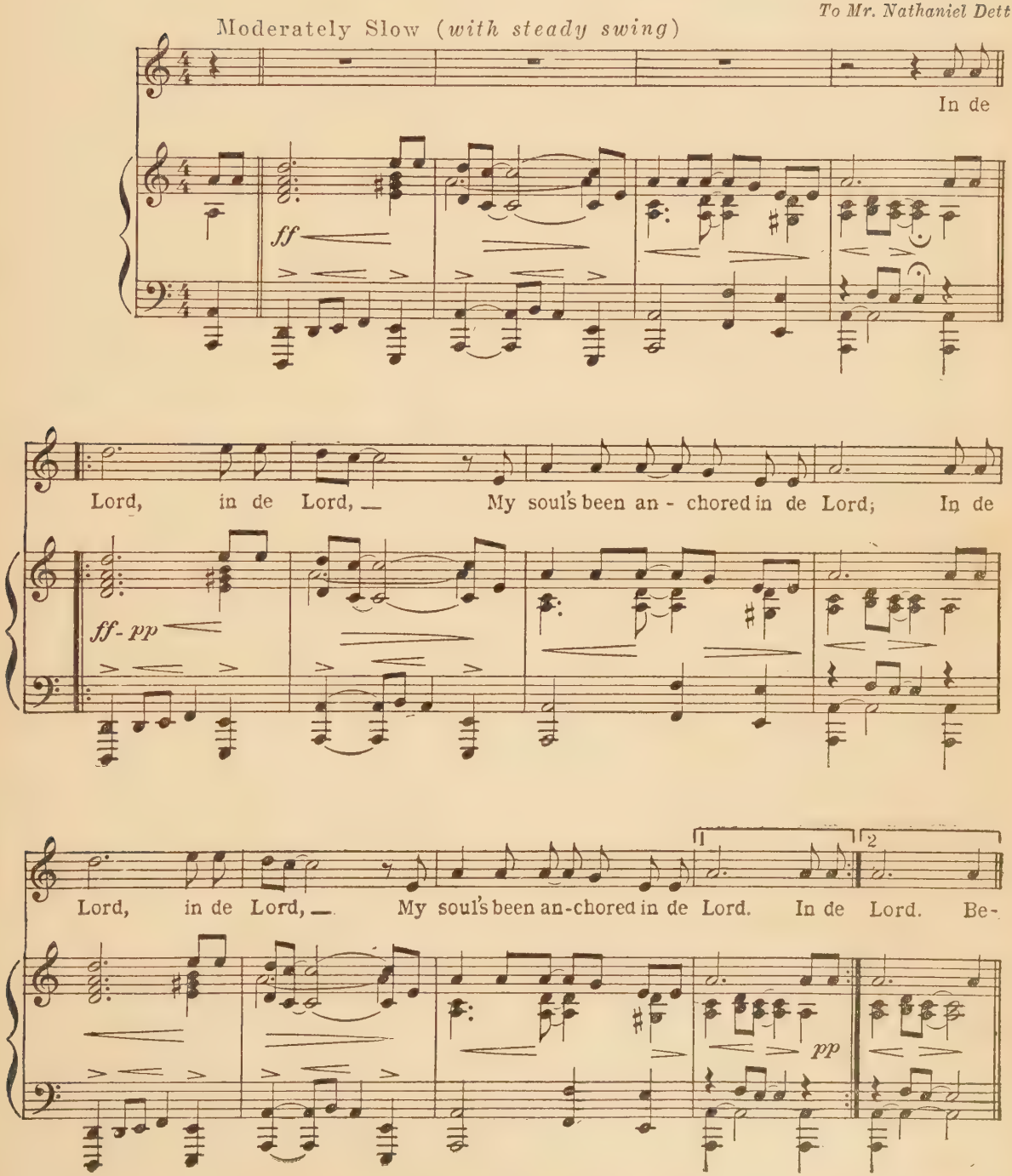


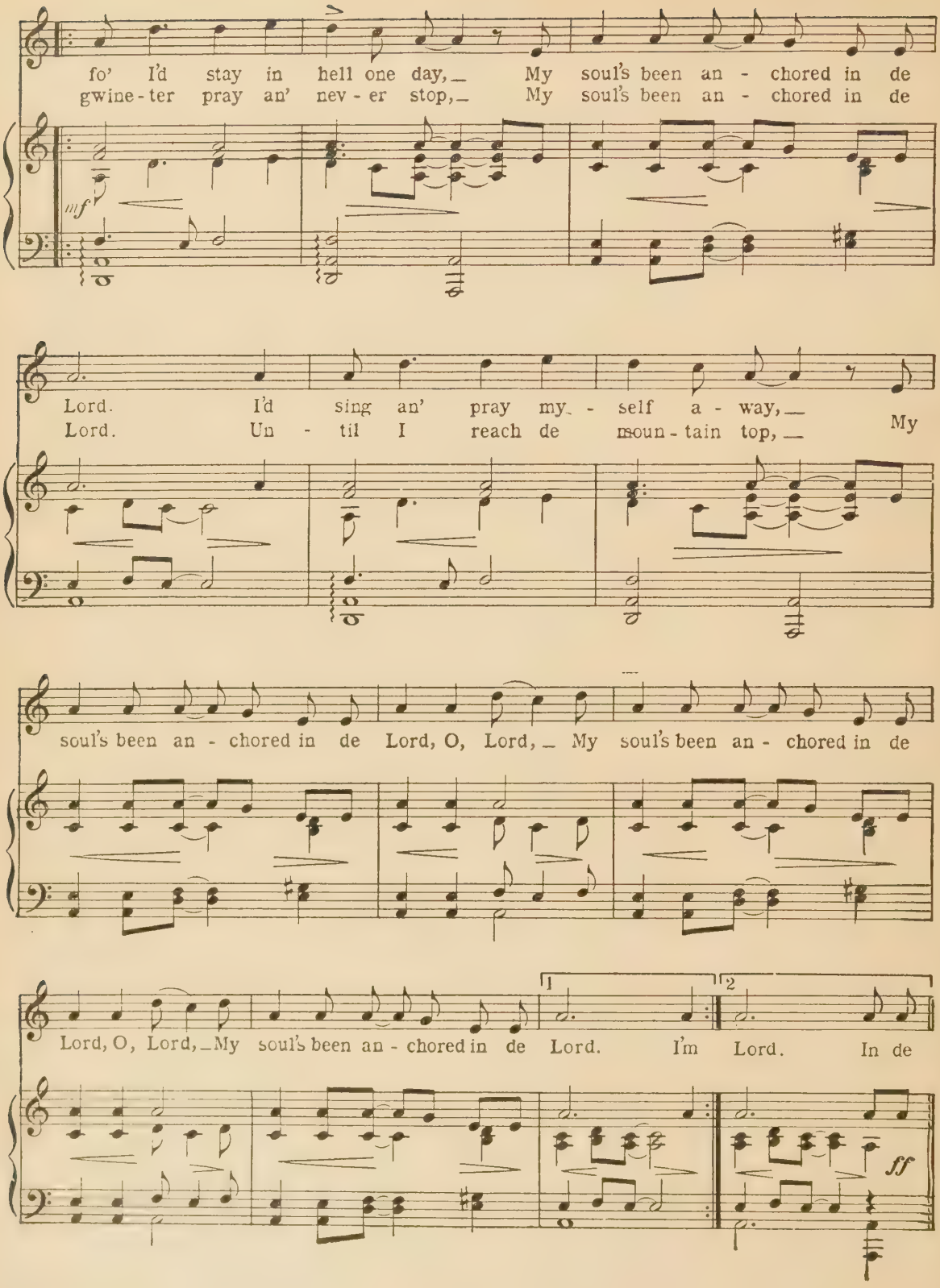

troub-le I see, No-bod-y knows but Je-sus;
No-bod-y knows de troub-le I see, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Some-
times I'm up Some-times I'm down, Oh, yes, Lord; Some-
mf
times I'm al-mos' to de groun' Oh, yes, Lord. Al-

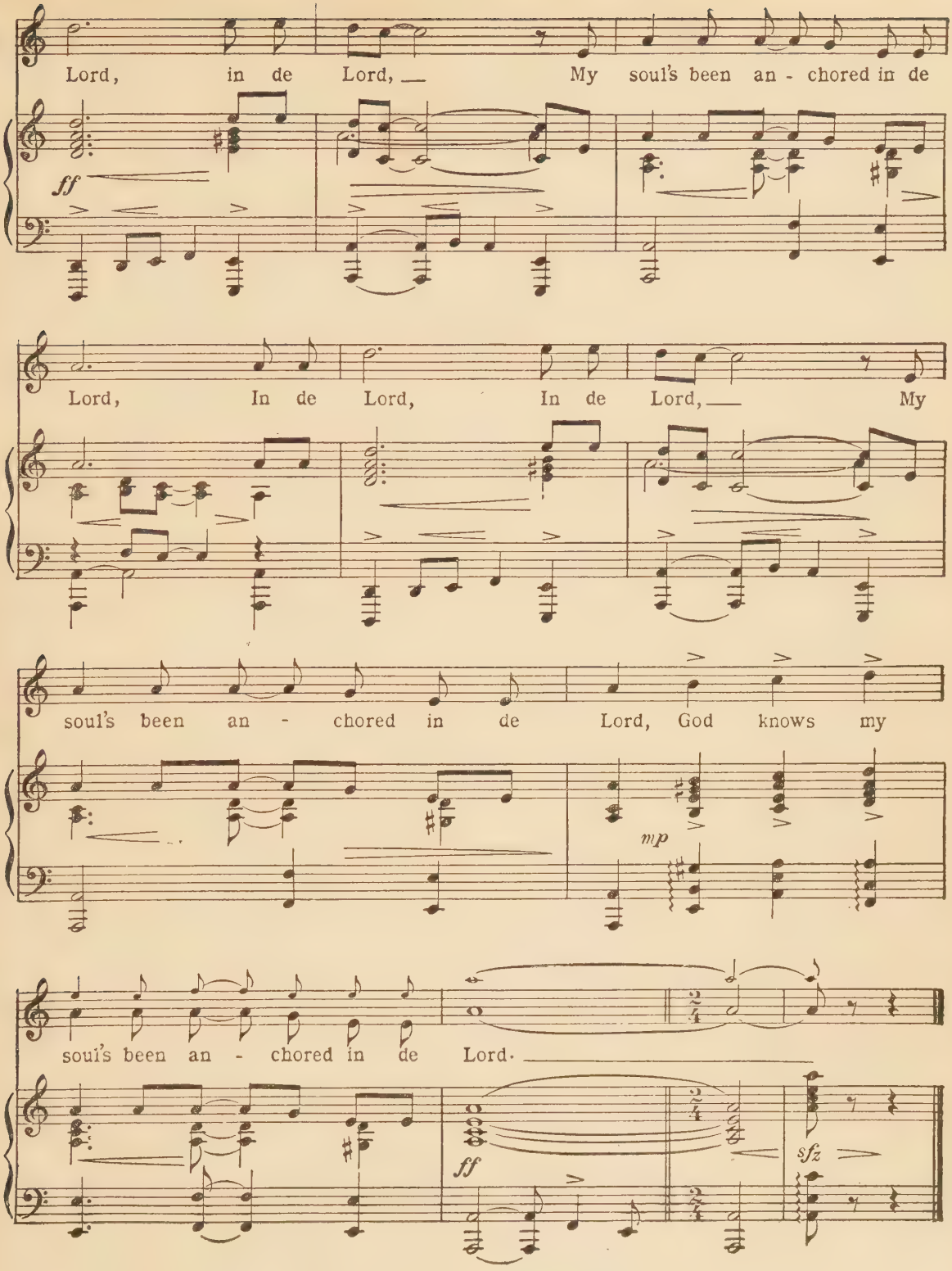

tho' you see me goin' 'long so, Oh, yes, Lord: I
have my tri - als here be - low, Oh, yes, Lord. Oh!
No-bod-y knows de troub-le I see, No-bod-y knows but Jes-us;
mp
slower
No-bod-y knows de troub-le I see, Glo - ry, hal-le - lu - jah!
slower

MY SOUL'S BEEN ANCHORED IN DE LORD

To Mr. Nathaniel Dett

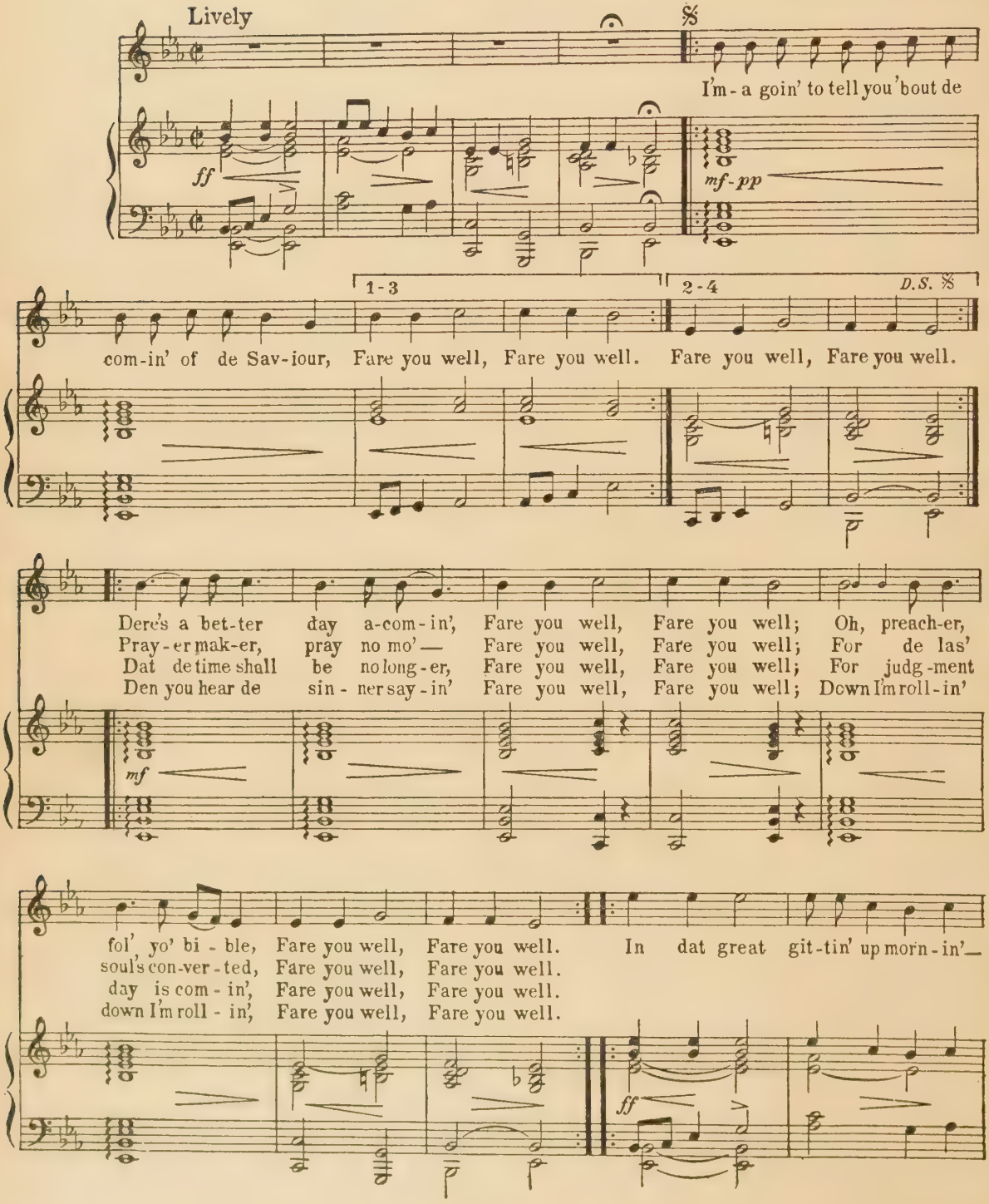


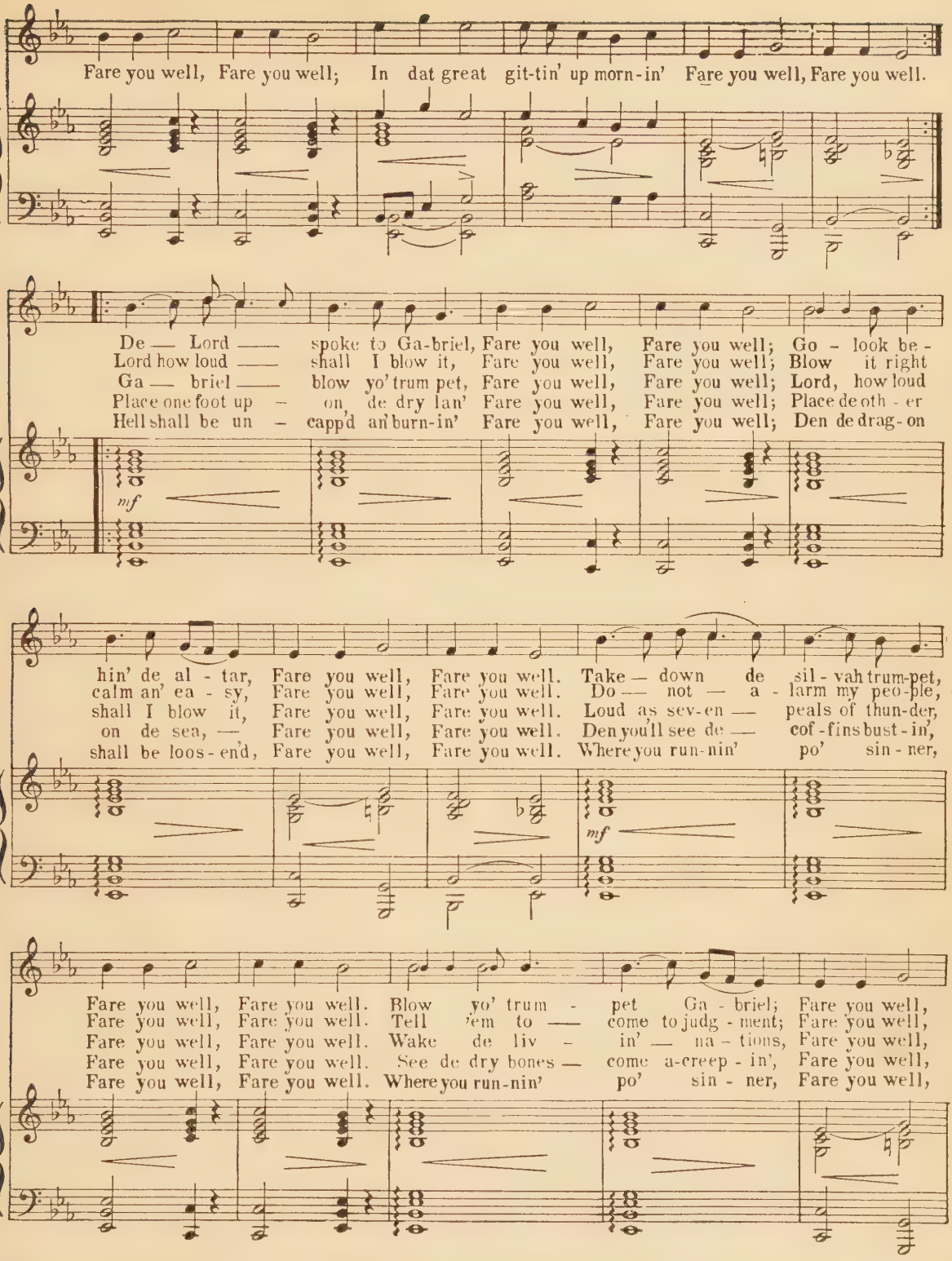

fo' I'd stay in hell one day, My soul's been an - chored in de
gwine - ter pray an' nev - er stop, My soul's been an - chored in de
mf
Lord. I'd sing an' pray my - self a - way,
Lord. Un - til I reach de moun - tain top, My
soul's been an - chored in de Lord, O, Lord, My soul's been an - chored in de
1
2
Lord, O, Lord, My soul's been an - chored in de Lord. I'm Lord. In de
ff

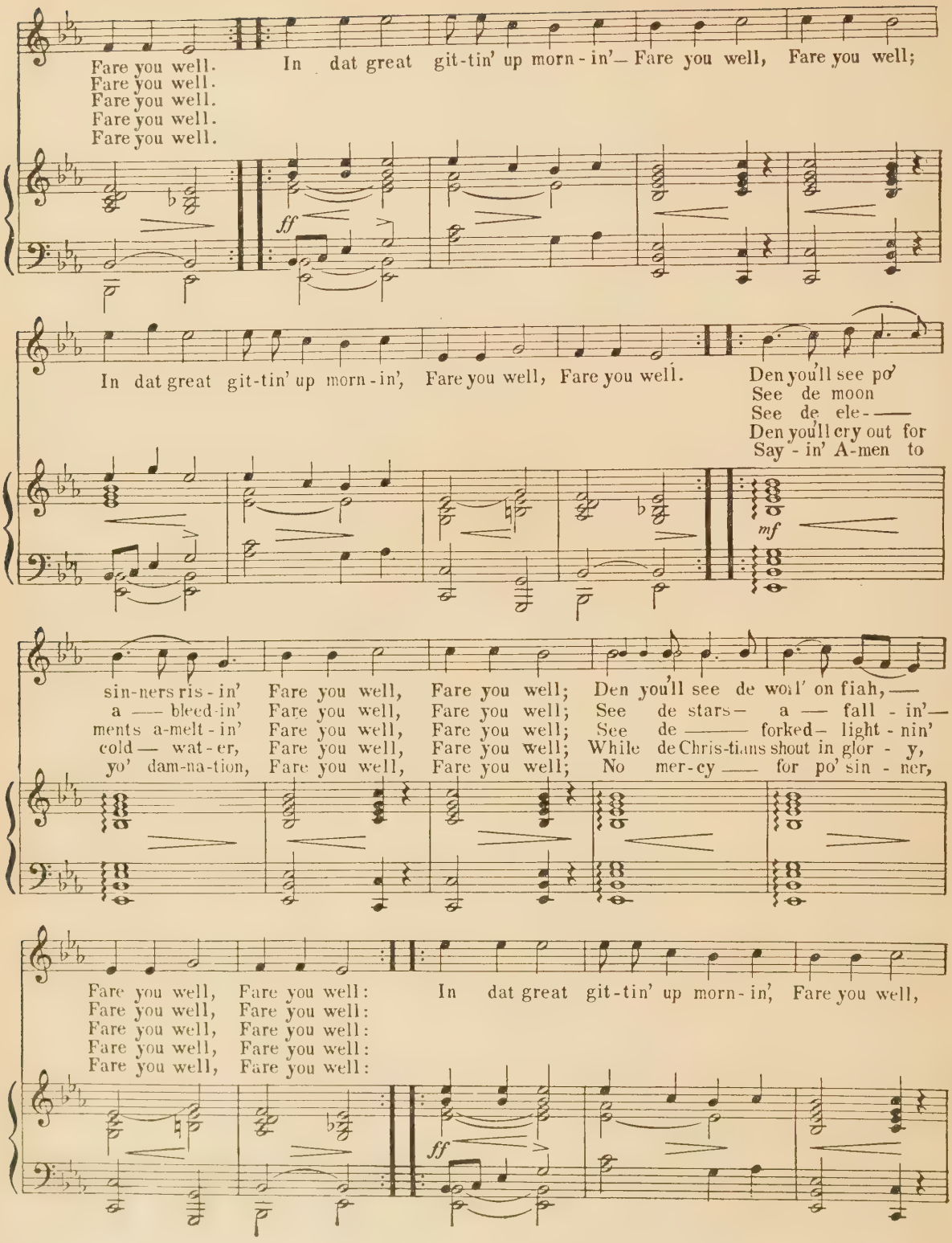

Lord, in de Lord, My soul's been an - chored in de
ff
Lord, In de Lord, In de Lord, My
soul's been an - chored in de Lord, God knows my
mp
soul's been an - chored in de Lord.
ff
sfz

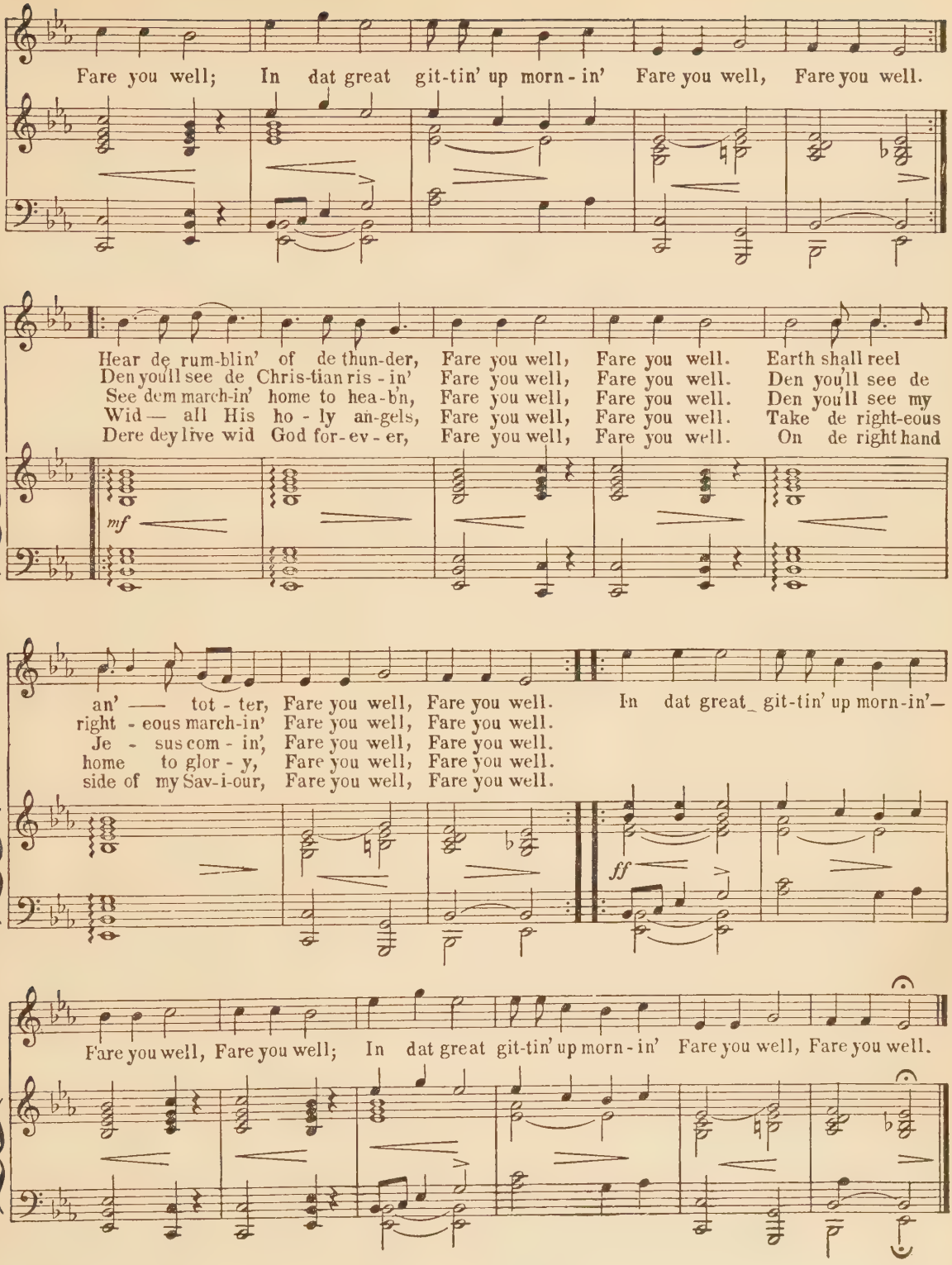
IN DAT GREAT GITTIN' UP MORNIN'

To Mr. George Gershwin



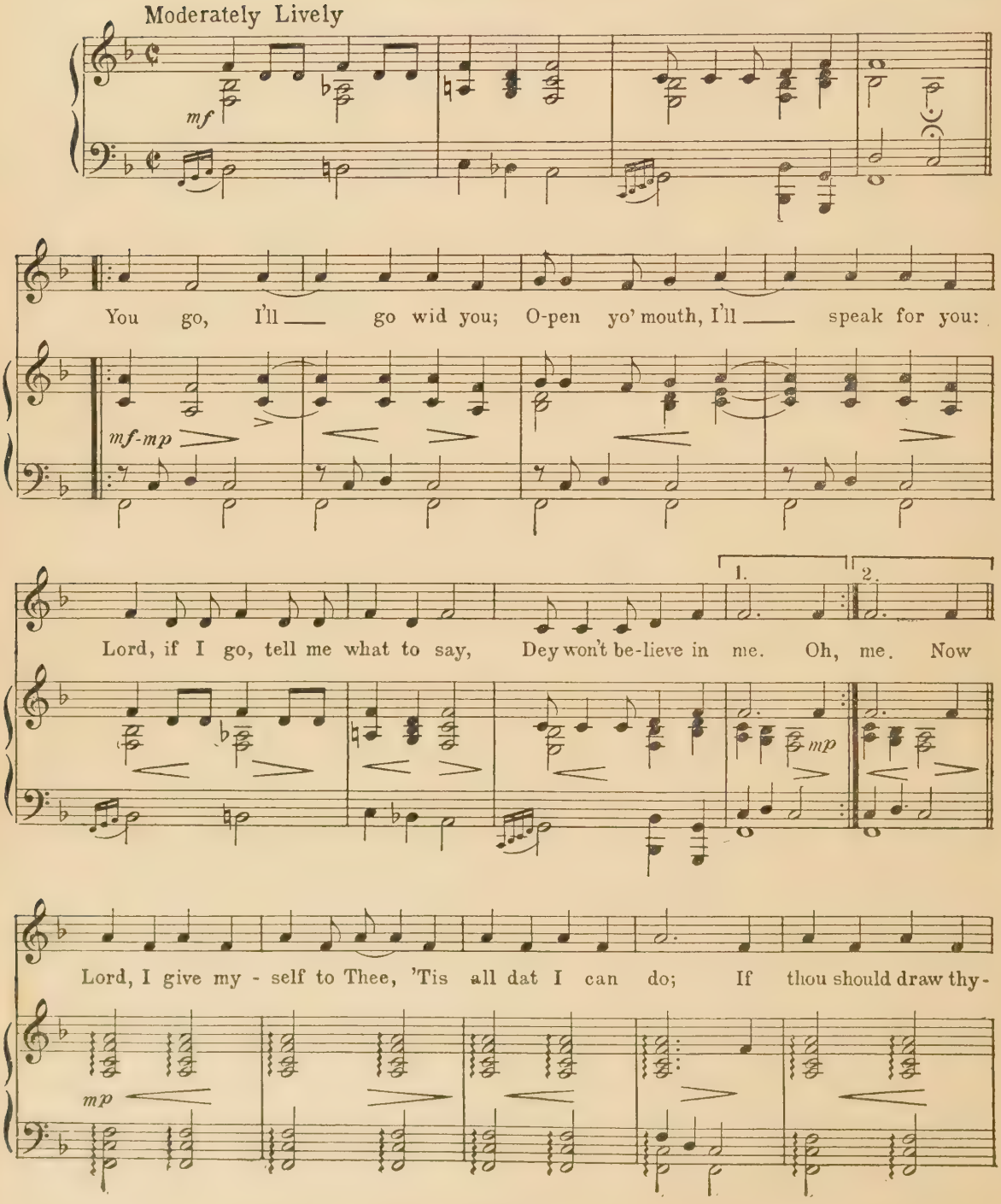

Fare you well, Fare you well; In dat great git-tin' up morn-in' Fare you well, Fare you well.
De — Lord — spoke to Ga-briel, Fare you well, Fare you well; Go - look be -
Lord how loud — shall I blow it, Fare you well, Fare you well; Blow it right
Ga — briel — blow yo' trum pet, Fare you well, Fare you well; Lord, how loud
Place one foot up - on, de dry lan' Fare you well, Fare you well; Place de oth - er
Hell shall be un - capp'd an' burn-in' Fare you well, Fare you well; Den de drag - on
mf
hin' de al - tar, Fare you well, Fare you well. Take — down de sil - vah trum-pet,
calm an' ea - sy, Fare you well, Fare you well. Do — not — a - larm my peo-ple,
shall I blow it, Fare you well, Fare you well. Loud as sev-en — peals of thun-der,
on de sea, — Fare you well, Fare you well. Den you'll see de — cof - fins bust - in',
shall be loos - en'd, Fare you well, Fare you well. Where you run-nin' po' sin - ner,
mf
Fare you well, Fare you well. Blow yo' trum - pet Ga - briel; Fare you well,
Fare you well, Fare you well. Tell 'em to — come to judg - ment; Fare you well,
Fare you well, Fare you well. Wake de liv - in' — na - tions, Fare you well,
Fare you well, Fare you well. See de dry bones — come a-creep - in', Fare you well,
Fare you well, Fare you well. Where you run-nin' po' sin - ner, Fare you well,

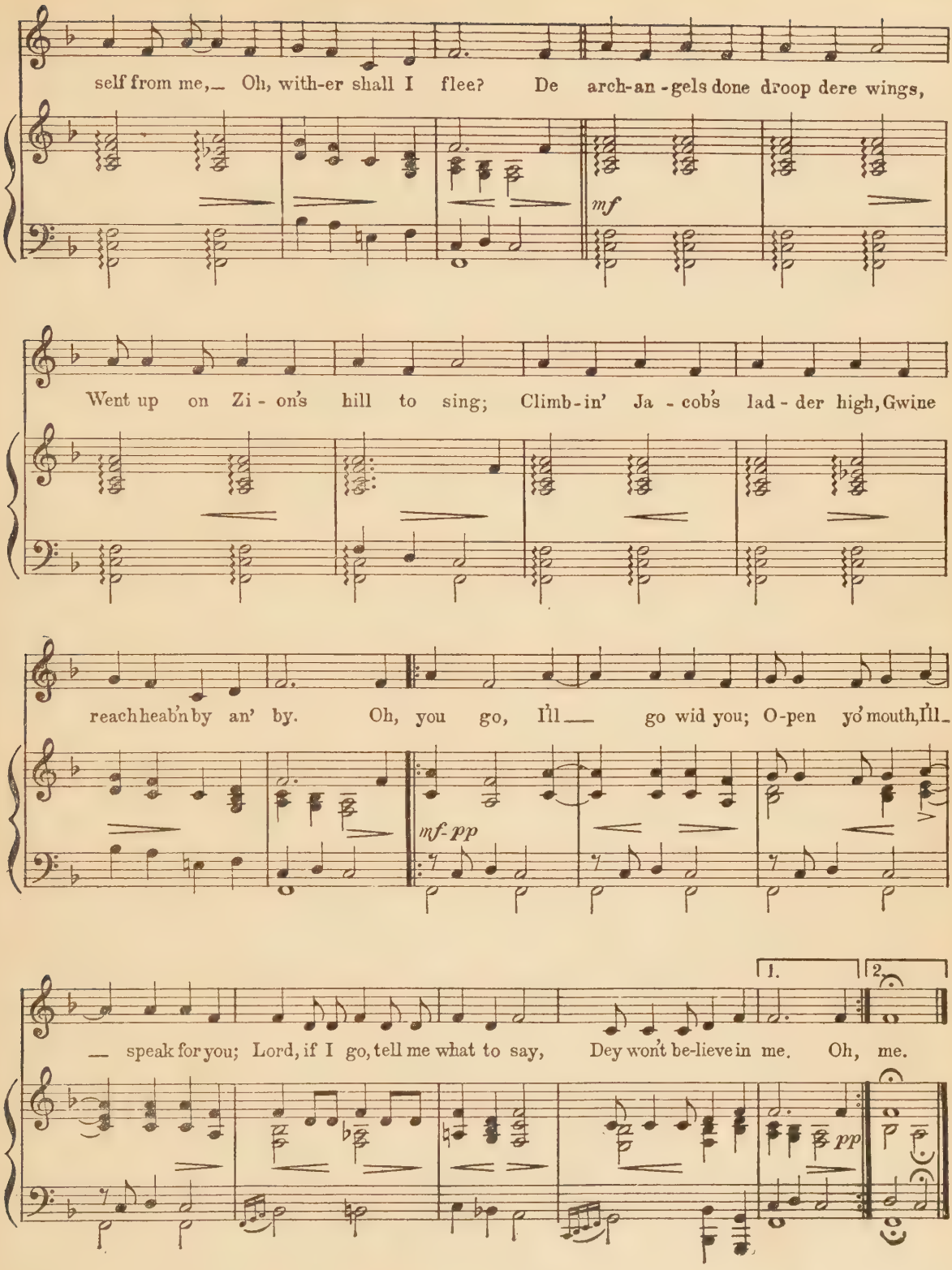

Fare you well.
Fare you well.
Fare you well.
Fare you well.
Fare you well.
In dat great git-tin' up morn-in'— Fare you well, Fare you well;
ff
In dat great git-tin' up morn-in', Fare you well, Fare you well.
Den you'll see po'
See de moon
See de ele- ——
Den you'll cry out for
Say - in' A-men to
mf
sin-ners ris - in' Fare you well, Fare you well; Den you'll see de worl' on fiah, ——
a —— bleed-in' Fare you well, Fare you well; See de stars— a —— fall - in'—
ments a-melt - in' Fare you well, Fare you well; See de ——— forked— light - nin'
cold— wat - er, Fare you well, Fare you well; While de Chris-tians shout in glor - y,
yo' dam-na-tion, Fare you well, Fare you well; No mer-cy —— for po' sin - ner,
Fare you well, Fare you well:
Fare you well, Fare you well:
Fare you well, Fare you well:
Fare you well, Fare you well:
Fare you well, Fare you well:
In dat great git-tin' up morn-in', Fare you well,
ff


Fare you well; In dat great git-tin' up morn-in' Fare you well, Fare you well.
Hear de rum-blin' of de thun-der, Fare you well, Fare you well. Earth shall reel
Den you'll see de Chris-tian ris-in' Fare you well, Fare you well. Den you'll see de
See dem march-in' home to hea-b'n, Fare you well, Fare you well. Den you'll see my
Wid — all His ho-ly an-gels, Fare you well, Fare you well. Take de right-eous
Dere dey live wid God for-ev-er, Fare you well, Fare you well. On de right hand
mf
an' — tot-ter, Fare you well, Fare you well. In dat great git-tin' up morn-in'—
right-eous march-in' Fare you well, Fare you well.
Je-sus com-in', Fare you well, Fare you well.
home to glor-y, Fare you well, Fare you well.
side of my Sav-i-our, Fare you well, Fare you well.
ff
Fare you well, Fare you well; In dat great git-tin' up morn-in' Fare you well, Fare you well.

YOU GO, I'LL GO WID YOU

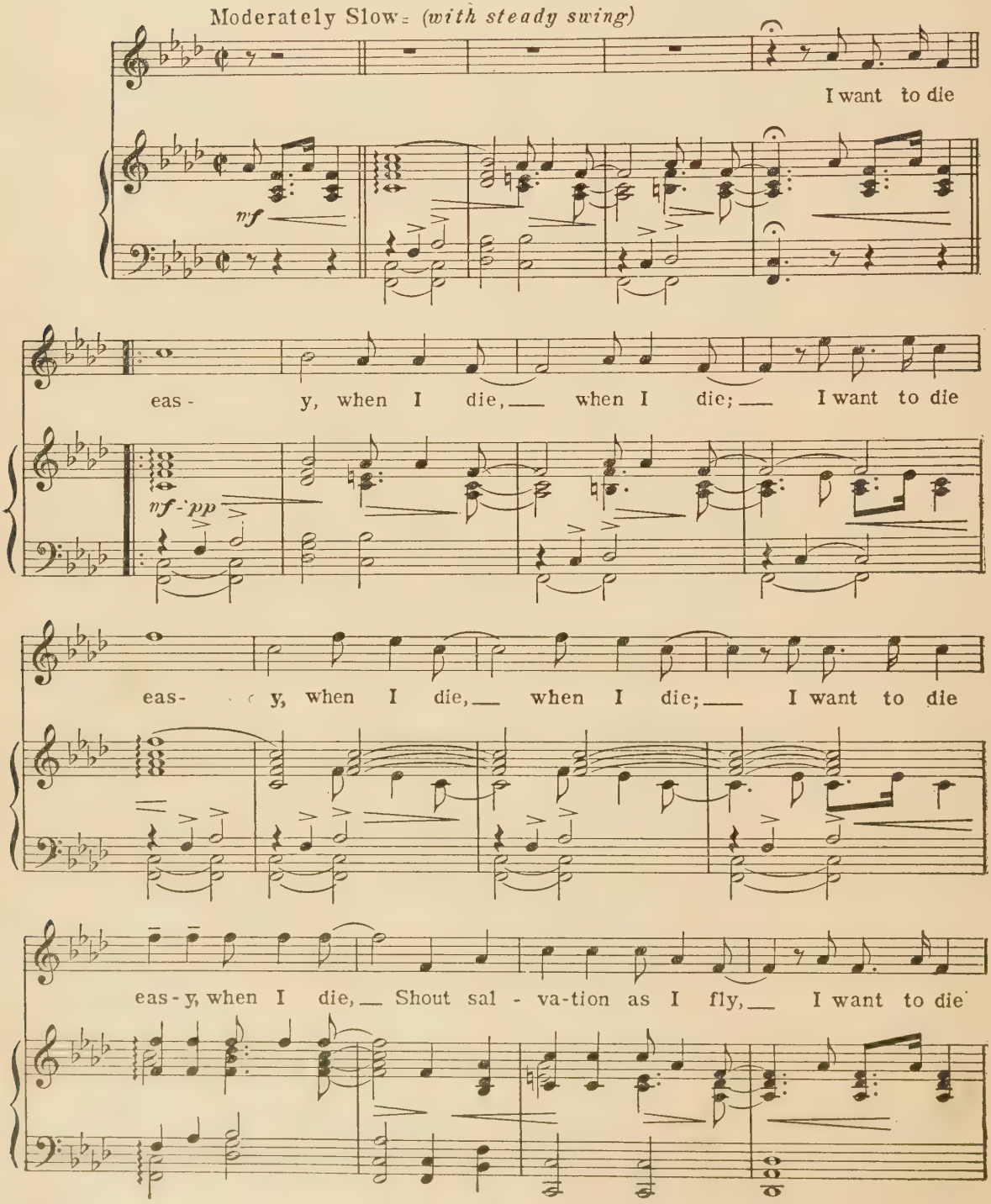
To the memory of George Walker

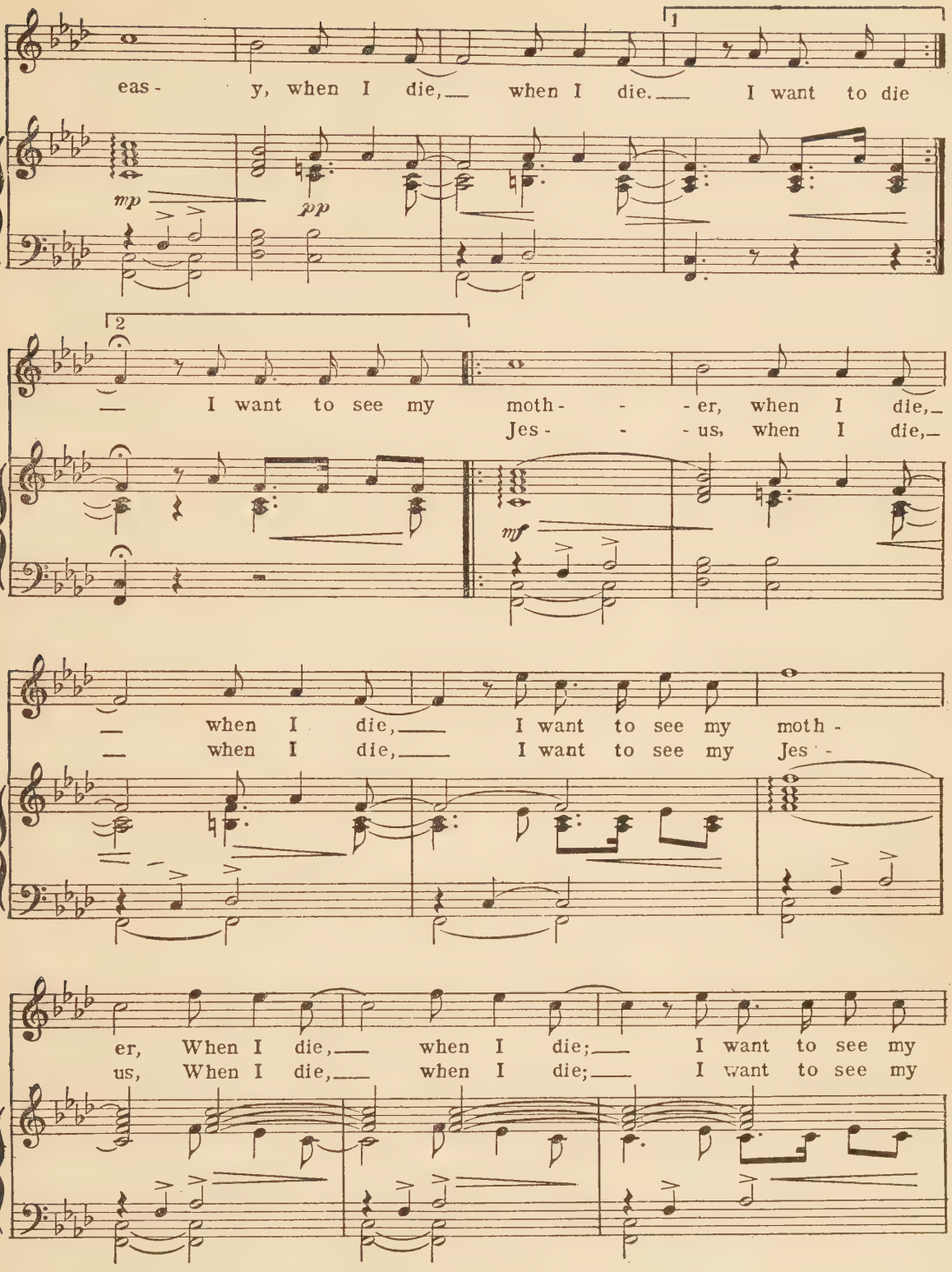


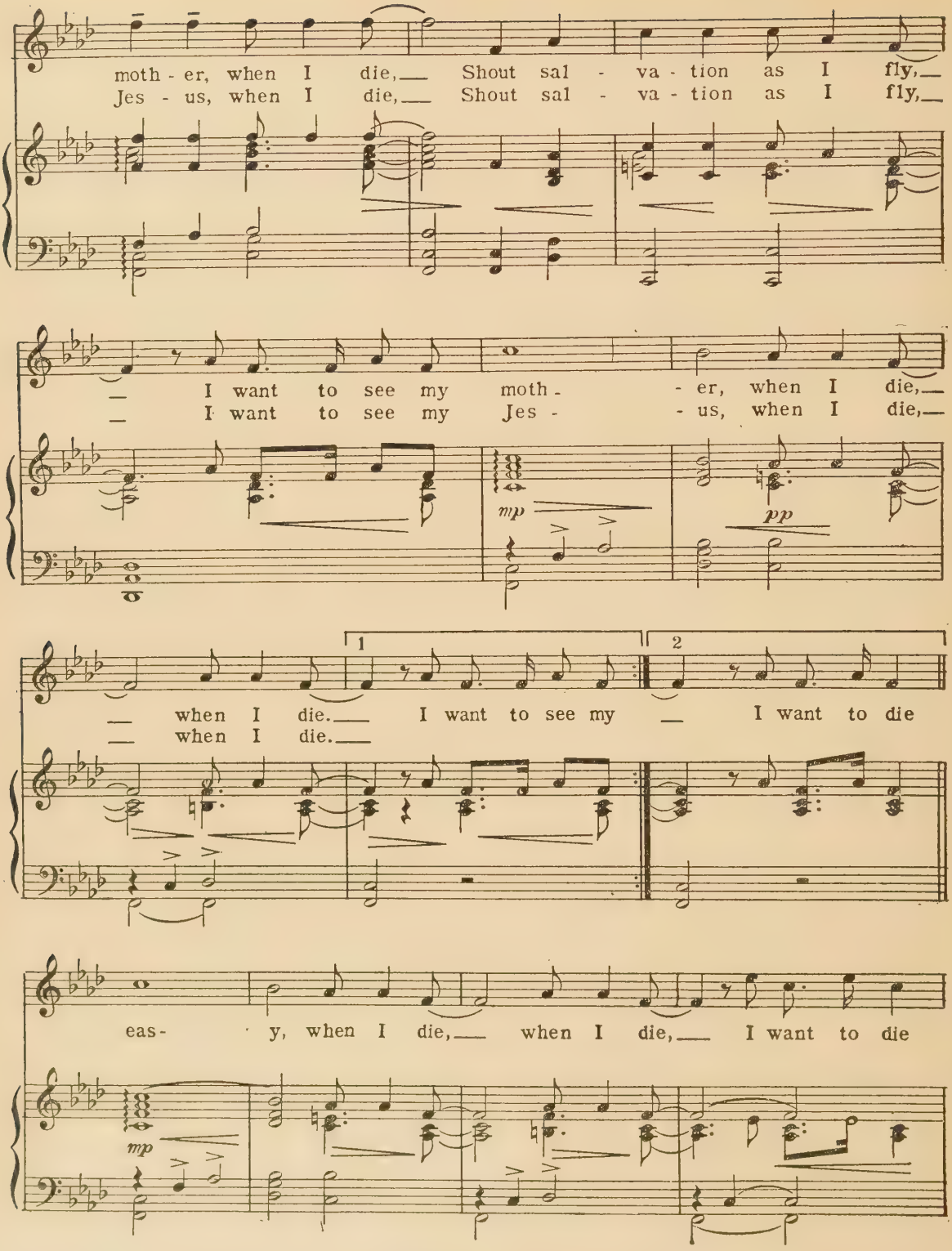

self from me,— Oh, with-er shall I flee? De arch-an-gels done droop dere wings,
mf
Went up on Zi-on's hill to sing; Climb-in' Ja-cob's lad-der high, Gwine
reach heab'n by an' by. Oh, you go, I'll — go wid you; O-pen yo' mouth, I'll —
mf-pp
1.
2.
— speak for you; Lord, if I go, tell me what to say, Dey won't be-lieve in me. Oh, me.
pp

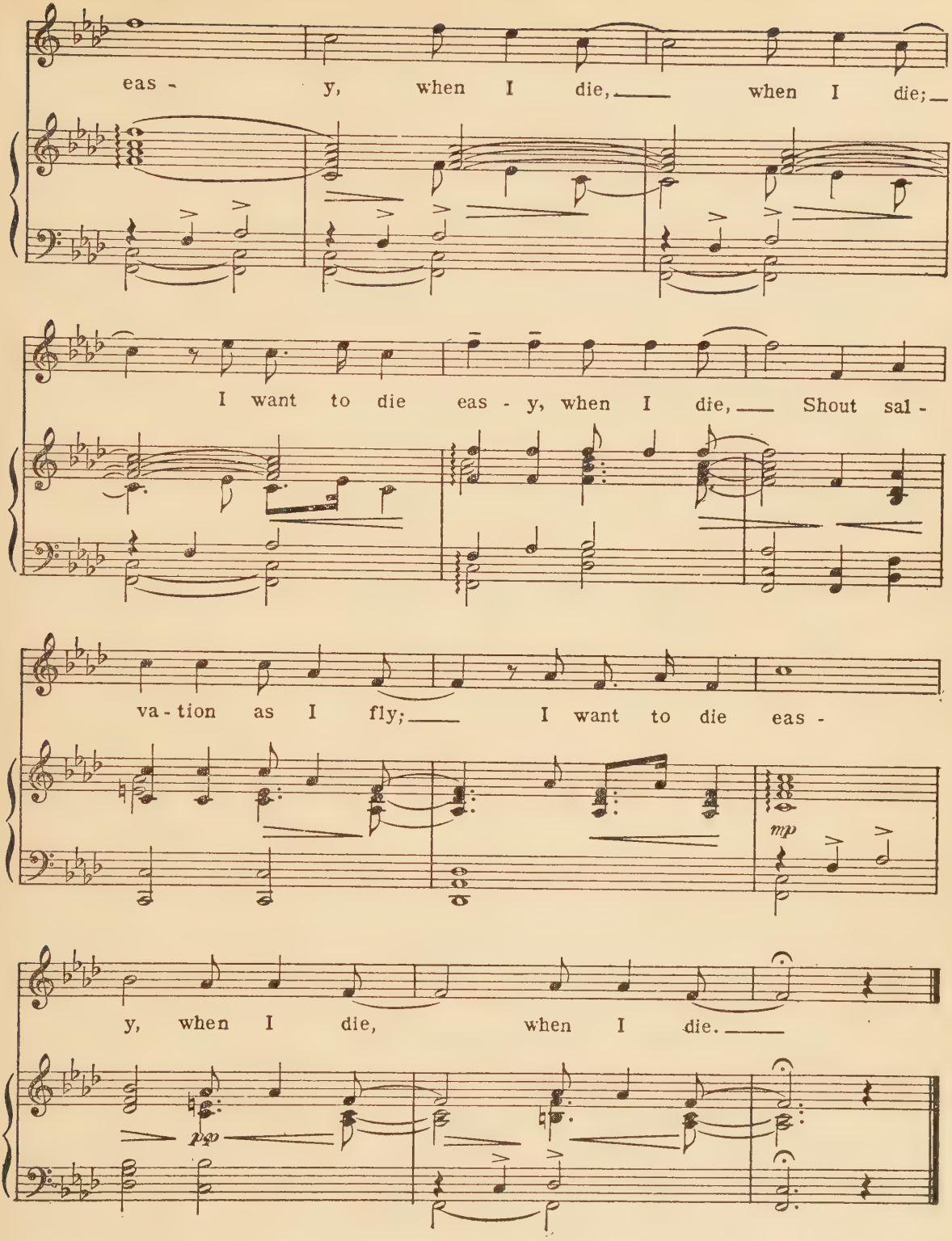
I WANT TO DIE EASY WHEN I DIE

To Mr. F. E. Miller



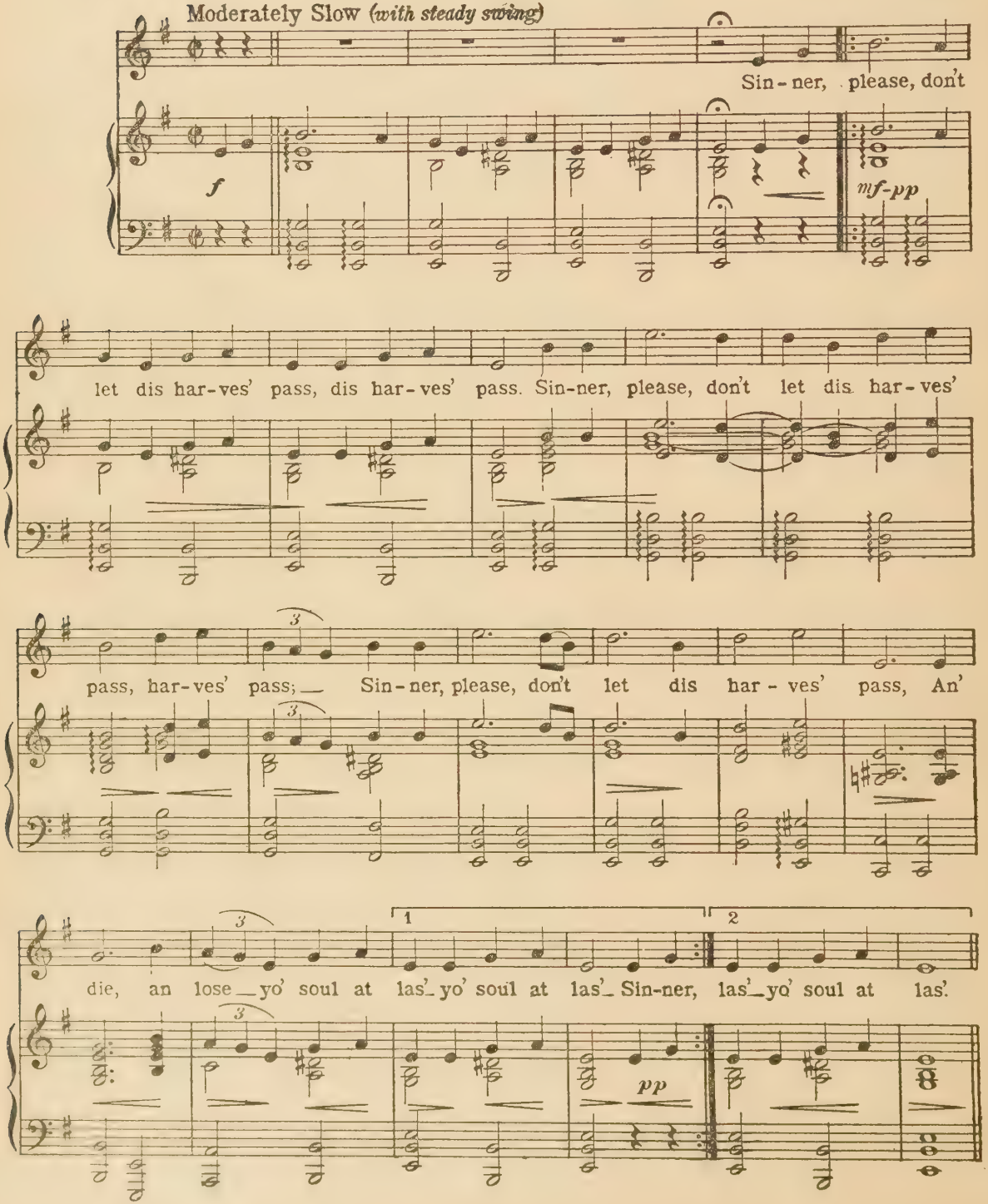

eas- y, when I die, when I die. I want to die
mp
pp
1
2
I want to see my moth- - -er, when I die,
Jes- - -us, when I die,
mf
when I die, I want to see my moth-
when I die, I want to see my Jes-
er, When I die, when I die; I want to see my
us, When I die, when I die; I want to see my

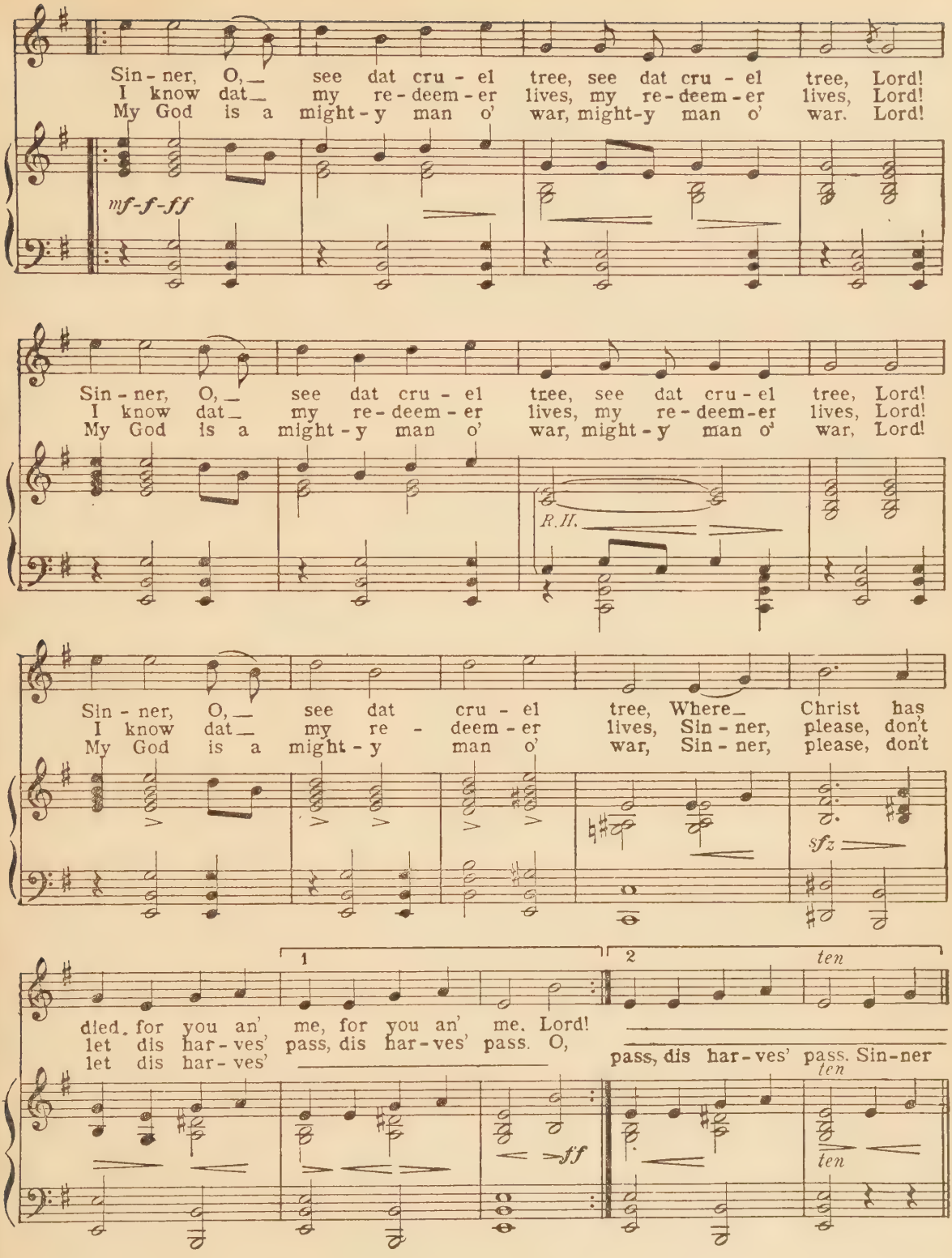

moth - er, when I die,__ Shout sal - va - tion as I fly,__
Jes - us, when I die,__ Shout sal - va - tion as I fly,__
__ I want to see my moth - - er, when I die,__
__ I want to see my Jes - - us, when I die,__
mp
pp
1
2
__ when I die.__ I want to see my __ I want to die
__ when I die.__
eas- y, when I die,__ when I die,__ I want to die
mp

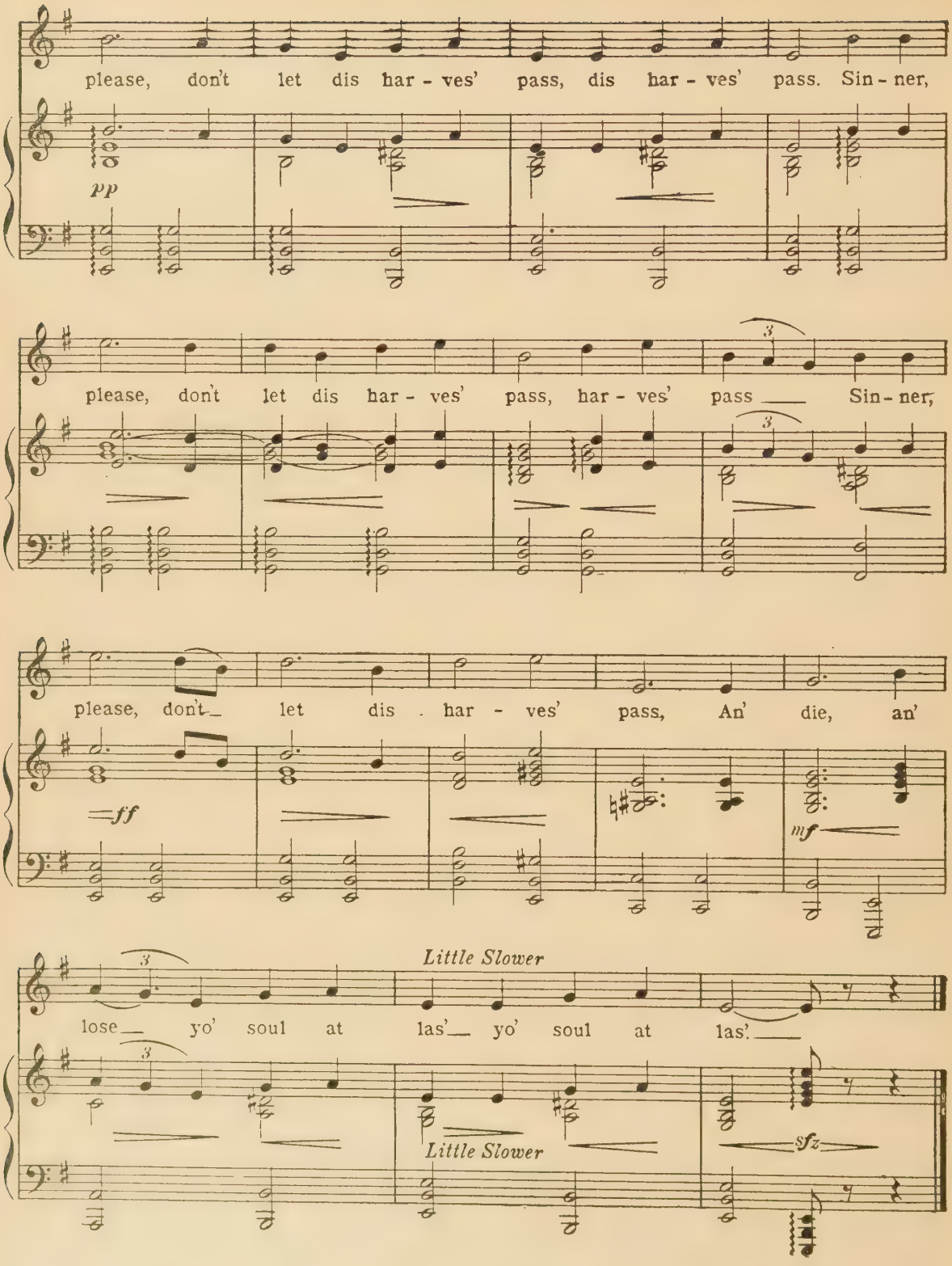

eas - y, when I die, when I die;
I want to die eas - y, when I die, Shout sal -
va - tion as I fly; I want to die eas -
mp
y, when I die, when I die.
pp

SINNER, PLEASE DON'T LET DIS HARVES' PASS

To Mr. Will C. Handy

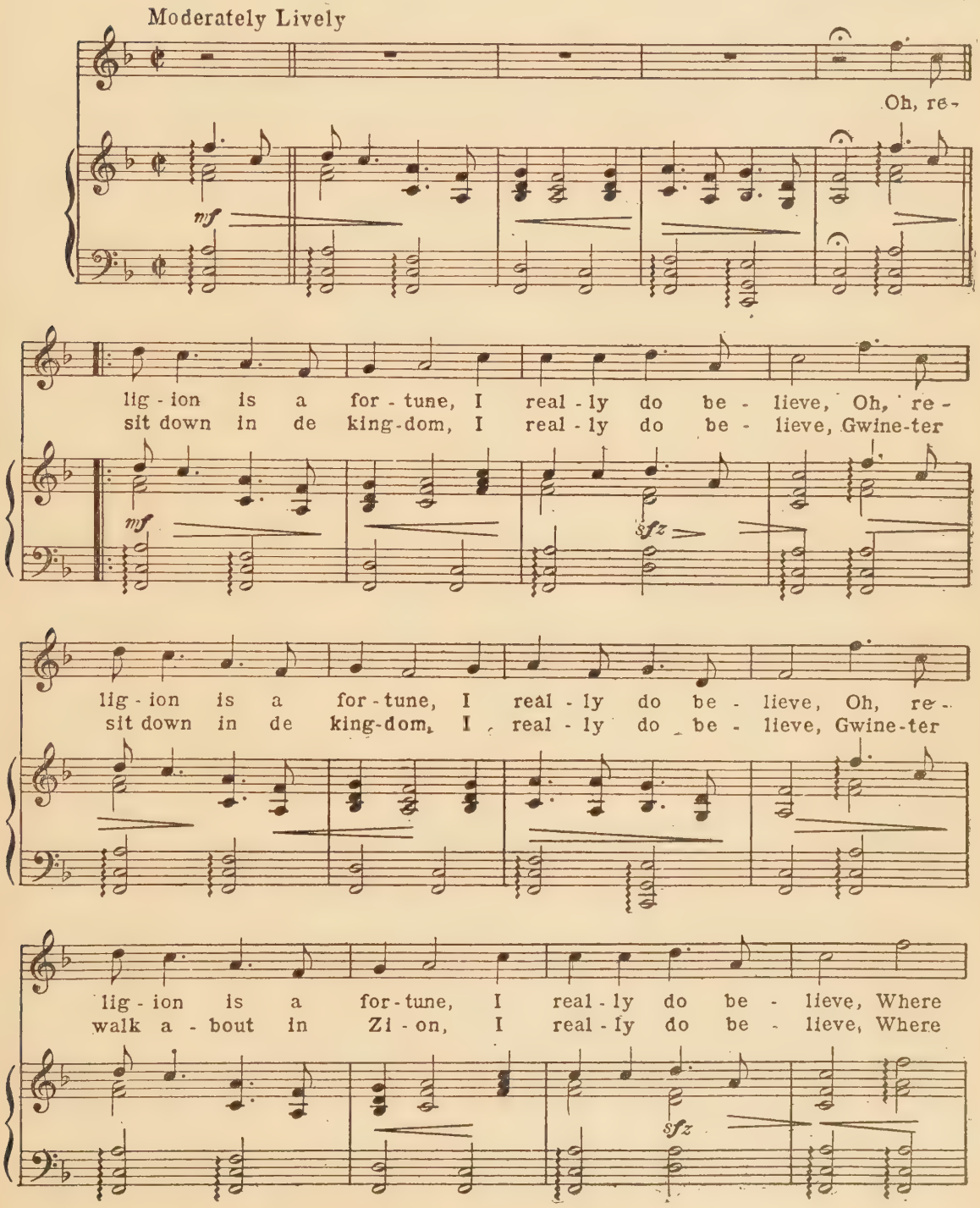


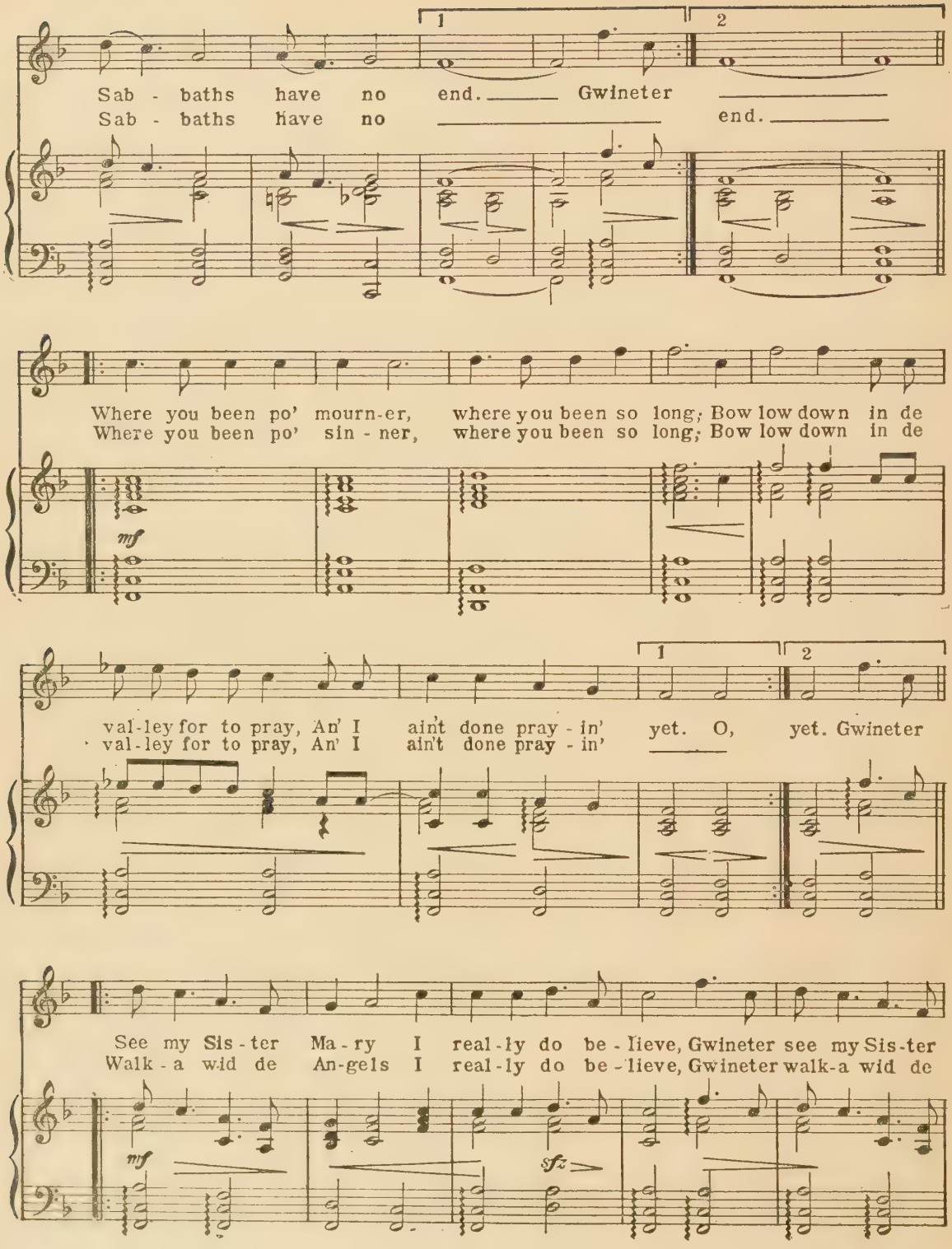

Sin - ner, O, — see dat cru - el tree, see dat cru - el tree, Lord!
I know dat — my re - deem - er lives, my re - deem - er lives, Lord!
My God is a might - y man o' war, might - y man o' war. Lord!
mf-f-ff
Sin - ner, O, — see dat cru - el tree, see dat cru - el tree, Lord!
I know dat — my re - deem - er lives, my re - deem - er lives, Lord!
My God is a might - y man o' war, might - y man o' war, Lord!
R.H.
Sin - ner, O, — see dat cru - el tree, Where — Christ has
I know dat — my re - deem - er lives, Sin - ner, please, don't
My God is a might - y man o' war, Sin - ner, please, don't
sfz
1
2
ten
died for you an' me, for you an' me. Lord!
let dis har - ves' pass, dis har - ves' pass. O,
let dis har - ves'
pass, dis har - ves' pass. Sin - ner
ten
ff
ten

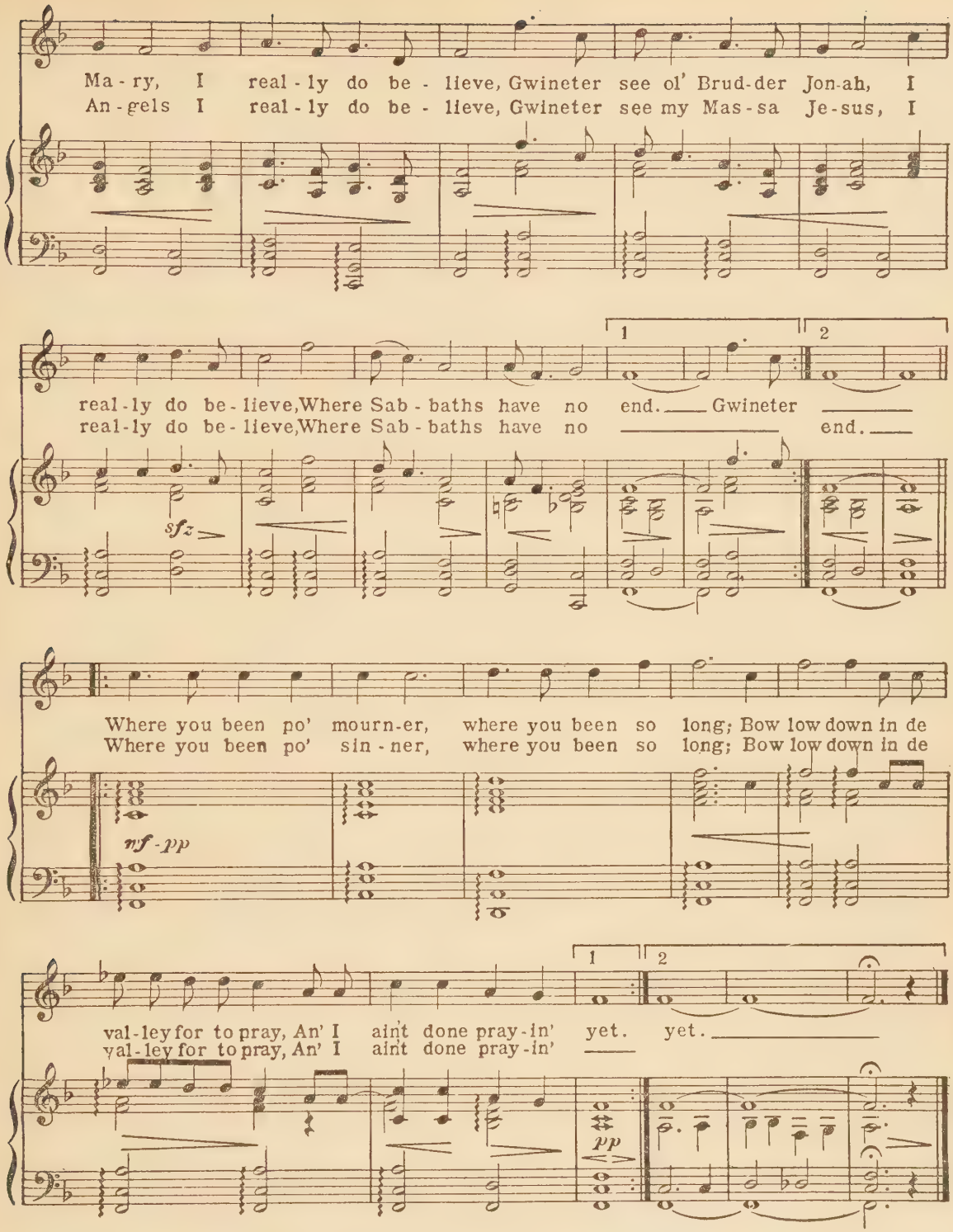

please, don't let dis har - ves' pass, dis har - ves' pass. Sin - ner,
pp
please, don't let dis har - ves' pass, har - ves' pass Sin - ner,
please, don't let dis har - ves' pass, An' die, an'
ff
mf
Little Slower
lose yo' soul at las' yo' soul at las'
Little Slower
sfz

RELIGION IS A FORTUNE I REALLY DO BELIEVE

To Mr. Clement Wood

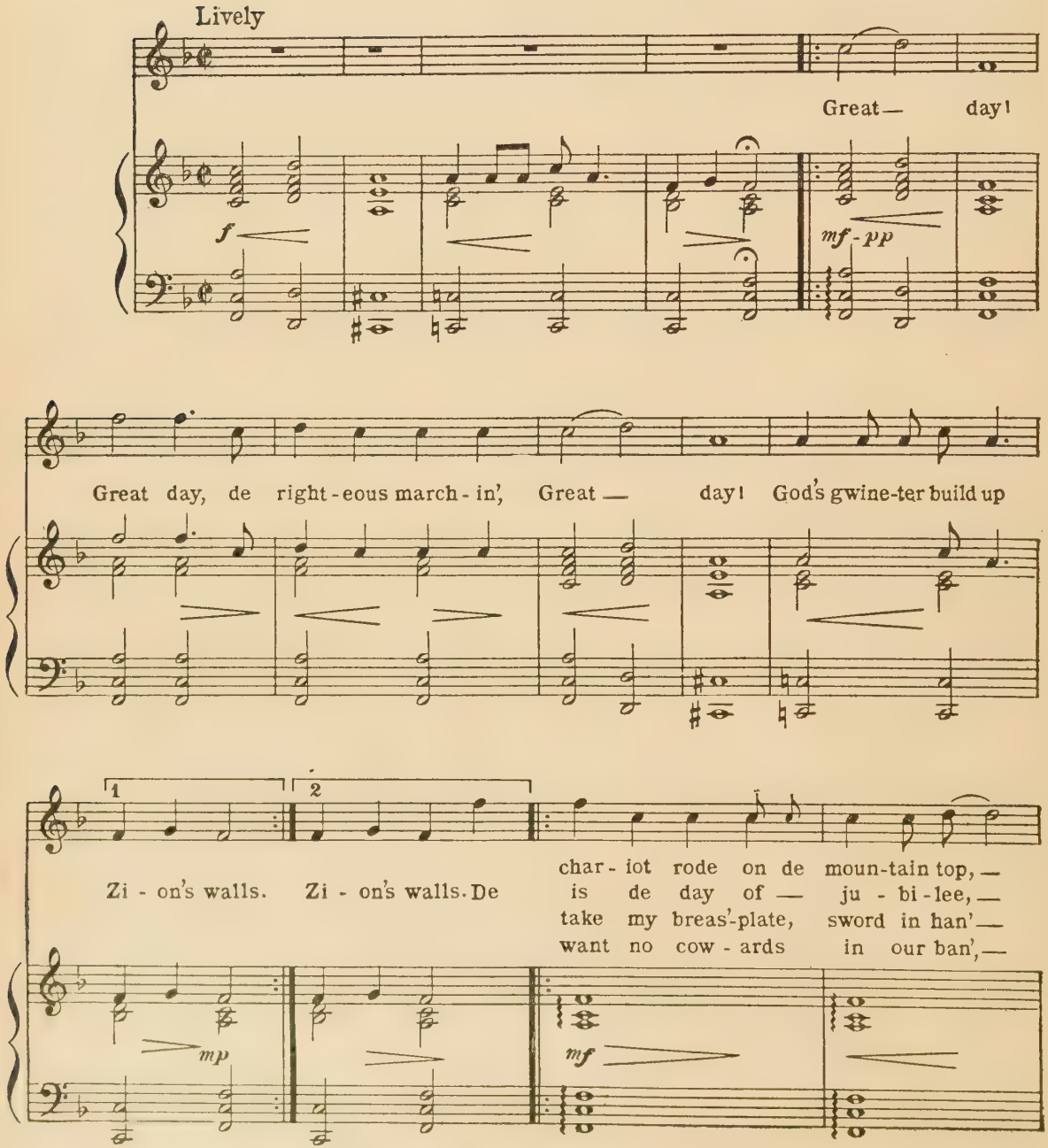


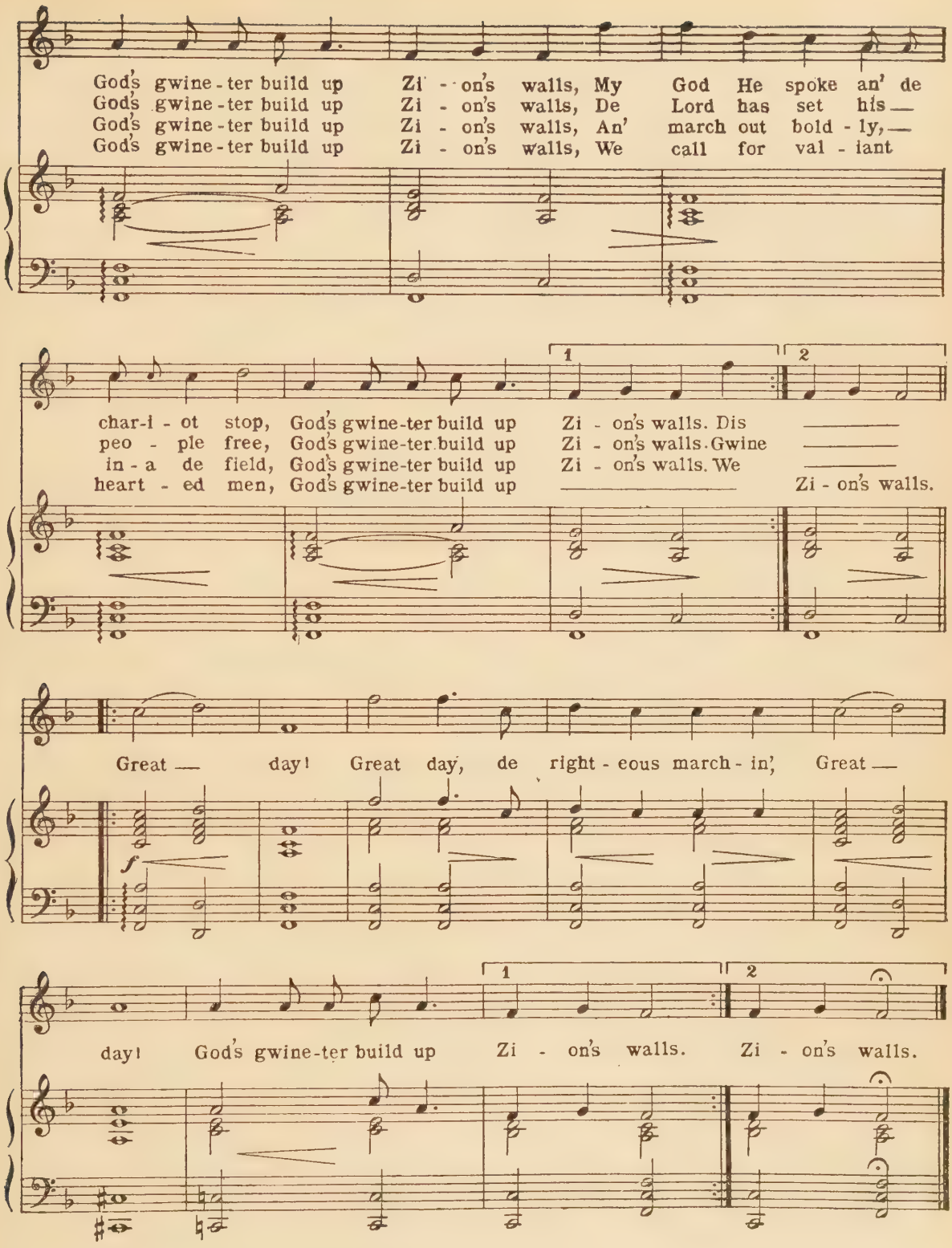

1
2
Sab - baths have no end. Gwineter
Sab - baths have no end.
Where you been po' mourn-er, where you been so long; Bow low down in de
Where you been po' sin - ner, where you been so long; Bow low down in de
mf
1
2
val-ley for to pray, An' I ain't done pray - in' yet. O, yet. Gwineter
val-ley for to pray, An' I ain't done pray - in'
See my Sis - ter Ma - ry I real - ly do be - lieve, Gwineter see my Sis-ter
Walk - a wid de An-gels I real - ly do be - lieve, Gwineter walk-a wid de
mf
sfz


Ma-ry, I real-ly do be-lieve, Gwineter see ol' Brud-der Jon-ah, I
An-gels I real-ly do be-lieve, Gwineter see my Mas-sa Je-sus, I
1
2
real-ly do be-lieve, Where Sab-baths have no end. Gwineter
real-ly do be-lieve, Where Sab-baths have no end.
sfz
Where you been po' mourn-er, where you been so long; Bow low down in de
Where you been po' sin-ner, where you been so long; Bow low down in de
mf-pp
1
2
val-ley for to pray, An' I aint done pray-in' yet. yet.
val-ley for to pray, An' I aint done pray-in'
pp

GREAT DAY

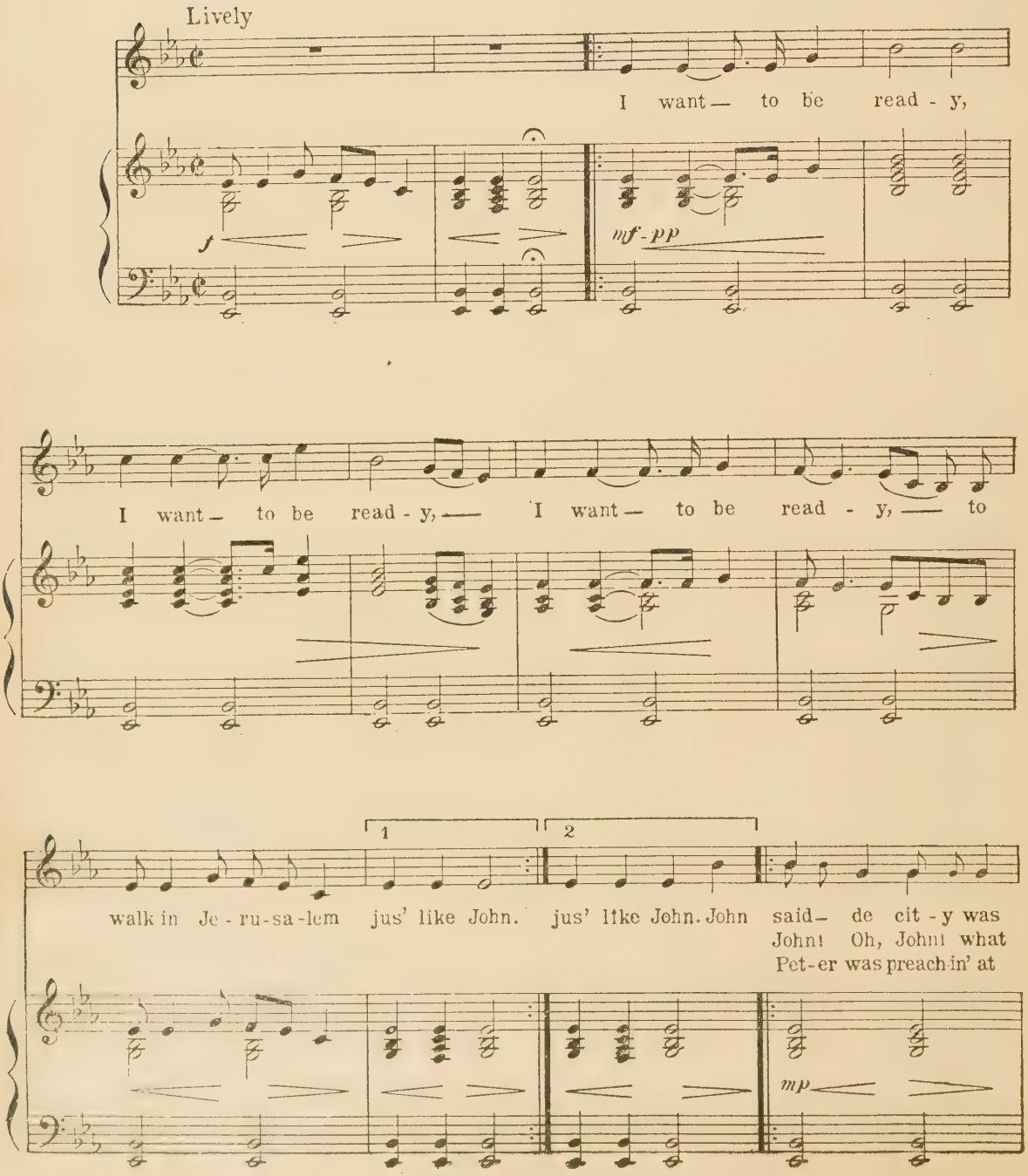
To Mr. Andrea de Segurola

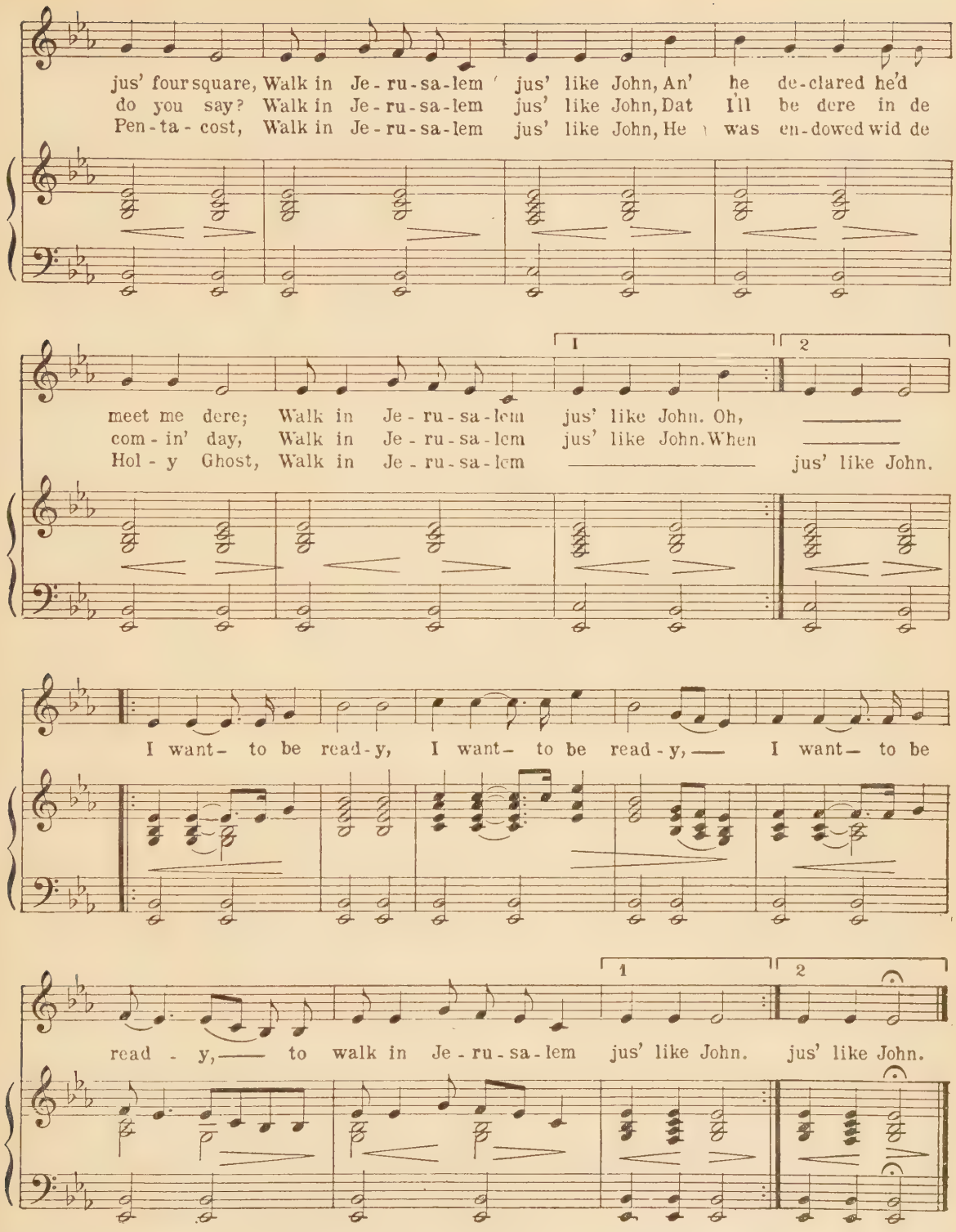



God's gwine-ter build up Zi - on's walls, My God He spoke an' de
God's gwine-ter build up Zi - on's walls, De Lord has set his —
God's gwine-ter build up Zi - on's walls, An' march out bold - ly, —
God's gwine-ter build up Zi - on's walls, We call for val - iant
1
2
char-i - ot stop, God's gwine-ter build up Zi - on's walls. Dis —
peo - ple free, God's gwine-ter build up Zi - on's walls. Gwine —
in - a de field, God's gwine-ter build up Zi - on's walls. We —
heart - ed men, God's gwine-ter build up — Zi - on's walls.
Great — day! Great day, de right - eous march - in', Great —
f
day! God's gwine-ter build up Zi - on's walls. Zi - on's walls.

WALK IN JERUSALEM JUS' LIKE JOHN

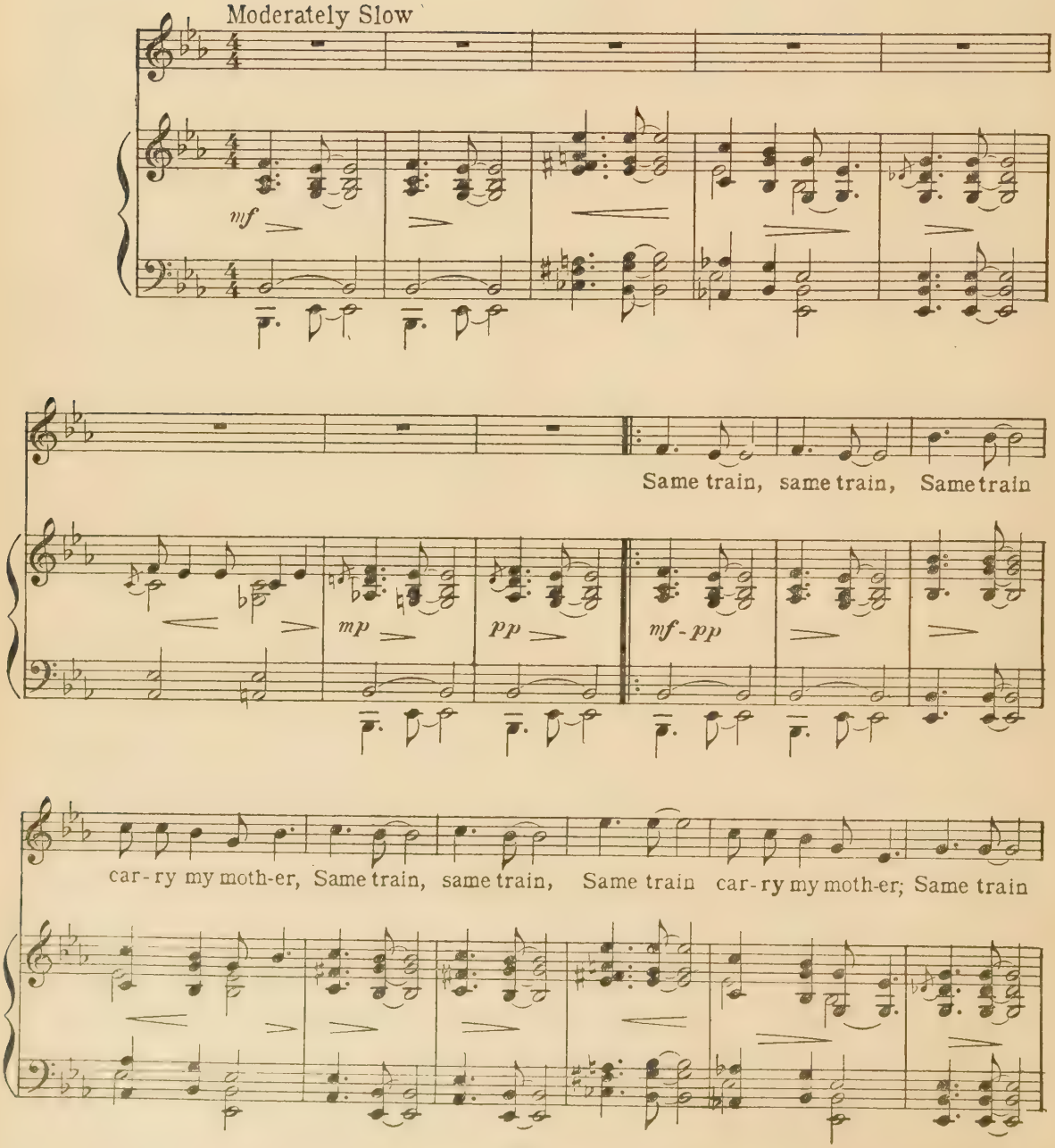
To Mr. Franklin P. Adams

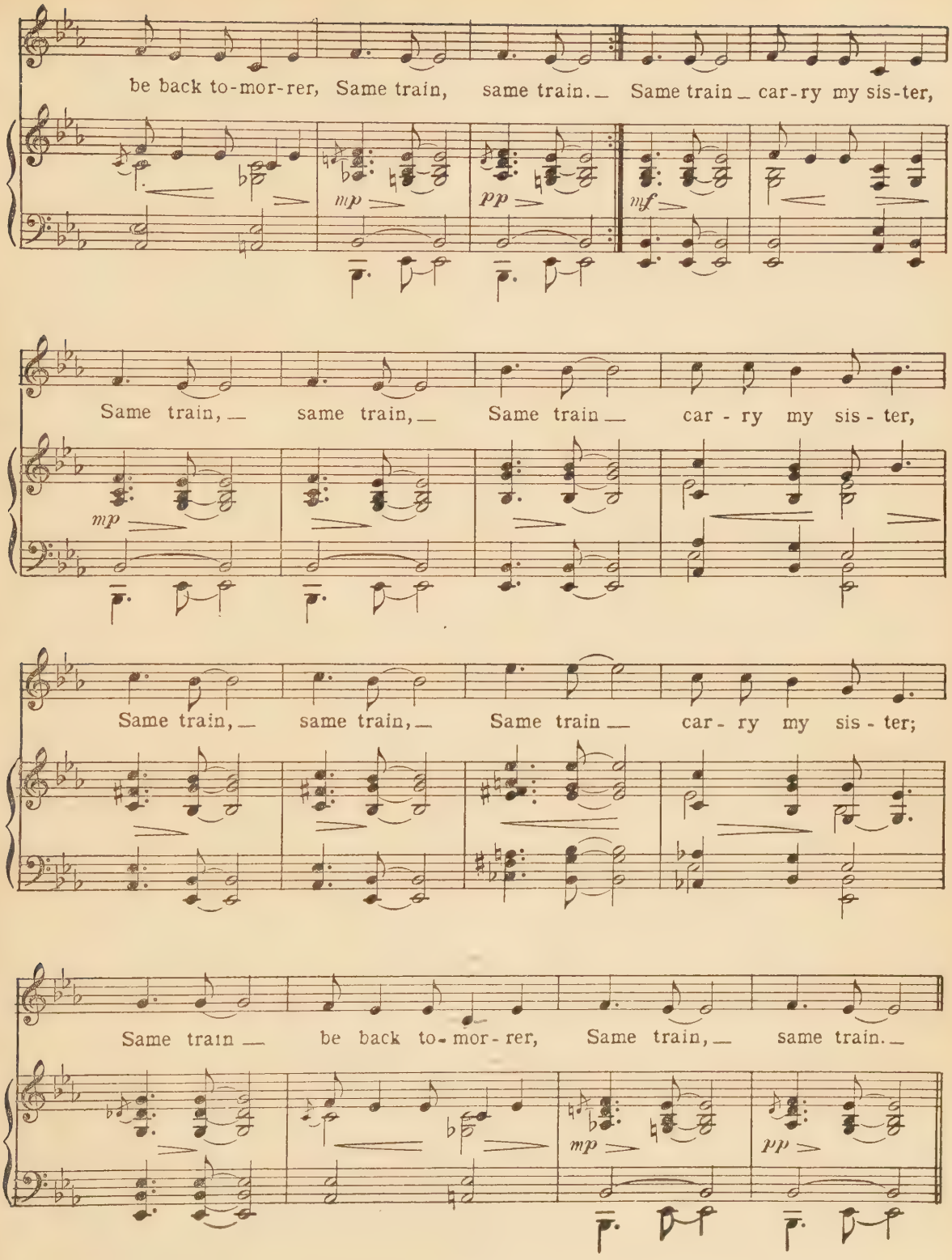


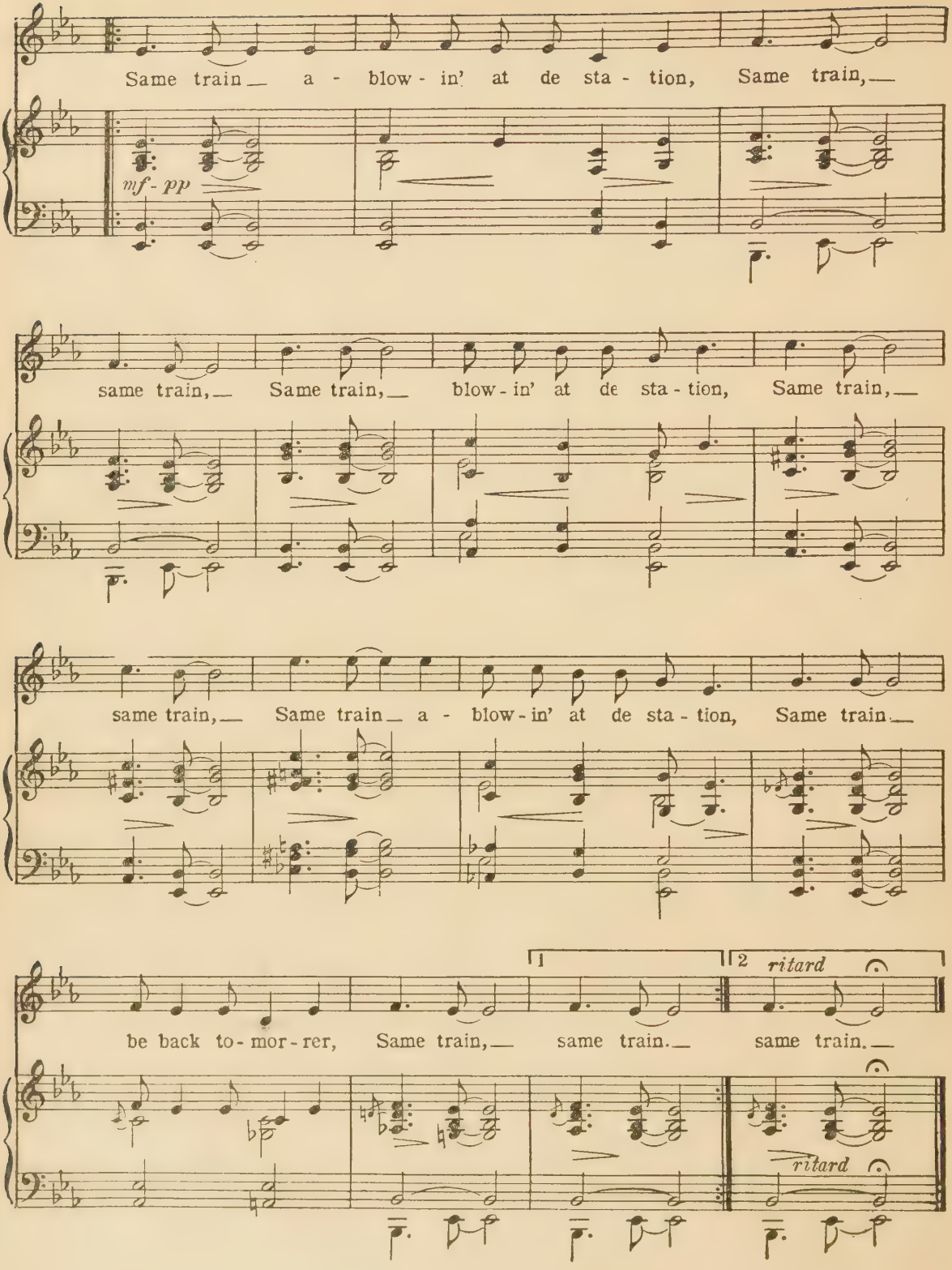

jus' four square, Walk in Je - ru - sa - lem jus' like John, An' he de - clared he'd
do you say? Walk in Je - ru - sa - lem jus' like John, Dat I'll be dere in de
Pen - ta - cost, Walk in Je - ru - sa - lem jus' like John, He was en - dowed wid de
1
2
meet me dere; Walk in Je - ru - sa - lem jus' like John. Oh,
com - in' day, Walk in Je - ru - sa - lem jus' like John. When
Hol - y Ghost, Walk in Je - ru - sa - lem jus' like John.
I want - to be read - y, I want - to be read - y, I want - to be
1
2
read - y, to walk in Je - ru - sa - lem jus' like John. jus' like John.

SAME TRAIN

To Mr. Carl Van Vechten



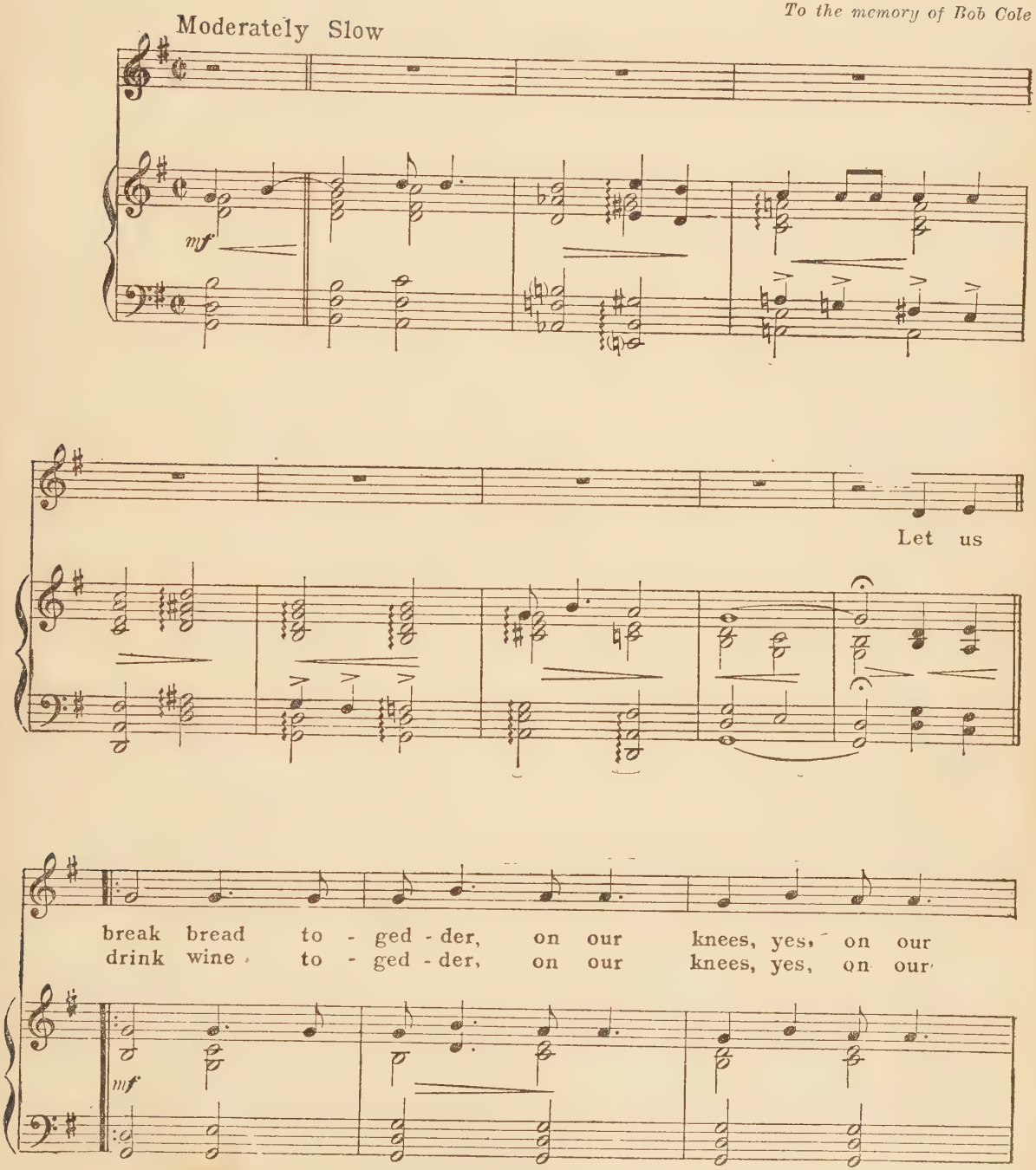

be back to-mor-rer, Same train, same train. Same train car-ry my sis-ter,
mp
pp
mf
Same train, same train, Same train car - ry my sis - ter,
mp
Same train, same train, Same train car - ry my sis - ter;
Same train be back to-mor-rer, Same train, same train.
mp
pp

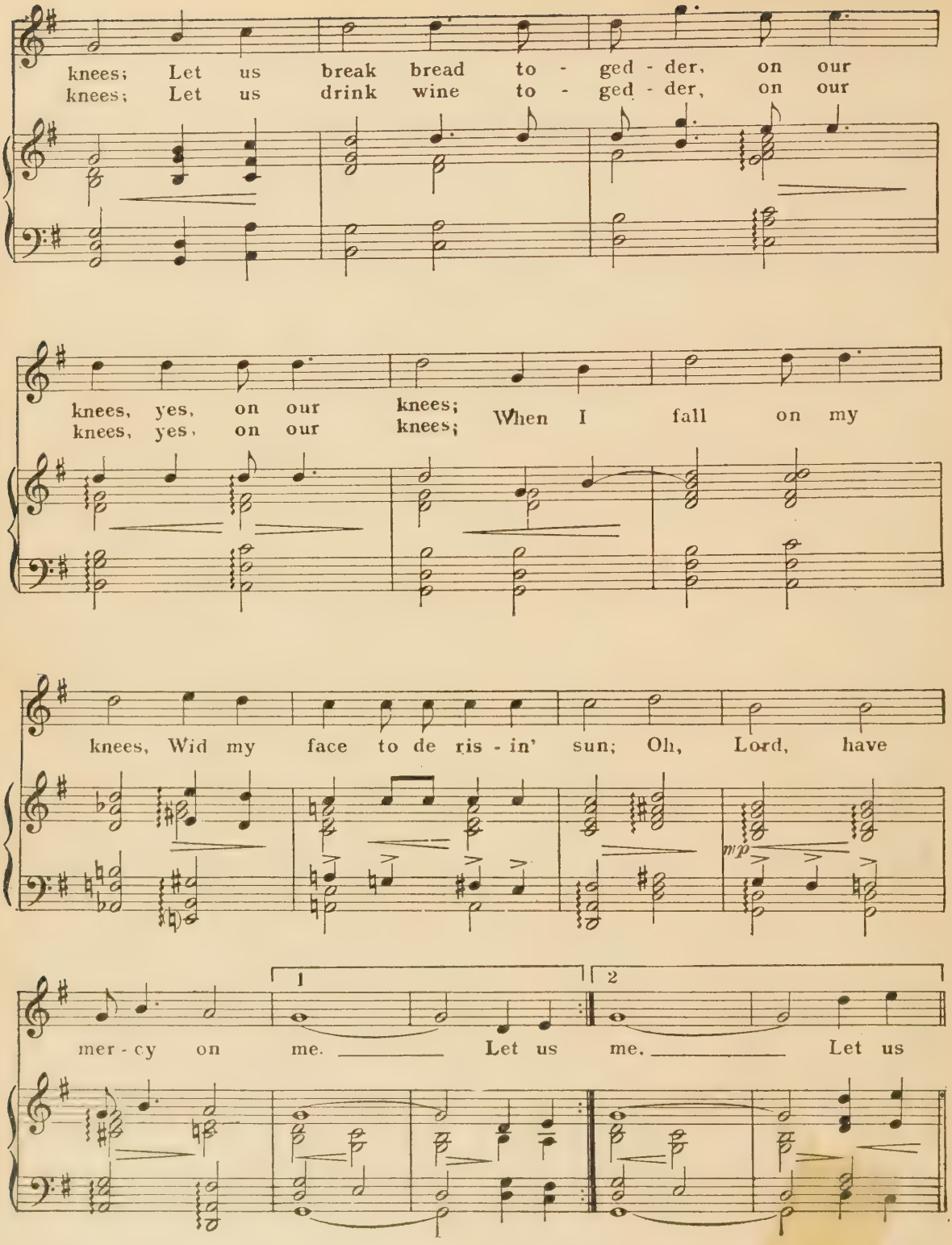

Same train a - blow - in' at de sta - tion, Same train,
mf - pp
same train, Same train, blow - in' at de sta - tion, Same train,
same train, Same train a - blow - in' at de sta - tion, Same train
1
2 ritard
be back to - mor - rer, Same train, same train. same train.
ritard

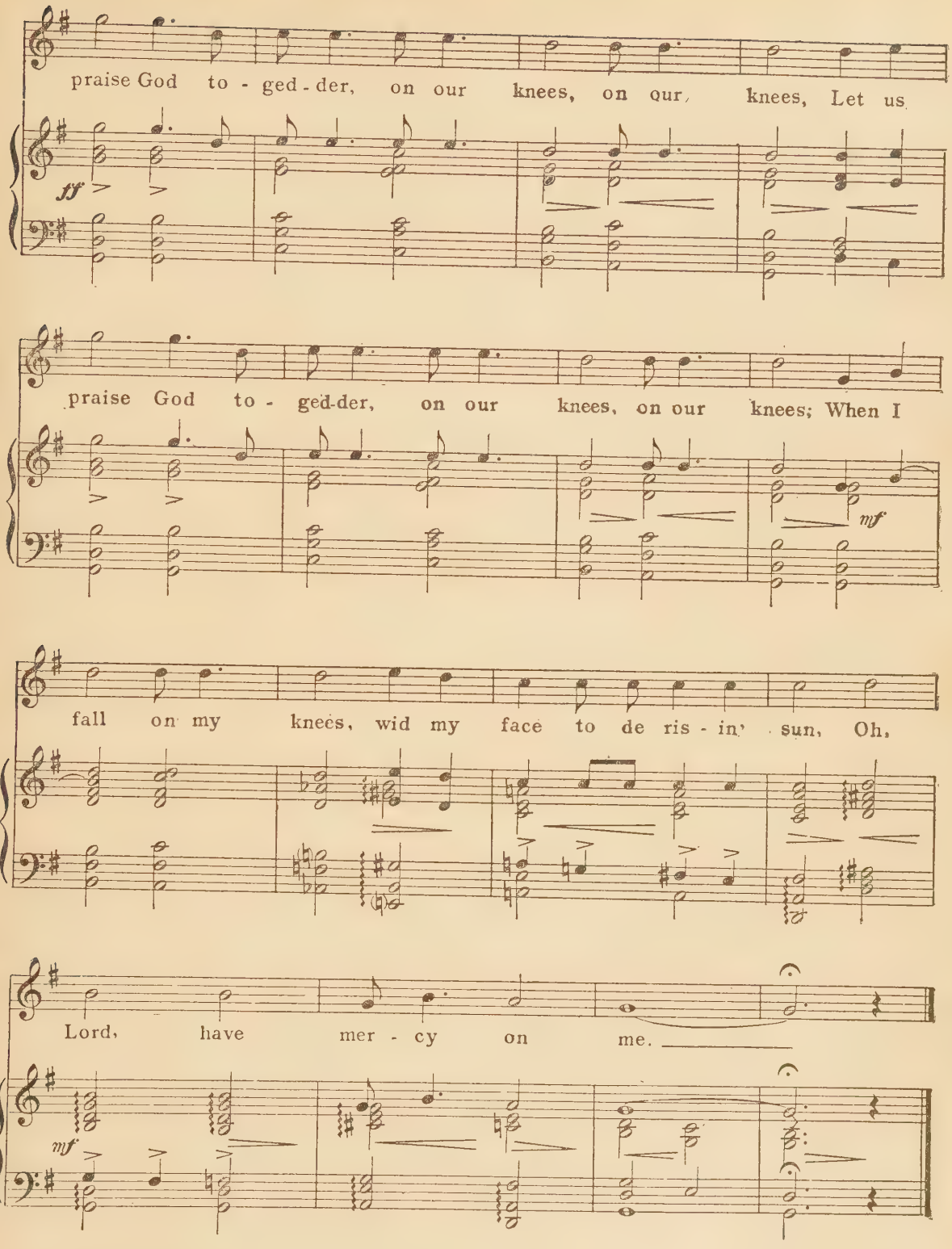
WHEN I FALL ON MY KNEES

(WID MY FACE TO DE RISIN' SUN)

To the memory of Bob Cole

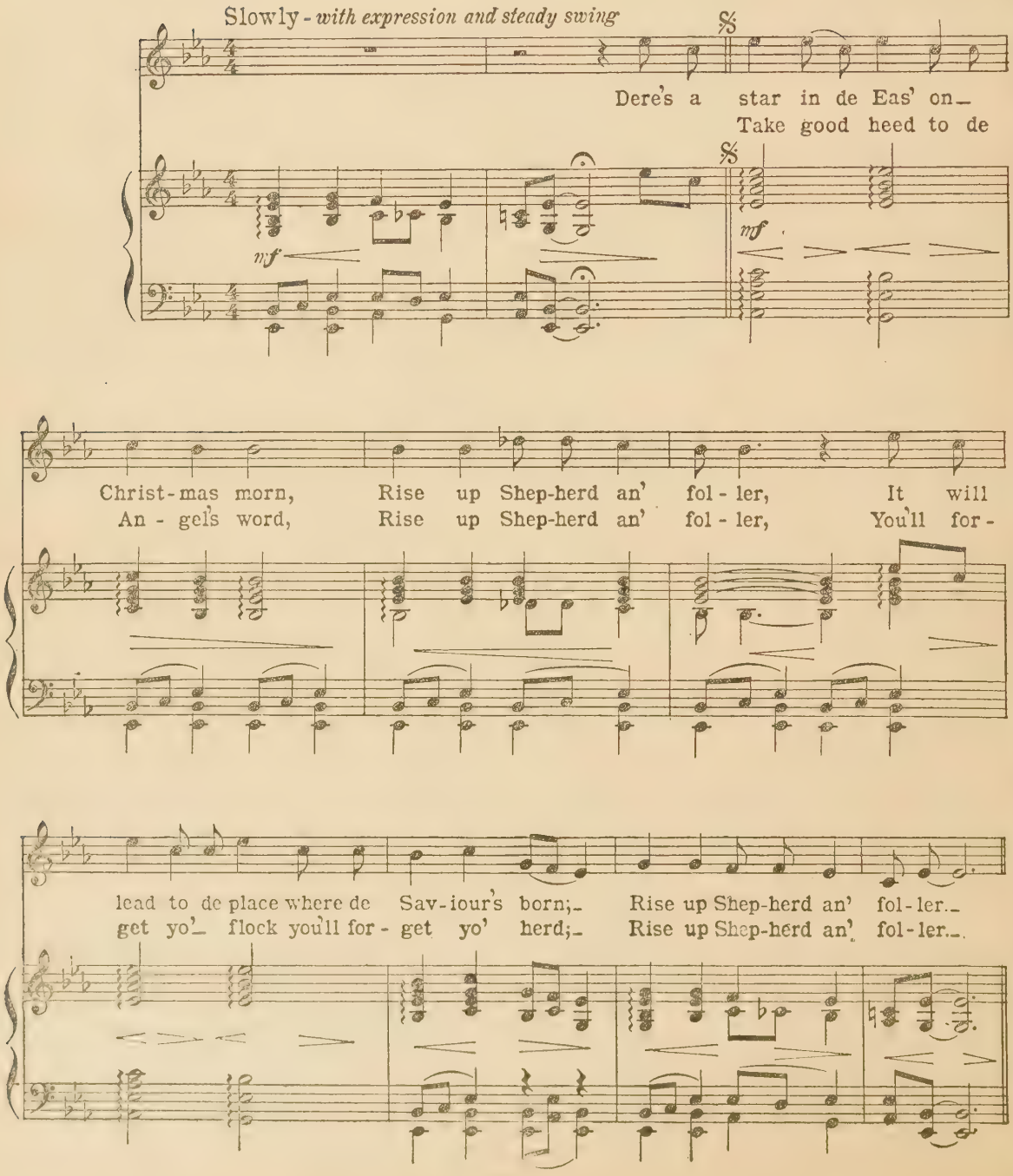


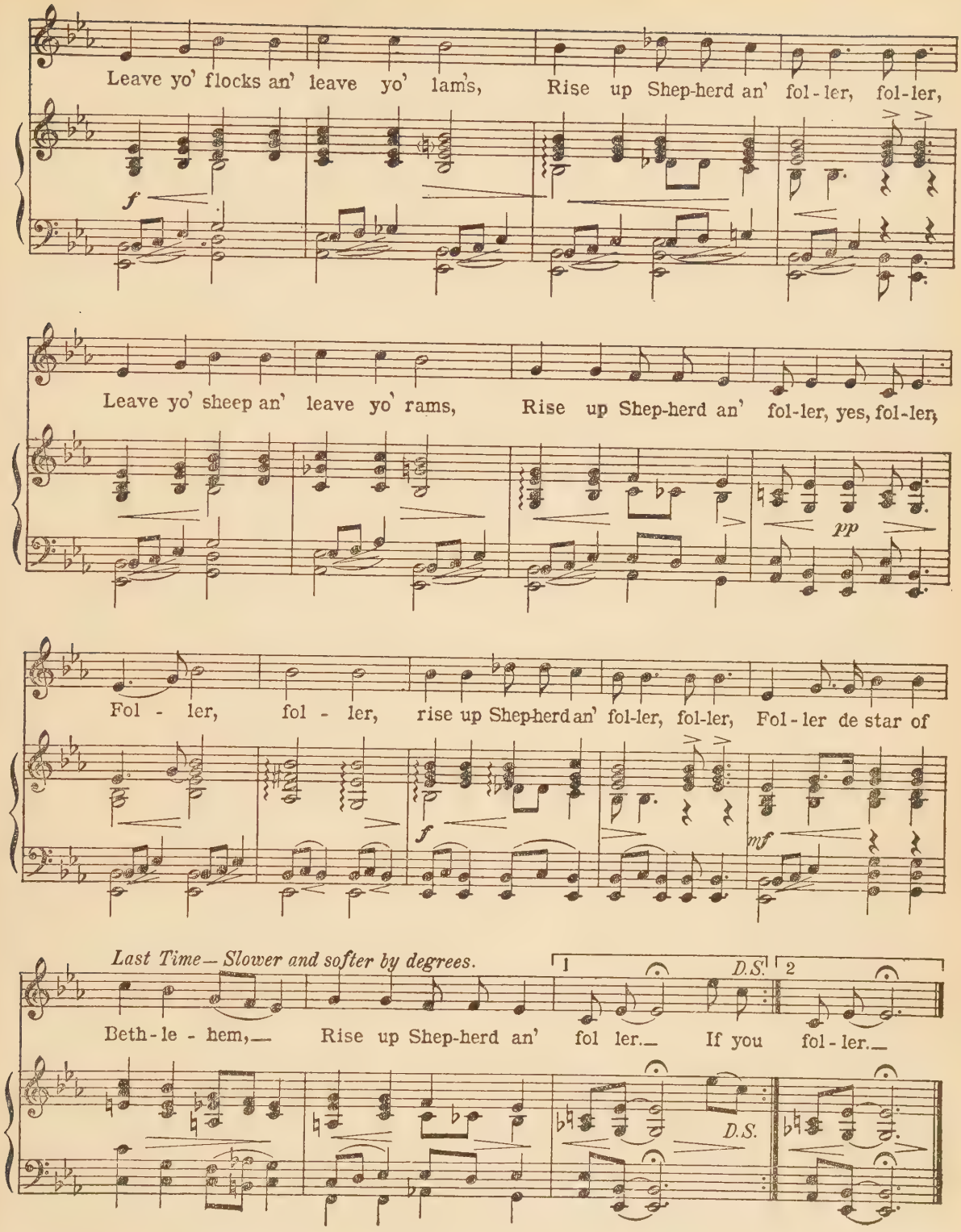

knees; Let us break bread to - ged - der, on our
knees; Let us drink wine to - ged - der, on our
knees, yes, on our knees; When I fall on my
knees, yes, on our knees;
knees, Wid my face to de ris - in' sun; Oh, Lord, have
mp
1
2
mer - cy on me. Let us
me. Let us


praise God to - ged - der, on our knees, on our knees, Let us
ff
praise God to - ged-der, on our knees, on our knees; When I
mf
fall on my knees, wid my face to de ris - in' sun, Oh,
Lord, have mer - cy on me.
mf

RISE UP SHEPHERD AN' FOLLER

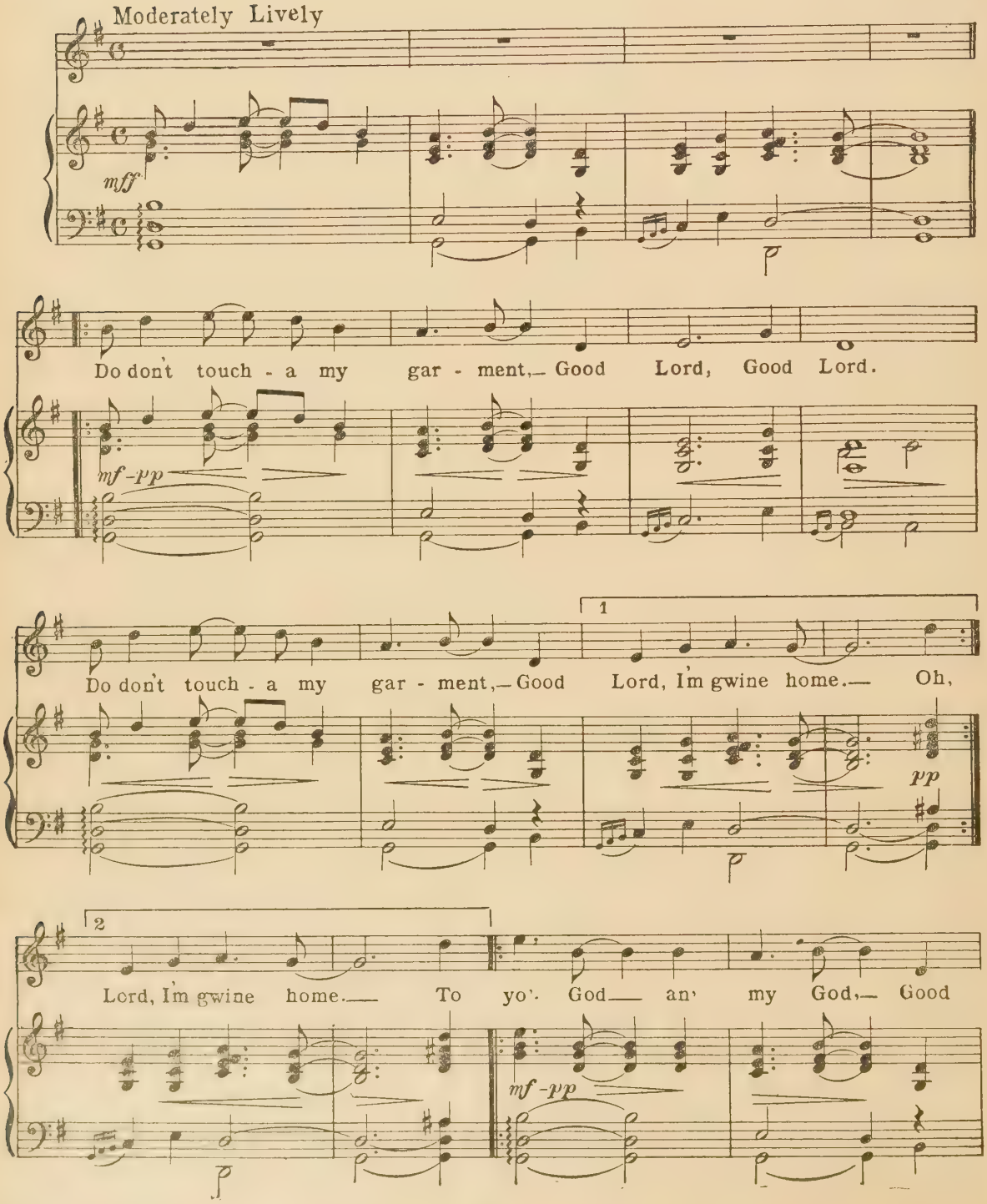
To Mr. Julius Bledsoe

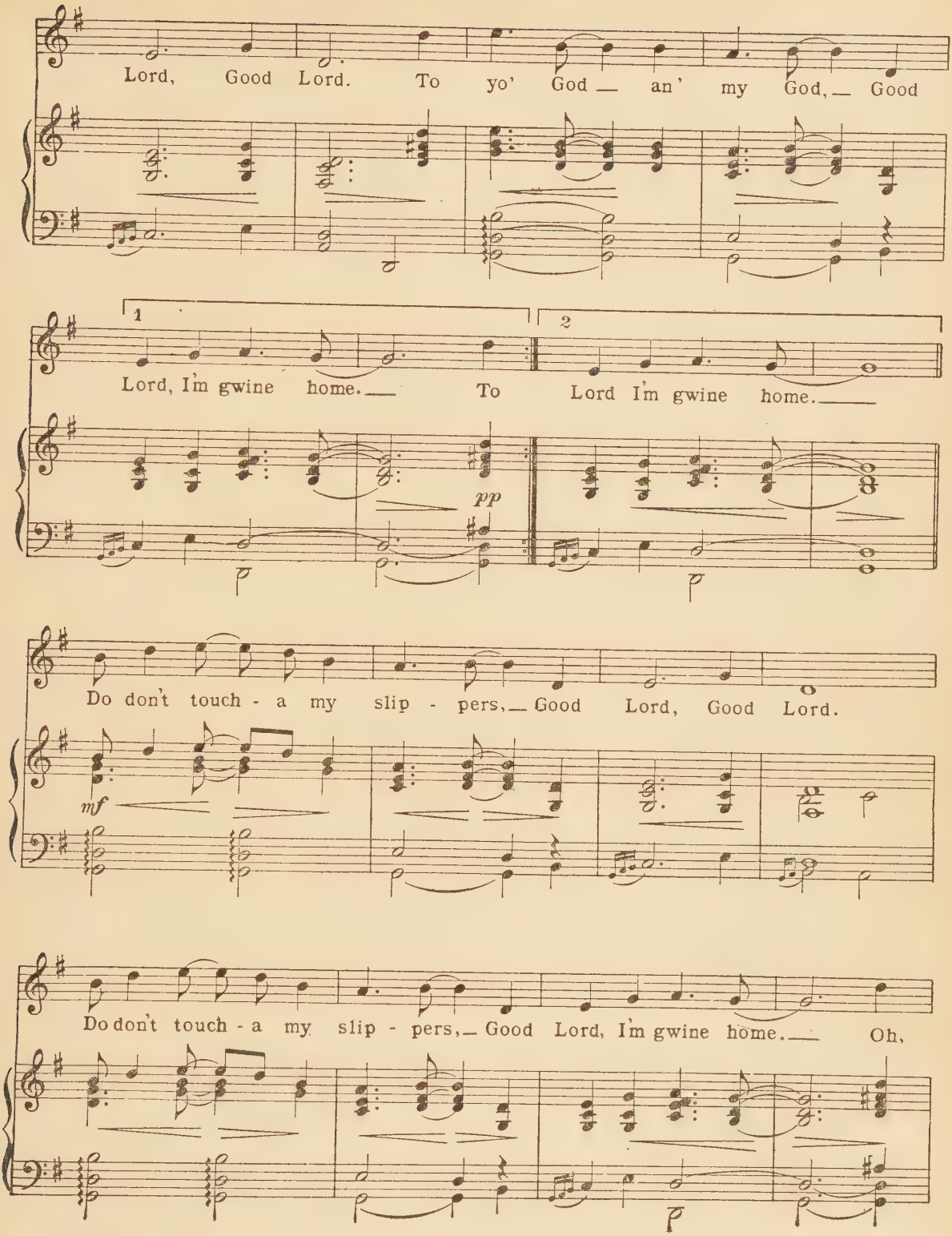


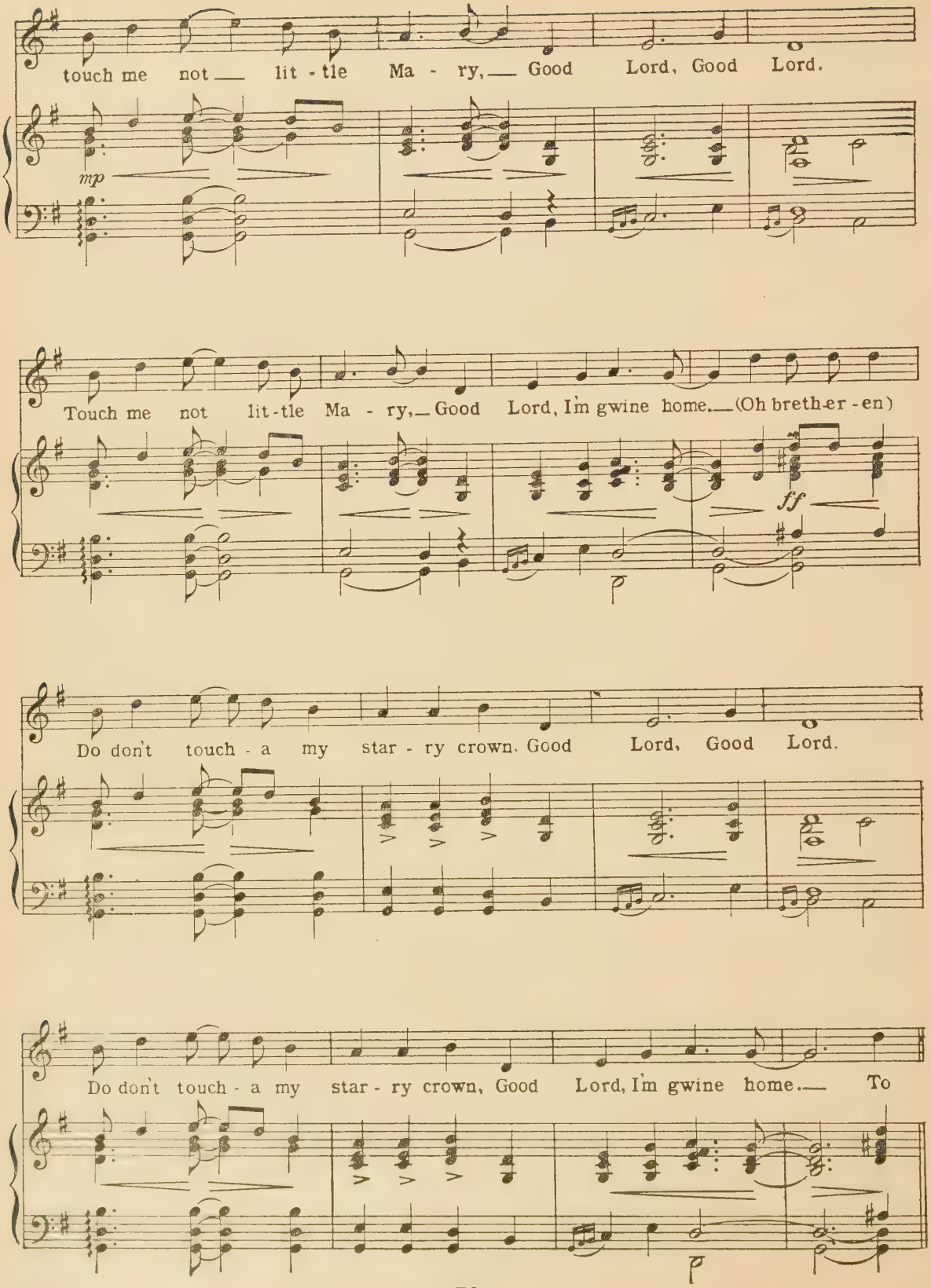

Leave yo' flocks an' leave yo' lam's, Rise up Shep-herd an' fol-ler, fol-ler,
f
Leave yo' sheep an' leave yo' rams, Rise up Shep-herd an' fol-ler, yes, fol-ler,
pp
Fol - ler, fol - ler, rise up Shep-herd an' fol-ler, fol-ler, Fol-ler de star of
f
mf
Last Time— Slower and softer by degrees.
1
D.S.
2
Beth-le - hem,— Rise up Shep-herd an' fol ler.— If you fol-ler.—
D.S.

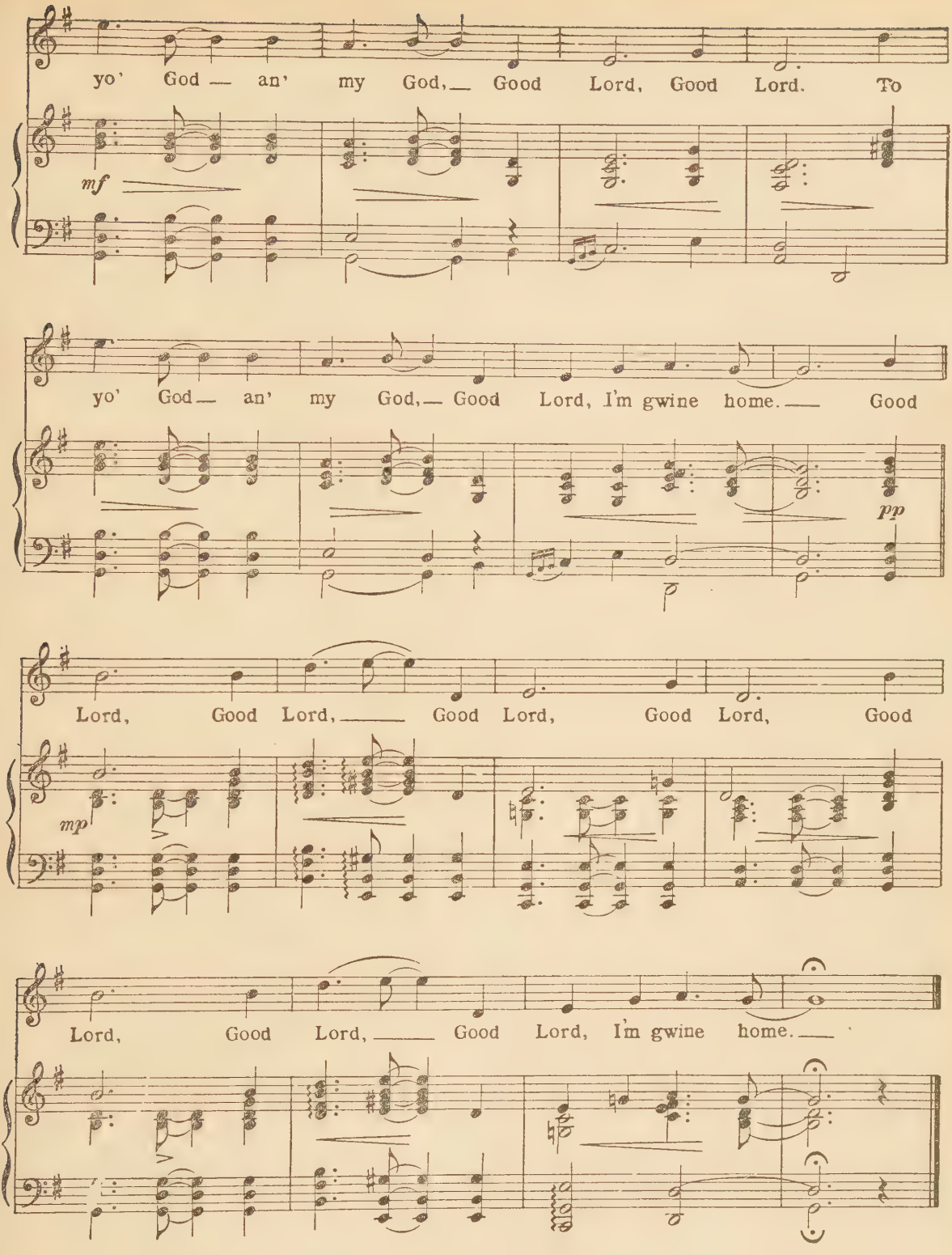
DO DON'T TOUCH-A MY GARMENT, GOOD LORD, I'M GWINE HOME

To Miss Florence Mills



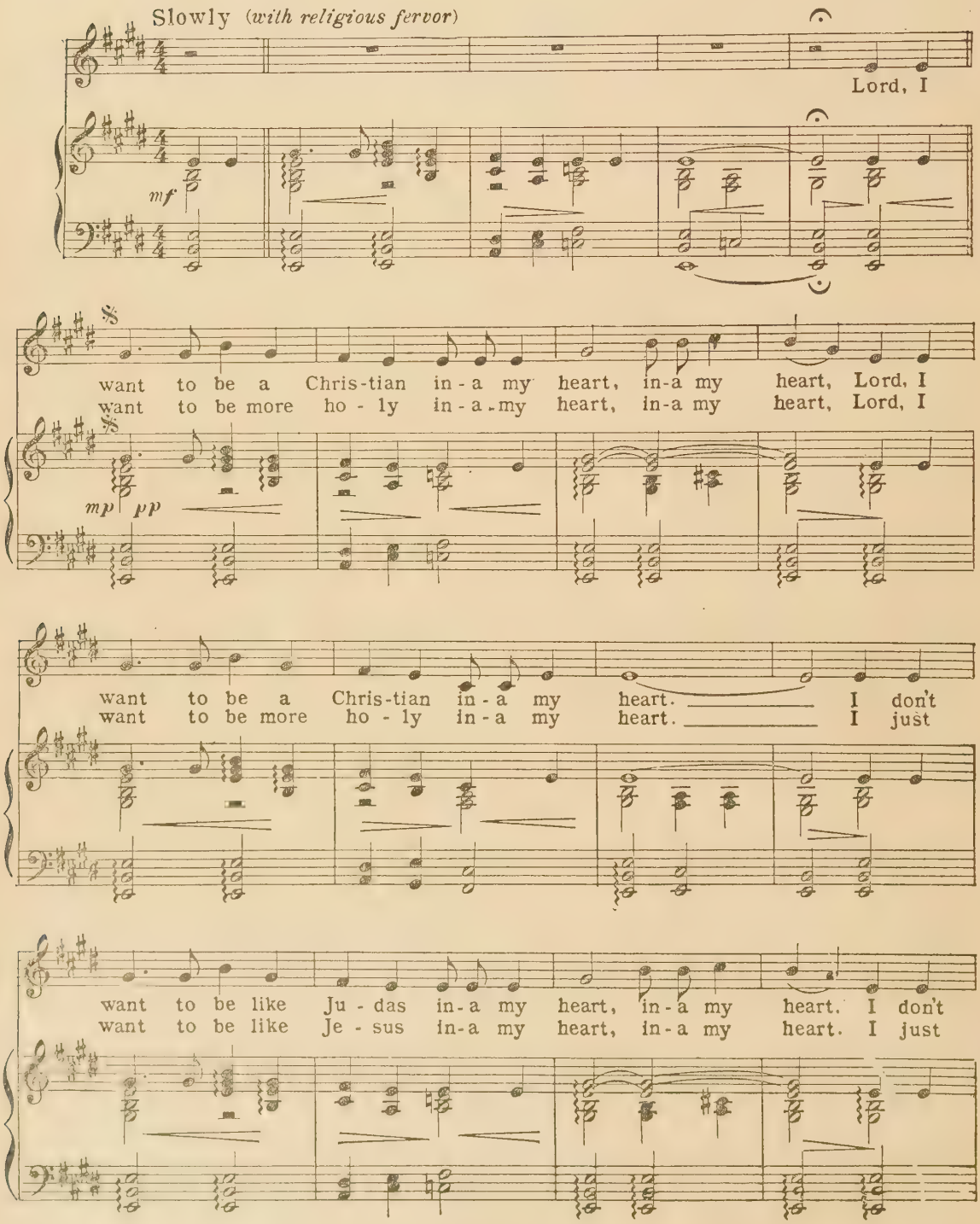

Lord, Good Lord. To yo' God — an' my God, — Good
1
2
Lord, I'm gwine home. — To Lord I'm gwine home. —
pp
Do don't touch - a my slip - pers, — Good Lord, Good Lord.
mf
Do don't touch - a my slip - pers, — Good Lord, I'm gwine home. — Oh,

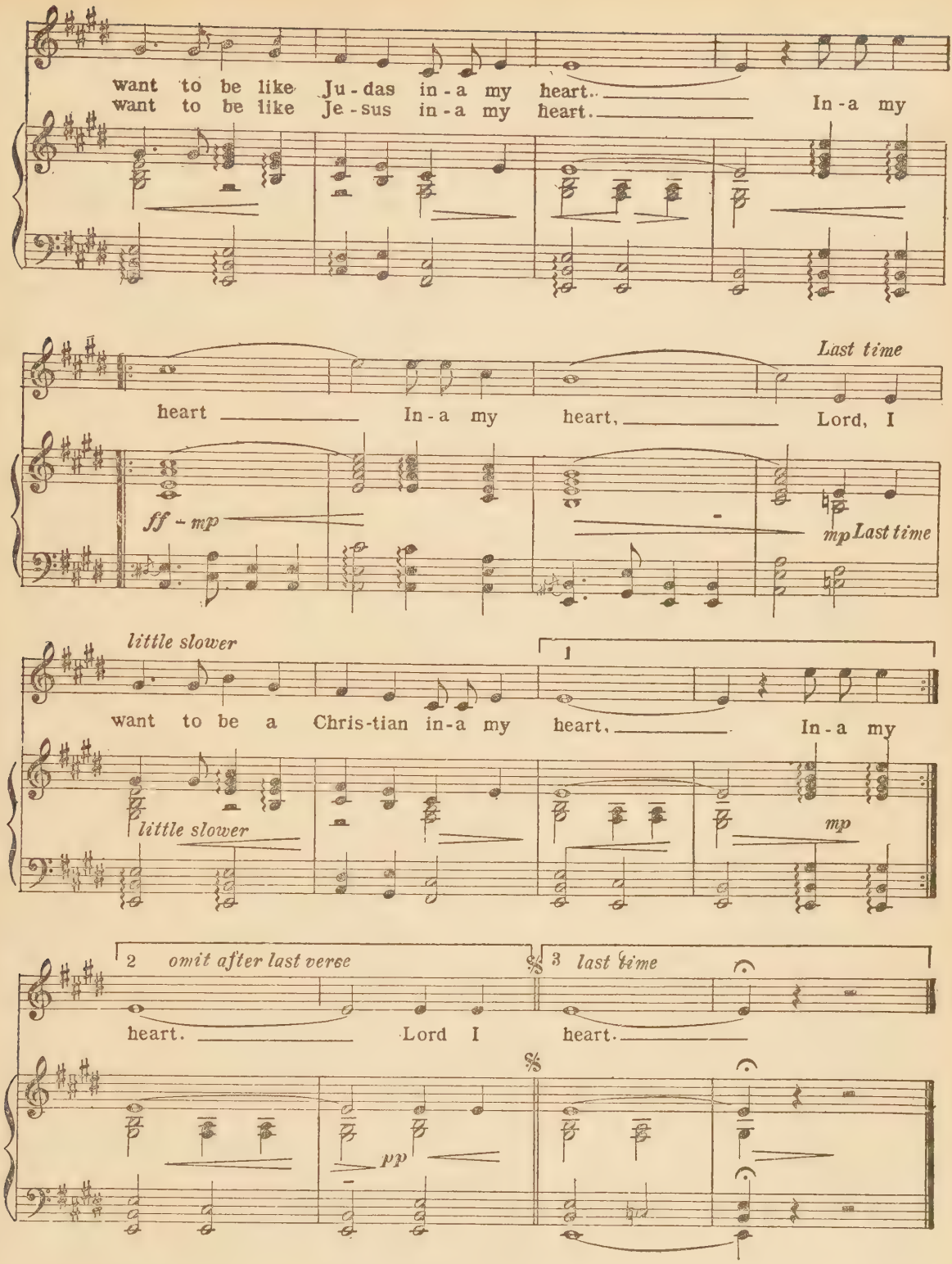

touch me not lit - tle Ma - ry, Good Lord, Good Lord.
mp
Touch me not lit-tle Ma - ry, Good Lord, I'm gwine home. (Oh breth-er - en)
ff
Do don't touch - a my star - ry crown. Good Lord, Good Lord.
Do don't touch - a my star - ry crown, Good Lord, I'm gwine home. To


yo' God — an' my God, — Good Lord, Good Lord. To
mf
yo' God — an' my God, — Good Lord, I'm gwine home. — Good
pp
Lord, Good Lord, — Good Lord, Good Lord, Good
mp
Lord, Good Lord, — Good Lord, I'm gwine home. —

LORD, I WANT TO BE A CHRISTIAN IN-A MY HEART

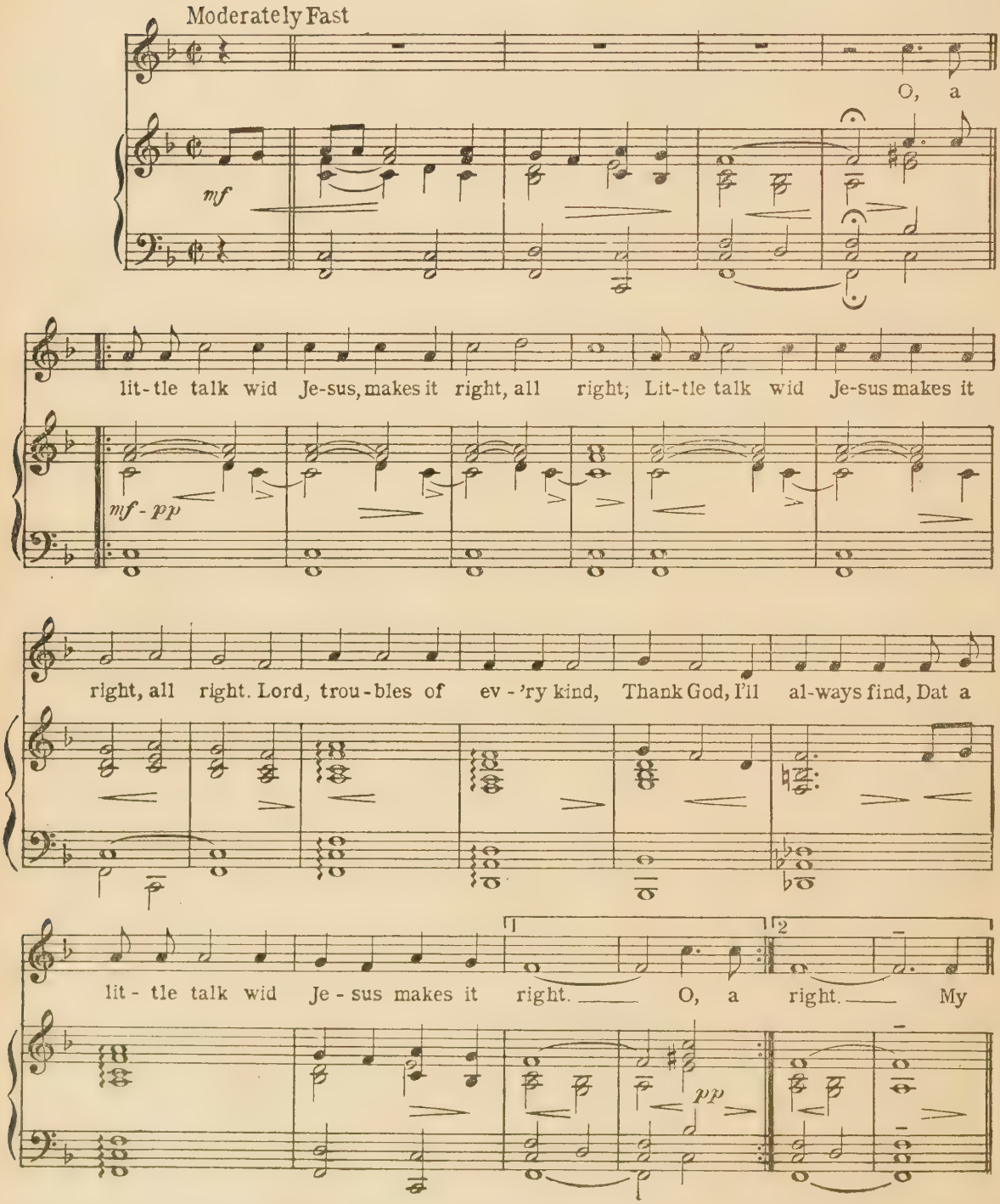
To Mr. Clarence Cammeron White

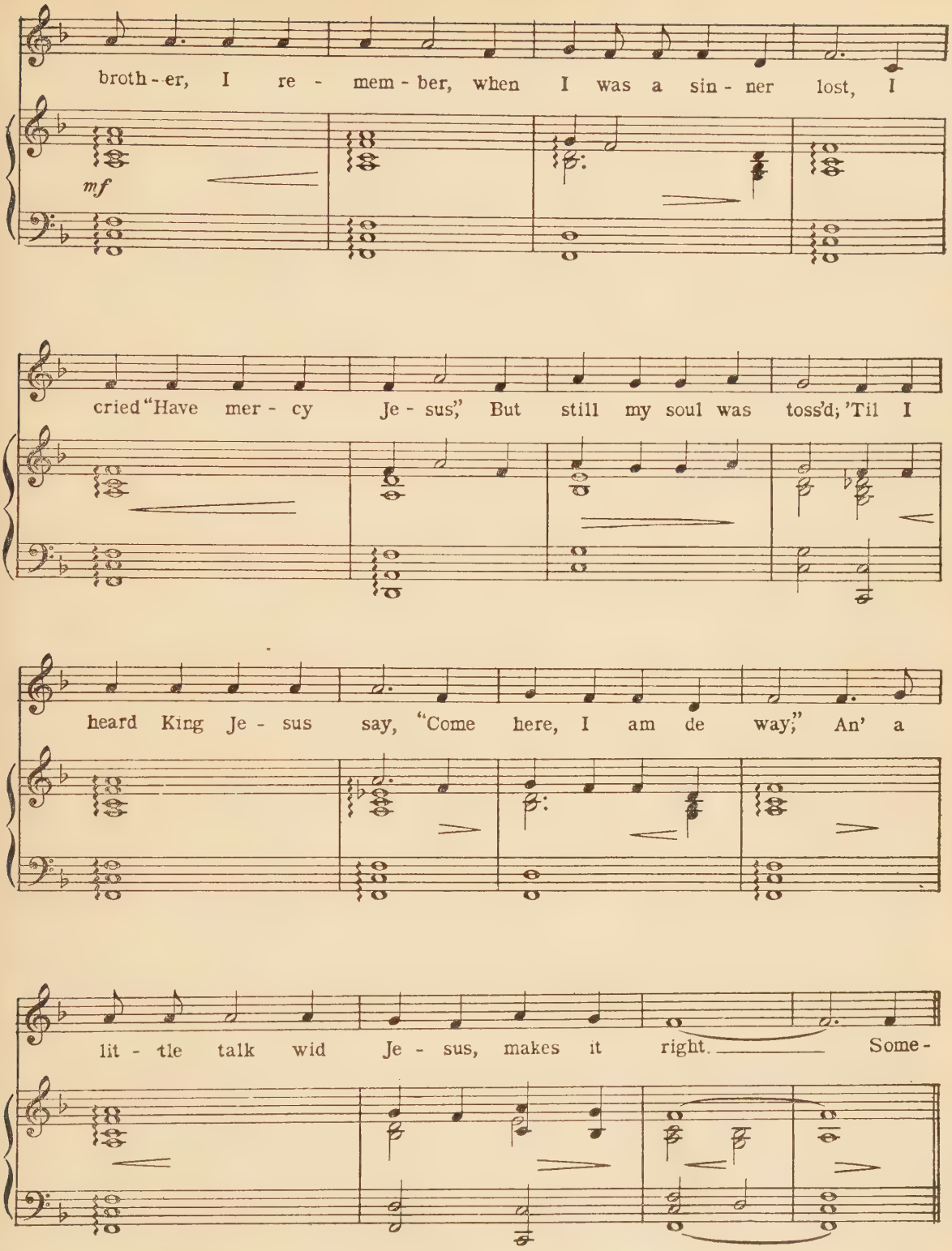


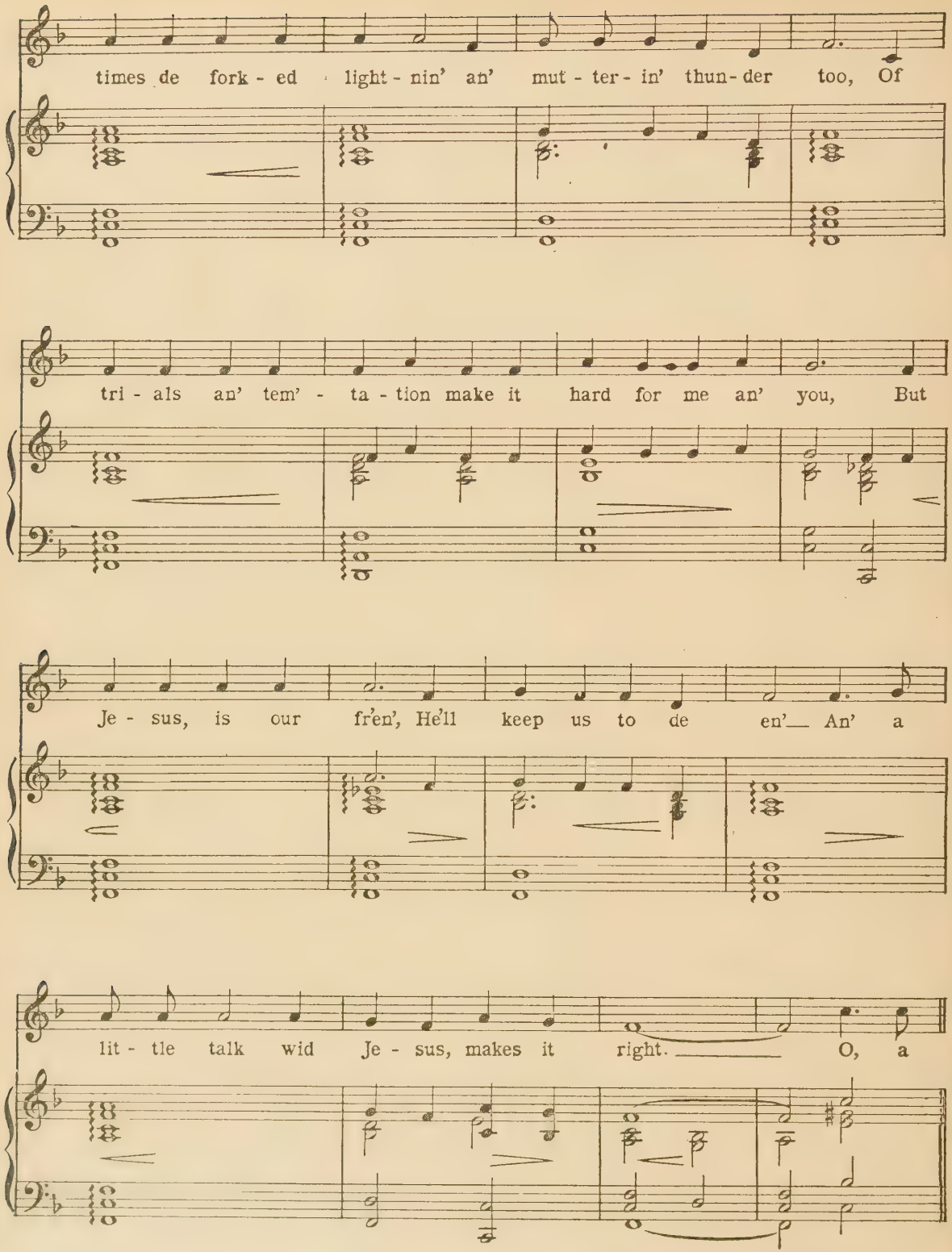

want to be like Ju-das in-a my heart.
want to be like Je-sus in-a my heart.
In-a my
Last time
heart In-a my heart, Lord, I
ff - mp
mp Last time
little slower
1
want to be a Chris-tian in-a my heart. In-a my
little slower
mp
2 omit after last verse
3 last time
heart. Lord I heart.
pp

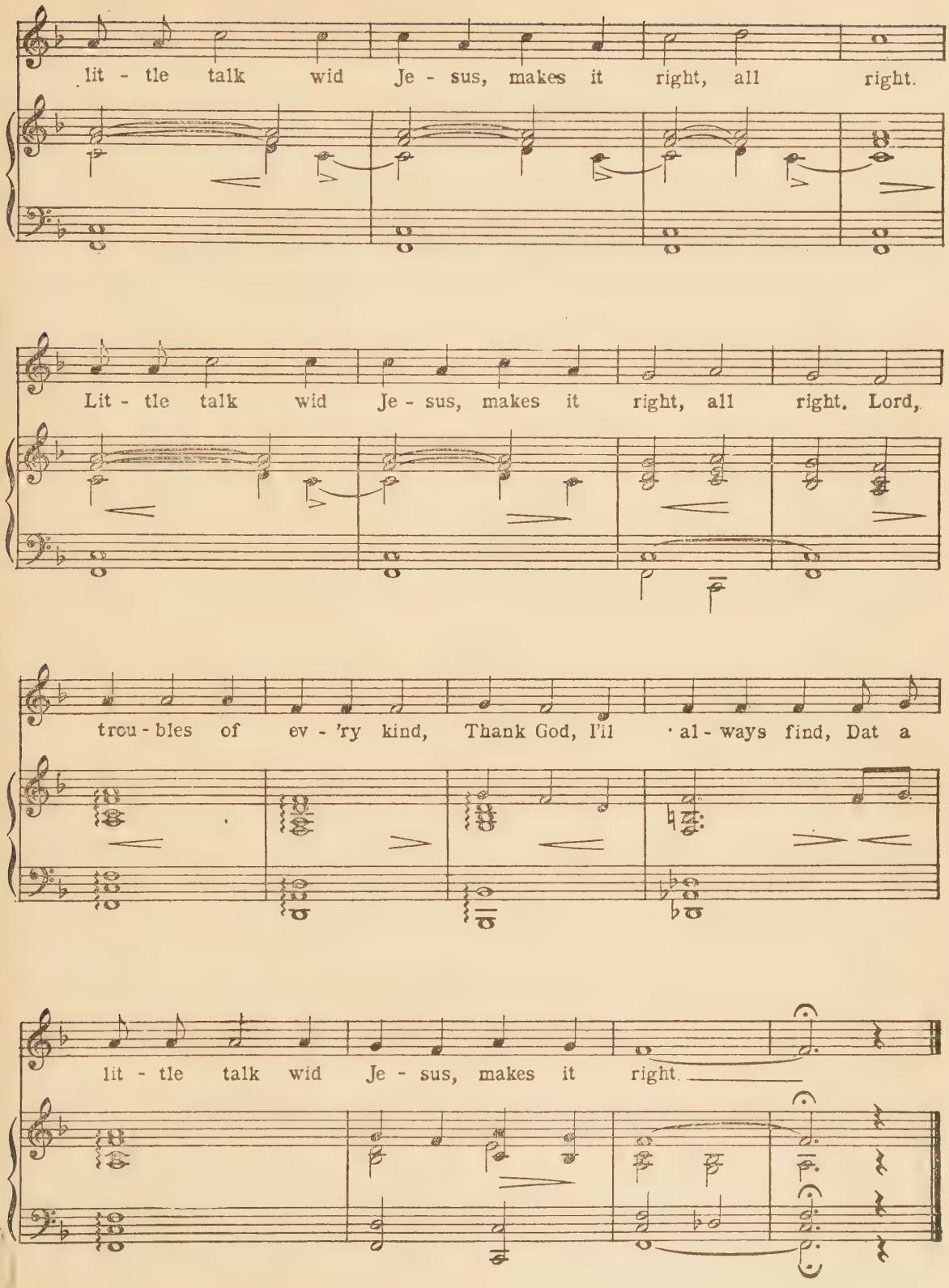
A LITTLE TALK WID JESUS MAKES IT RIGHT

To my sister A. M. Edwards



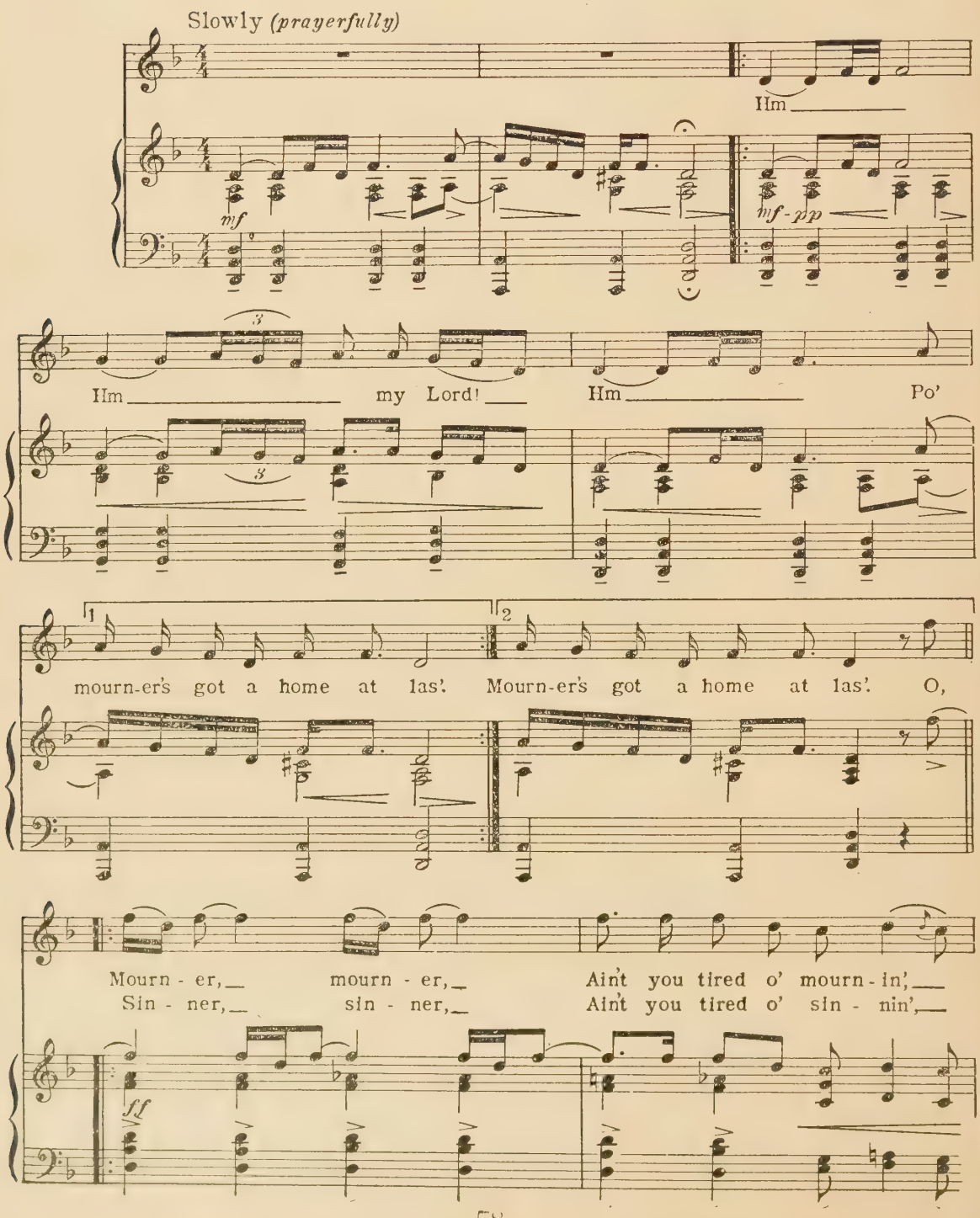

broth - er, I re - mem - ber, when I was a sin - ner lost, I
mf
cried "Have mer - cy Je - sus," But still my soul was toss'd; 'Til I
heard King Je - sus say, "Come here, I am de way," An' a
lit - tle talk wid Je - sus, makes it right. Some -

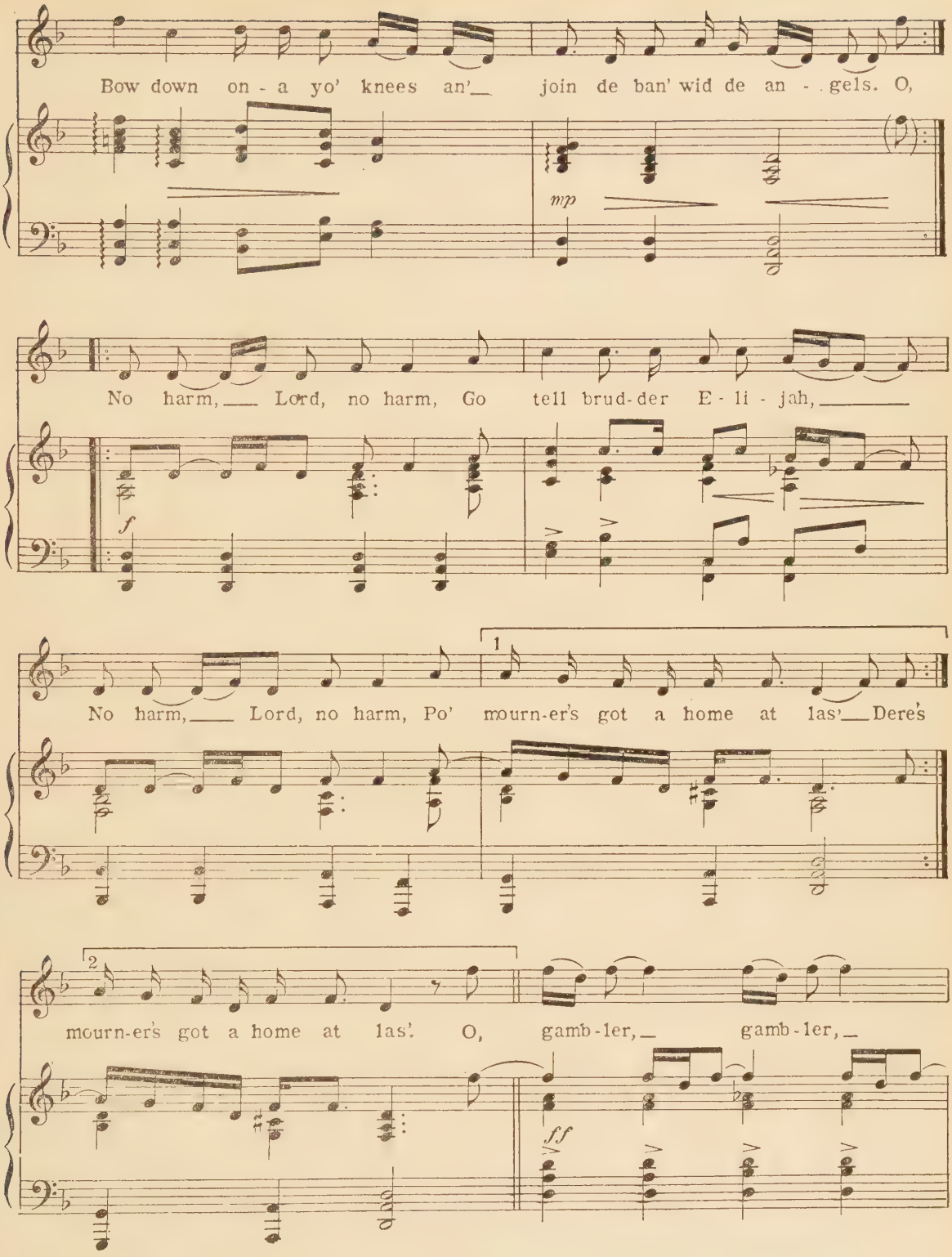

times de fork - ed light - nin' an' mut - ter - in' thun - der too, Of
tri - als an' tem' - ta - tion make it hard for me an' you, But
Je - sus, is our fr'en', He'll keep us to de en'__ An' a
lit - tle talk wid Je - sus, makes it right. O, a

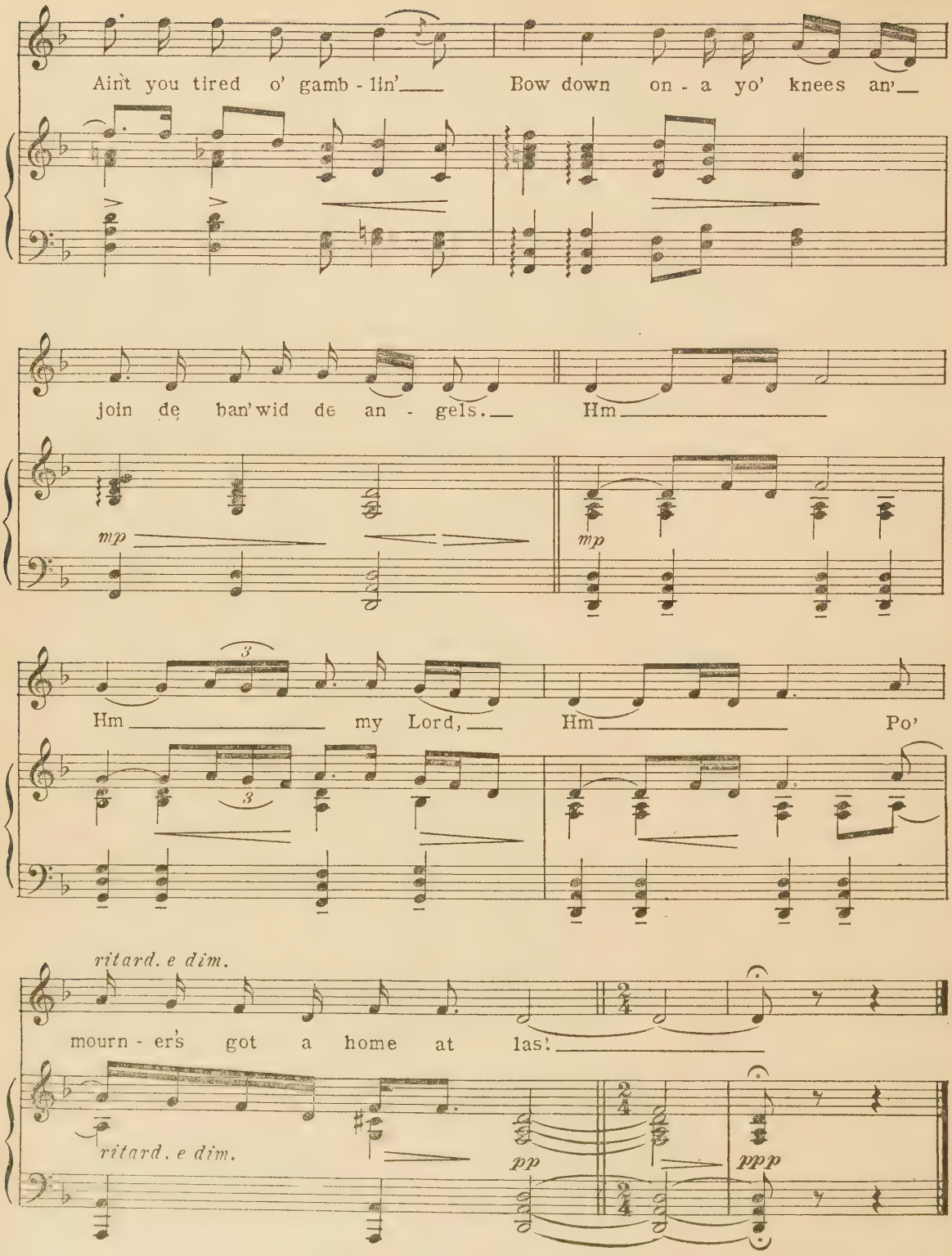

lit - tle talk wid Je - sus, makes it right, all right.
Lit - tle talk wid Je - sus, makes it right, all right. Lord,
trou - bles of ev - 'ry kind, Thank God, I'il · al - ways find, Dat a
lit - tle talk wid Je - sus, makes it right.

PO' MOURNER'S GOT A HOME AT LAS'

To Mr. Harry T. Burleigh




Bow down on - a yo' knees an'_ join de ban' wid de an - gels. O,
mp
No harm,_ Lord, no harm, Go tell brud-der E - li - jah,_
f
No harm,_ Lord, no harm, Po' mourn-er's got a home at las'_ Dere's
1
mourn-er's got a home at las'. O, gamb-ler,_ gamb-ler,_
2
ff

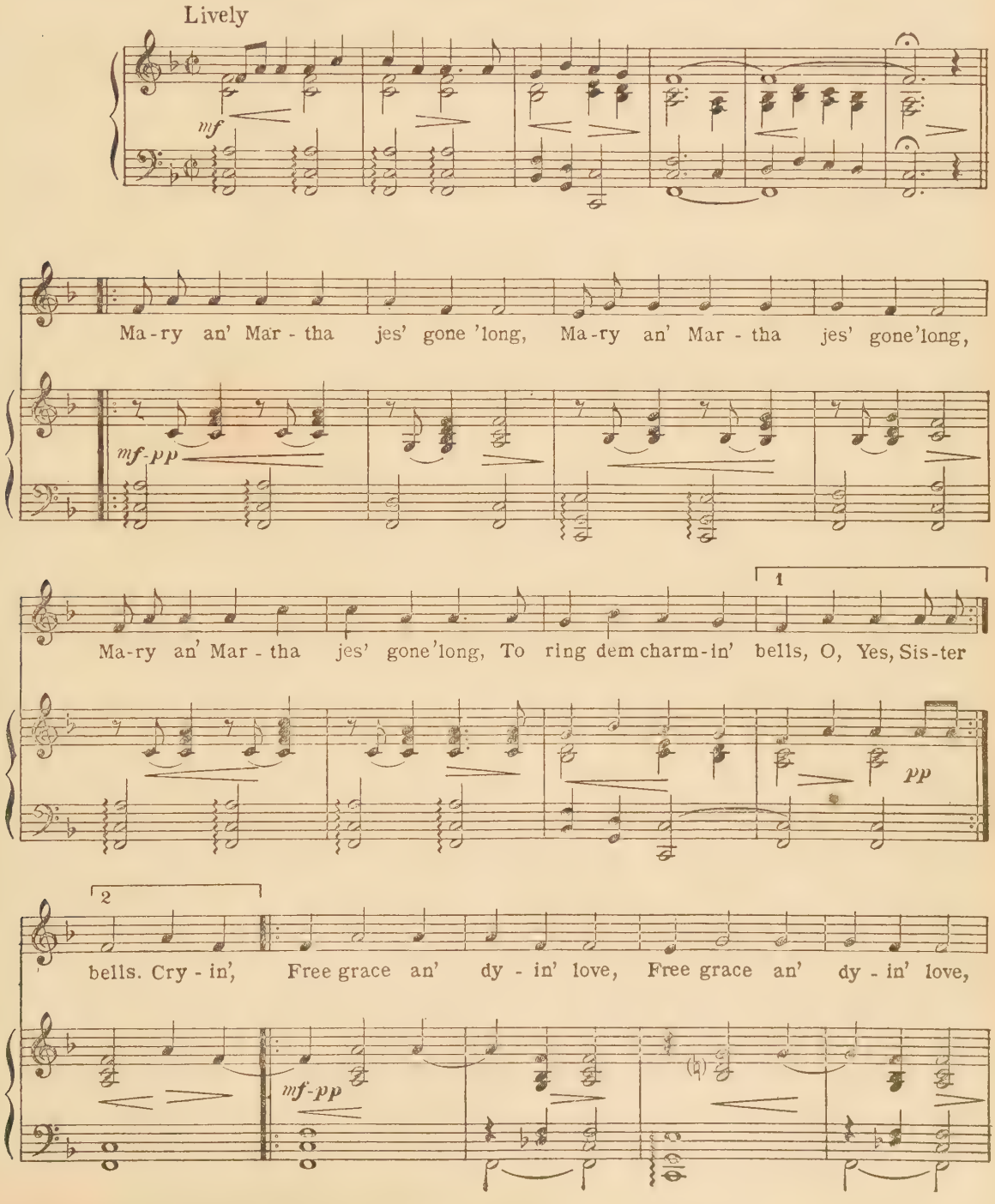

Ain't you tired o' gamb - lin'_
Bow down on - a yo' knees an'_
join de ban' wid de an - gels._
Hm
mp
mp
Hm
my Lord,_
Hm
Po'
ritard. e dim.
mourn - er's got a home at las'.
ritard. e dim.
pp
ppp

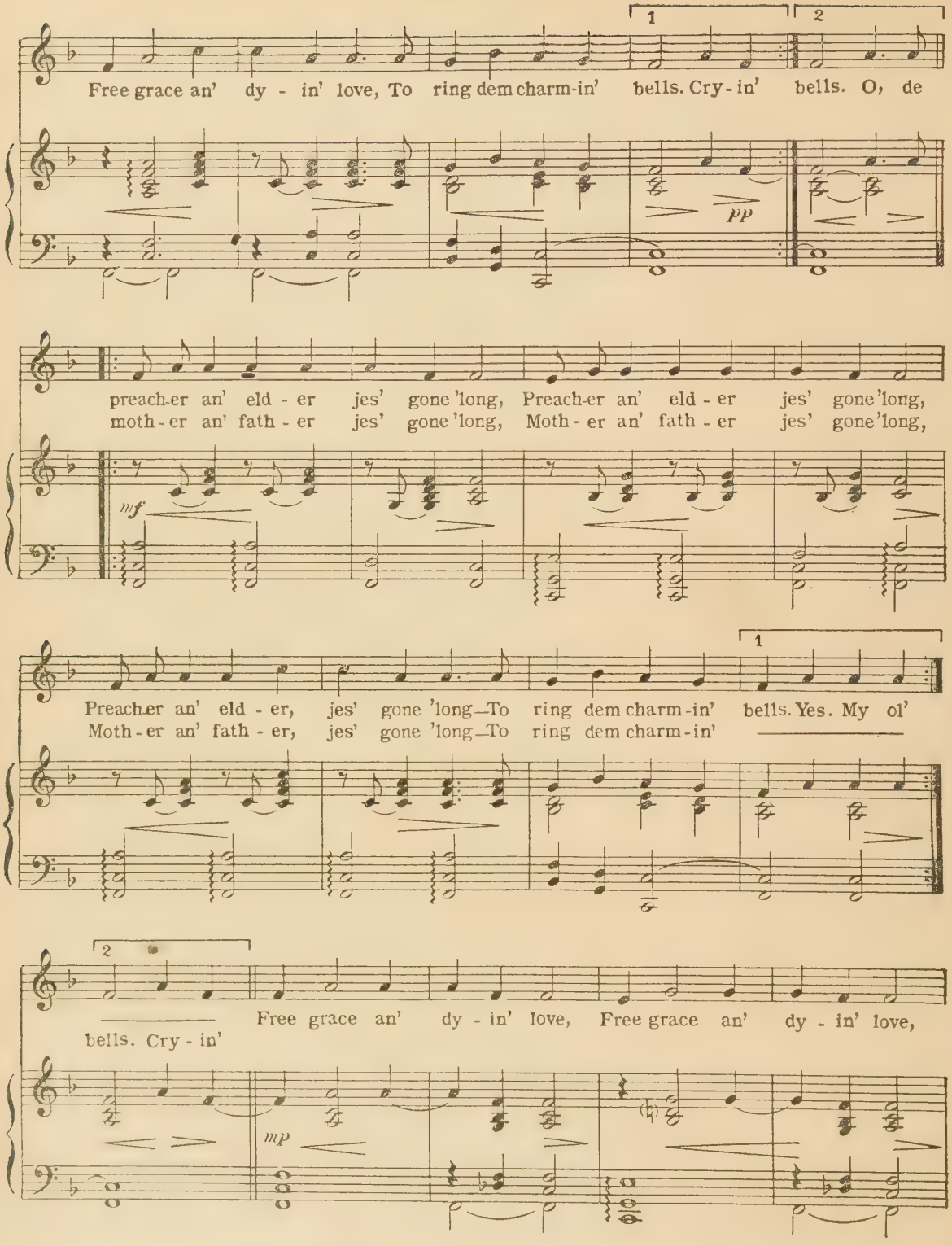
MARY AN' MARTHA JES' GONE 'LONG

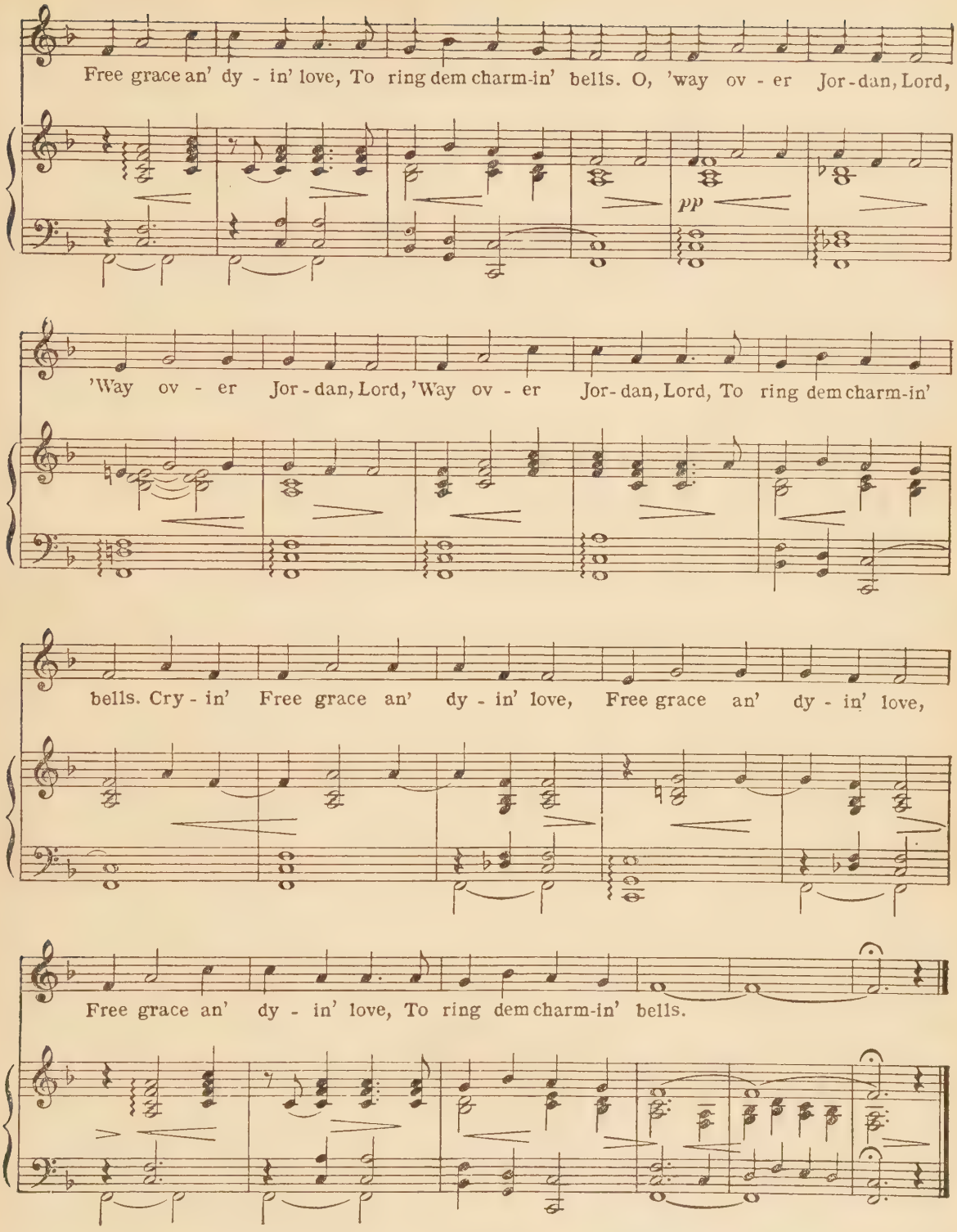
(TO RING DEM CHARMIN' BELLS)

Note—"Charmin" is the dialect equivalent of "chiming"

To Mrs. Edith Barbee Moseley

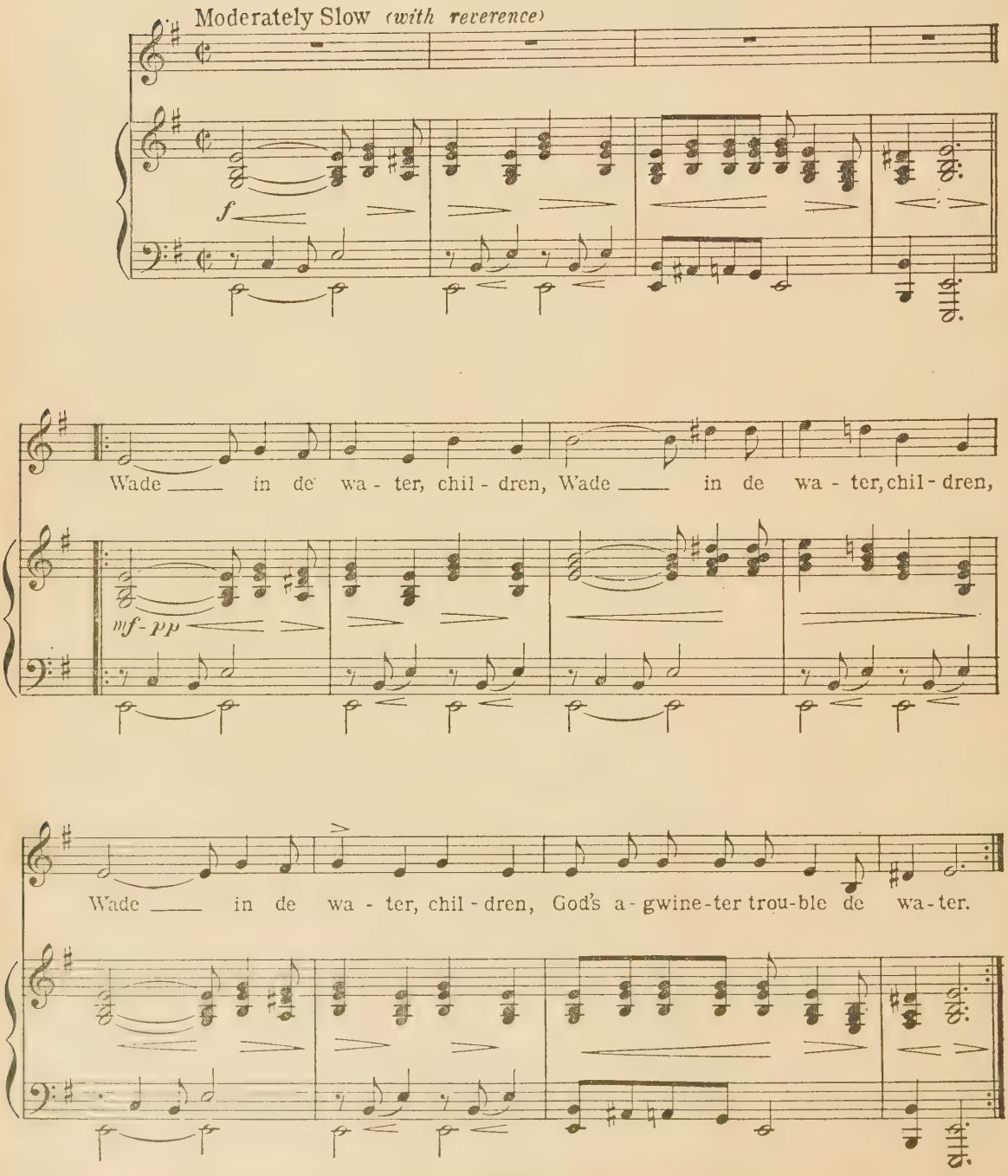


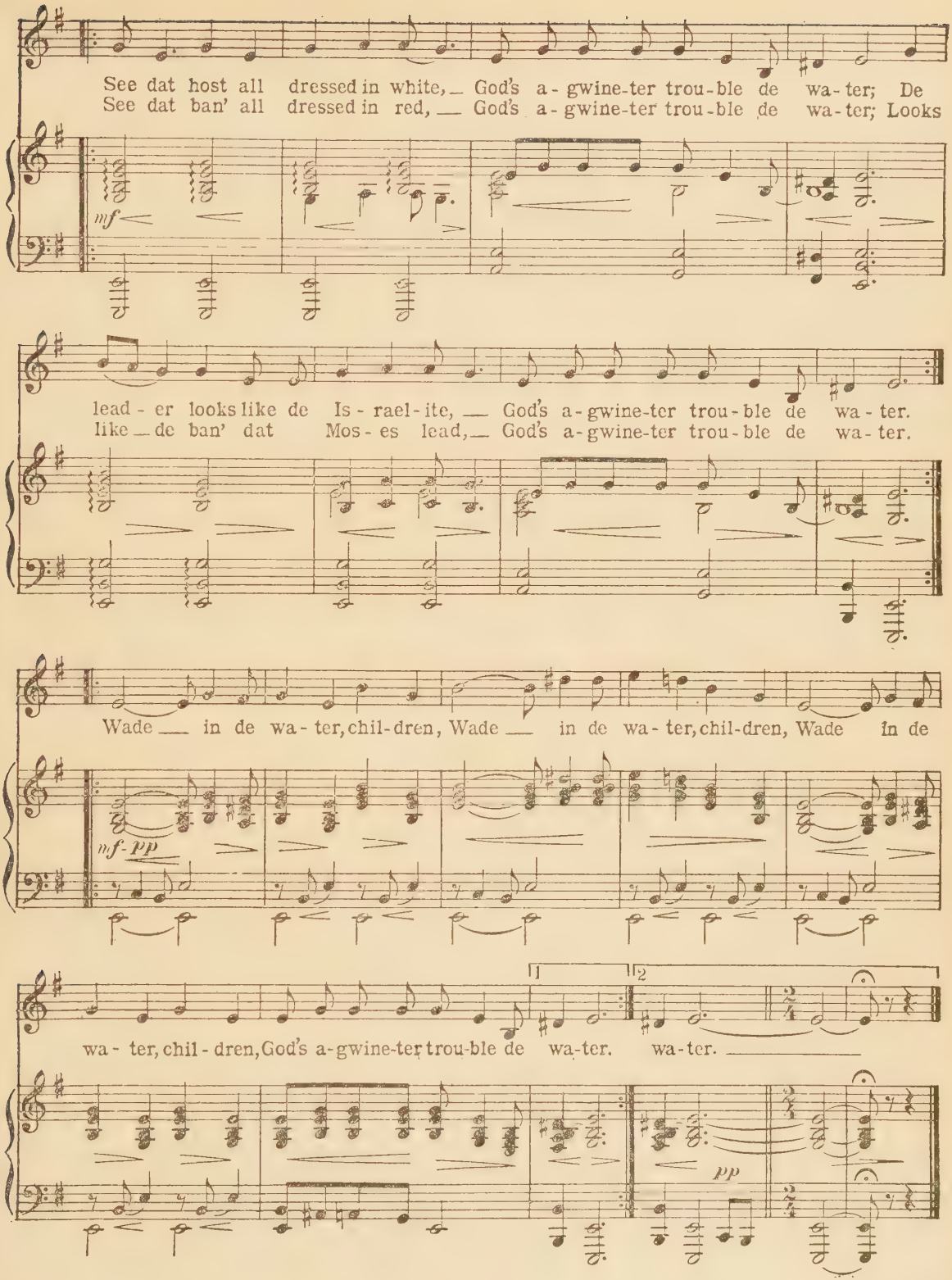

1
2
Free grace an' dy - in' love, To ring dem charm-in' bells. Cry - in' bells. O, de
pp
preach-er an' eld - er jes' gone 'long, Preach-er an' eld - er jes' gone 'long,
moth - er an' fath - er jes' gone 'long, Moth - er an' fath - er jes' gone 'long,
mf
1
Preach-er an' eld - er, jes' gone 'long—To ring dem charm - in' bells. Yes. My ol'
Moth - er an' fath - er, jes' gone 'long—To ring dem charm - in'
2
Free grace an' dy - in' love, Free grace an' dy - in' love,
bells. Cry - in'
mp


Free grace an' dy - in' love, To ring dem charm-in' bells. O, 'way ov - er Jor-dan, Lord,
pp
'Way ov - er Jor-dan, Lord, 'Way ov - er Jor-dan, Lord, To ring dem charm-in'
bells. Cry - in' Free grace an' dy - in' love, Free grace an' dy - in' love,
Free grace an' dy - in' love, To ring dem charm-in' bells.

GOD'S A-GWINETER TROUBLE DE WATER

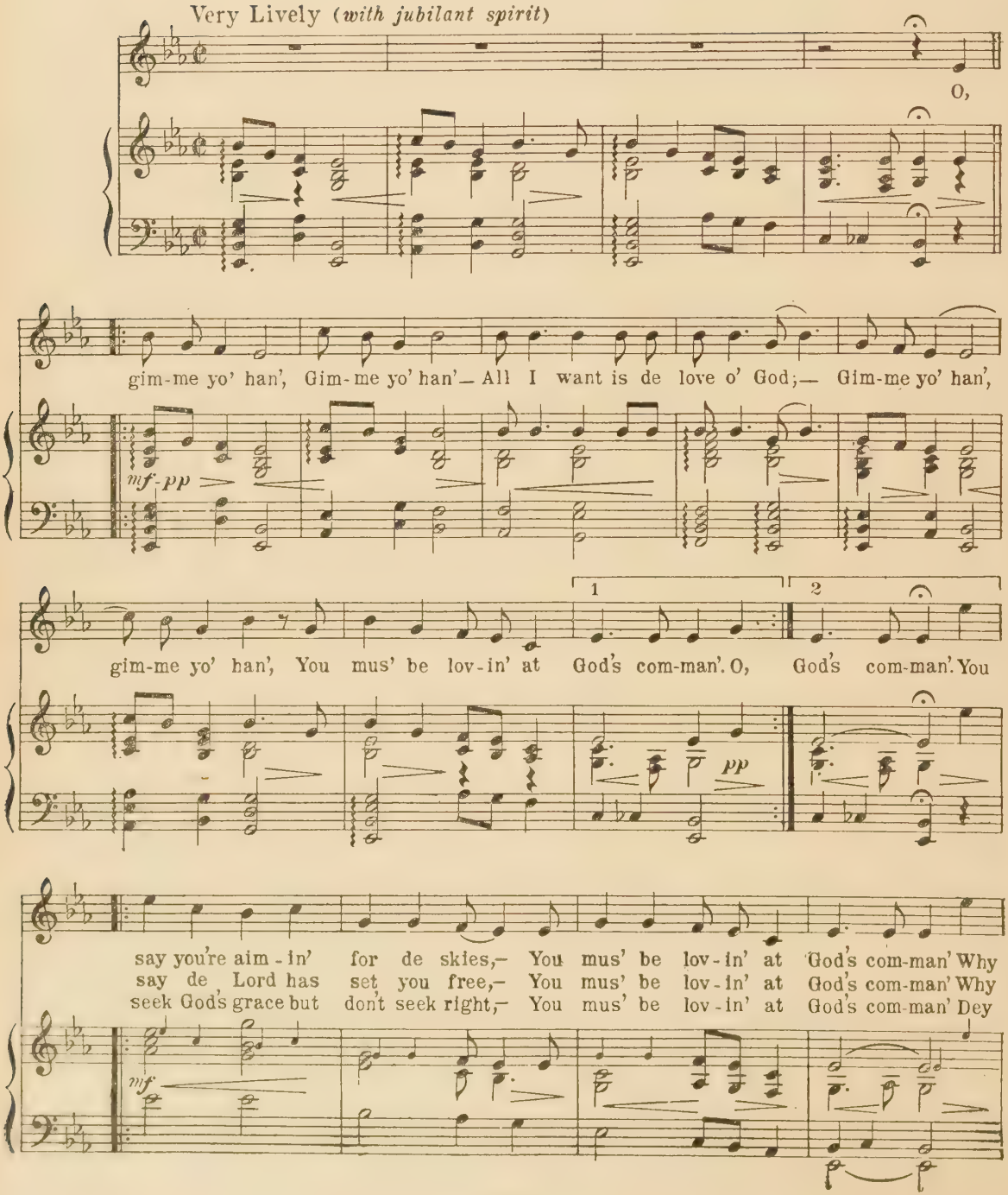
To my brother "Jim"

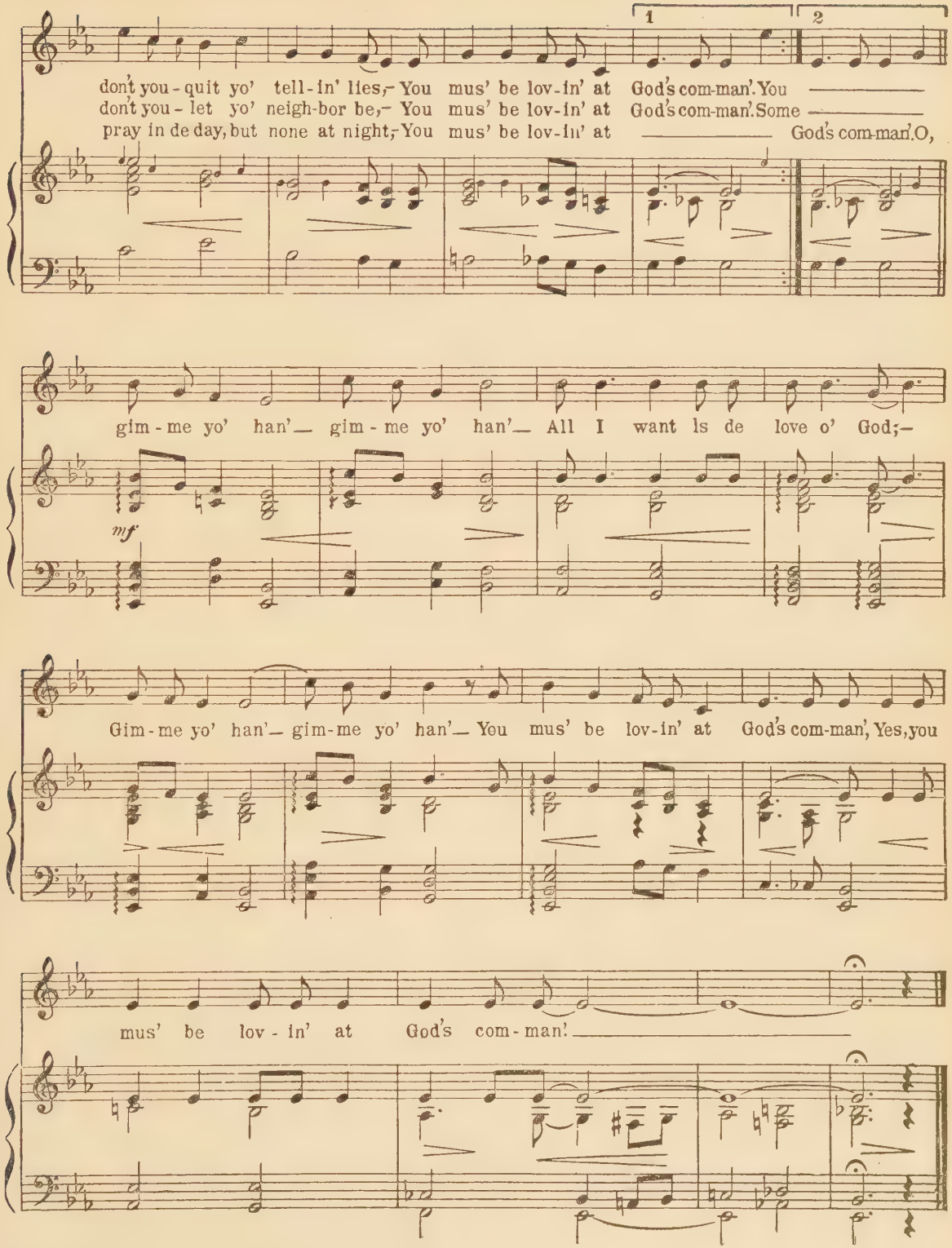



See dat host all dressed in white, God's a-gwine-ter trou-ble de wa-ter; De
See dat ban' all dressed in red, God's a-gwine-ter trou-ble de wa-ter; Looks
mf
lead-er looks like de Is-rael-ite, God's a-gwine-ter trou-ble de wa-ter.
like de ban' dat Mos-es lead, God's a-gwine-ter trou-ble de wa-ter.
Wade in de wa-ter, chil-dren, Wade in de wa-ter, chil-dren, Wade in de
mf-pp
wa-ter, chil-dren, God's a-gwine-ter trou-ble de wa-ter. wa-ter.
1
2
pp

GIMME YO' HAN'

To Mr. Richard Copley

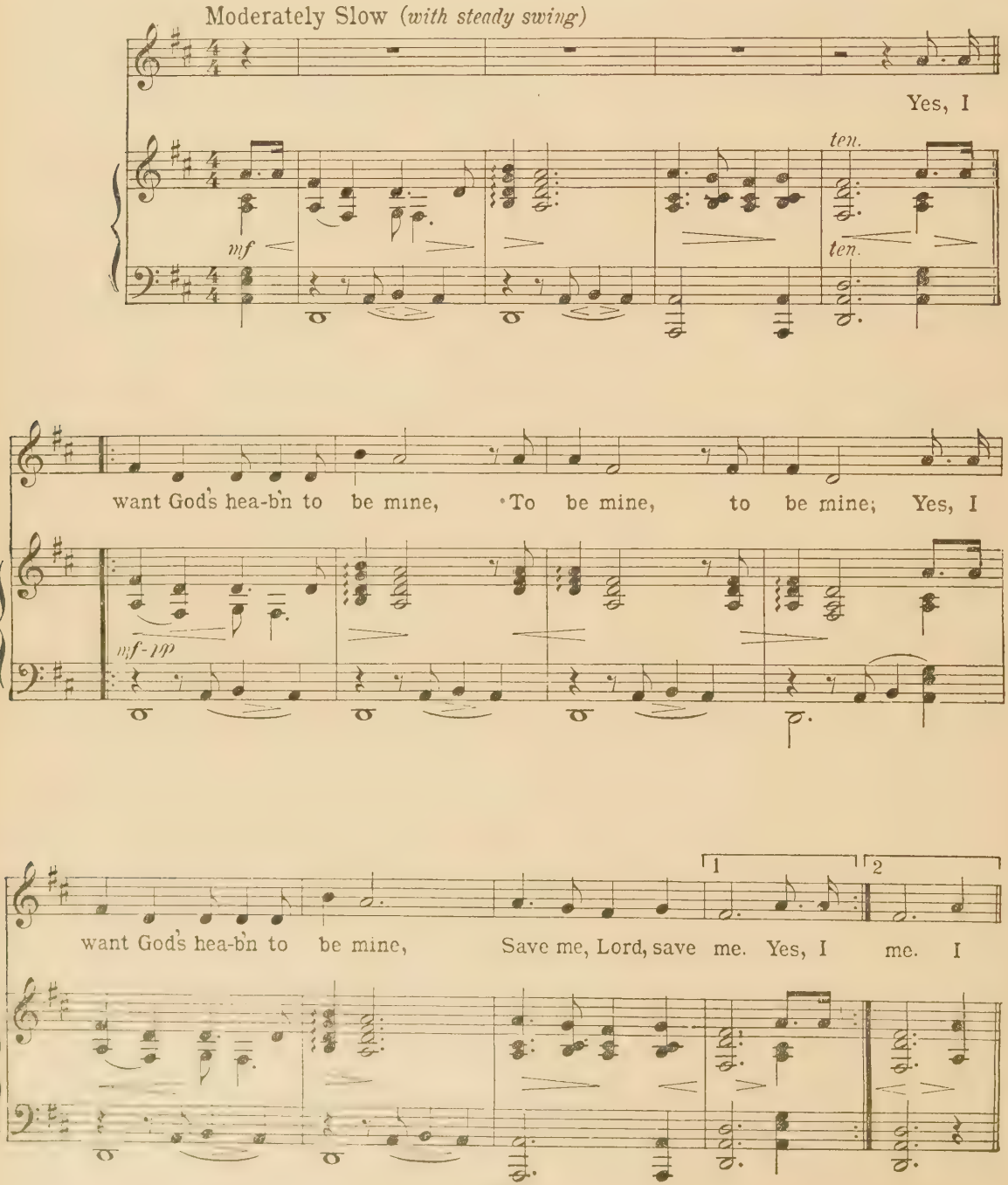


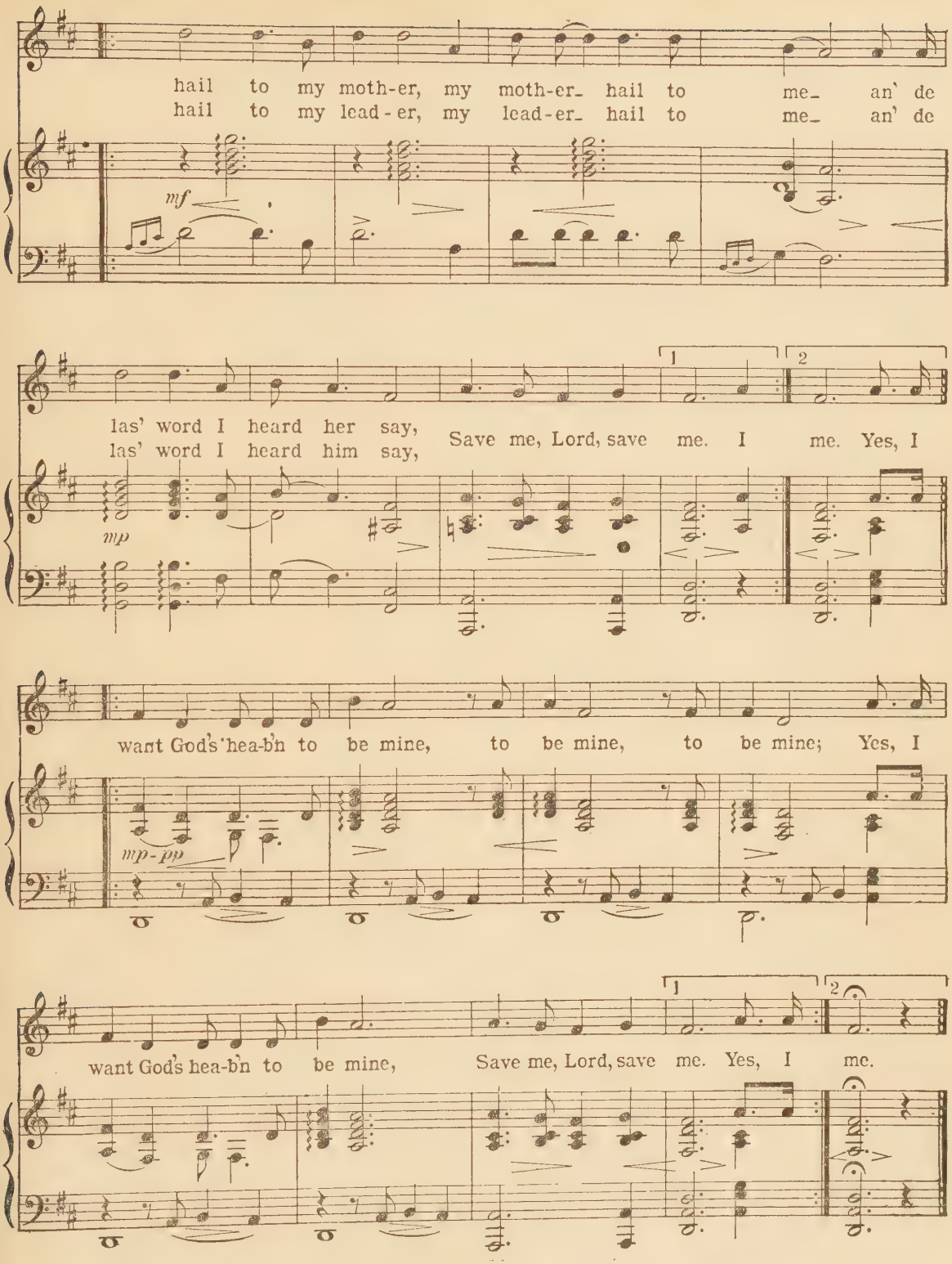

1
2
don't you - quit yo' tell - in' lies, - You mus' be lov - in' at God's com - man'. You
don't you - let yo' neigh - bor be, - You mus' be lov - in' at God's com - man'. Some
pray in de day, but none at night; - You mus' be lov - in' at God's com - man'. O,
gim - me yo' han' — gim - me yo' han' — All I want is de love o' God; —
mf
Gim - me yo' han' — gim - me yo' han' — You mus' be lov - in' at God's com - man', Yes, you
mus' be lov - in' at God's com - man'.

I WANT GOD'S HEAB'N TO BE MINE

Melody collected by Harry Block

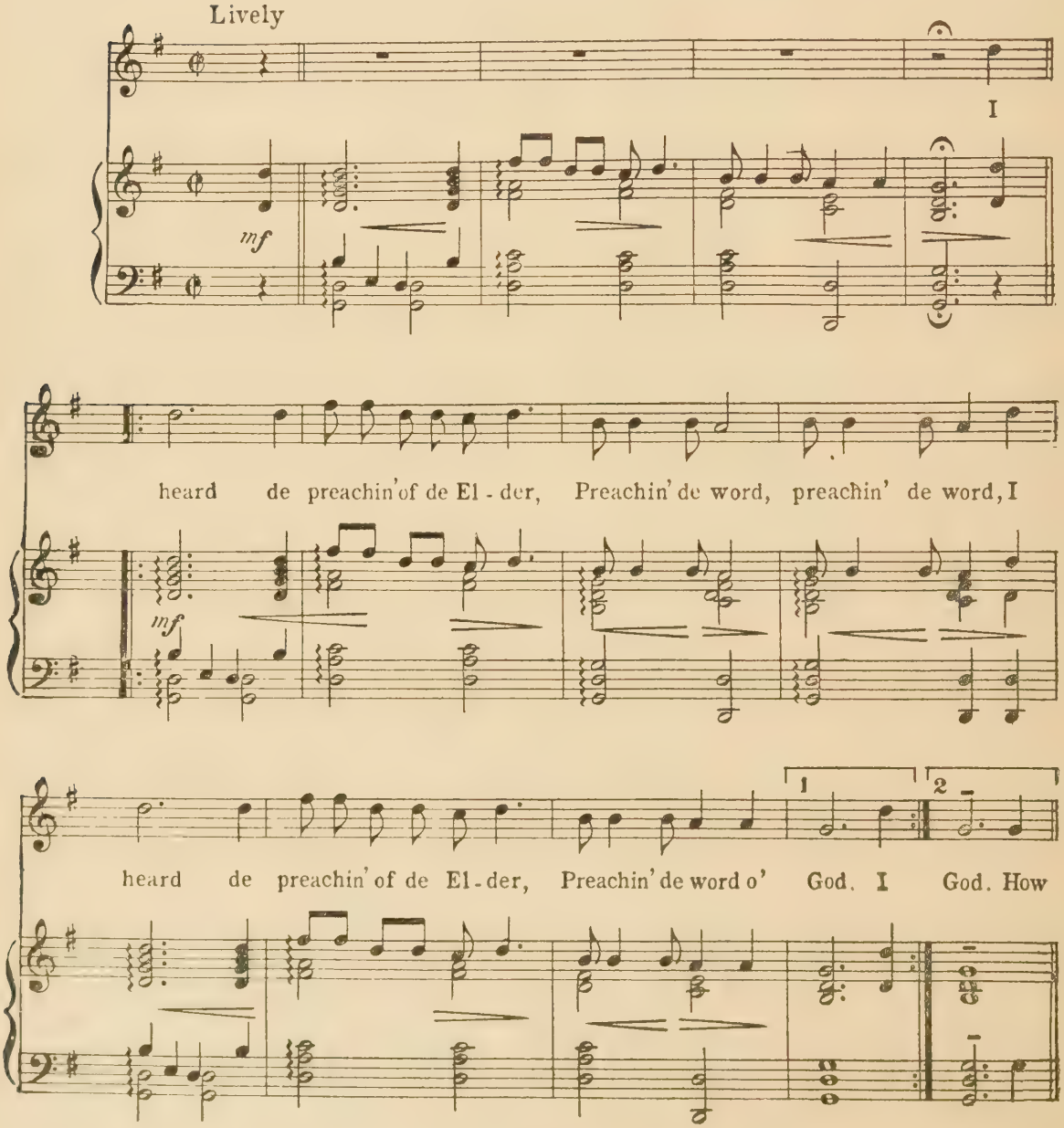
To Miss Fania Marinoff

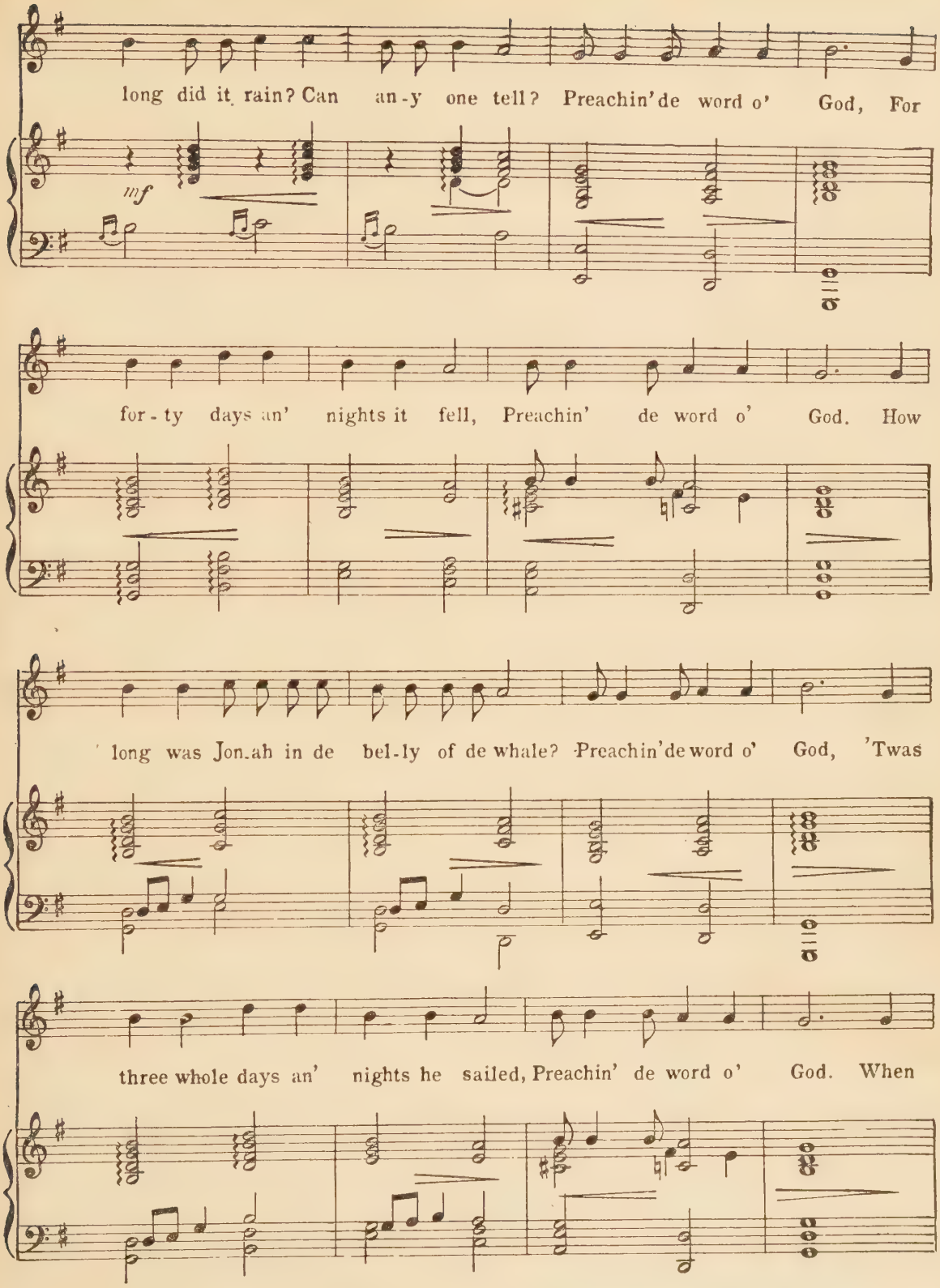


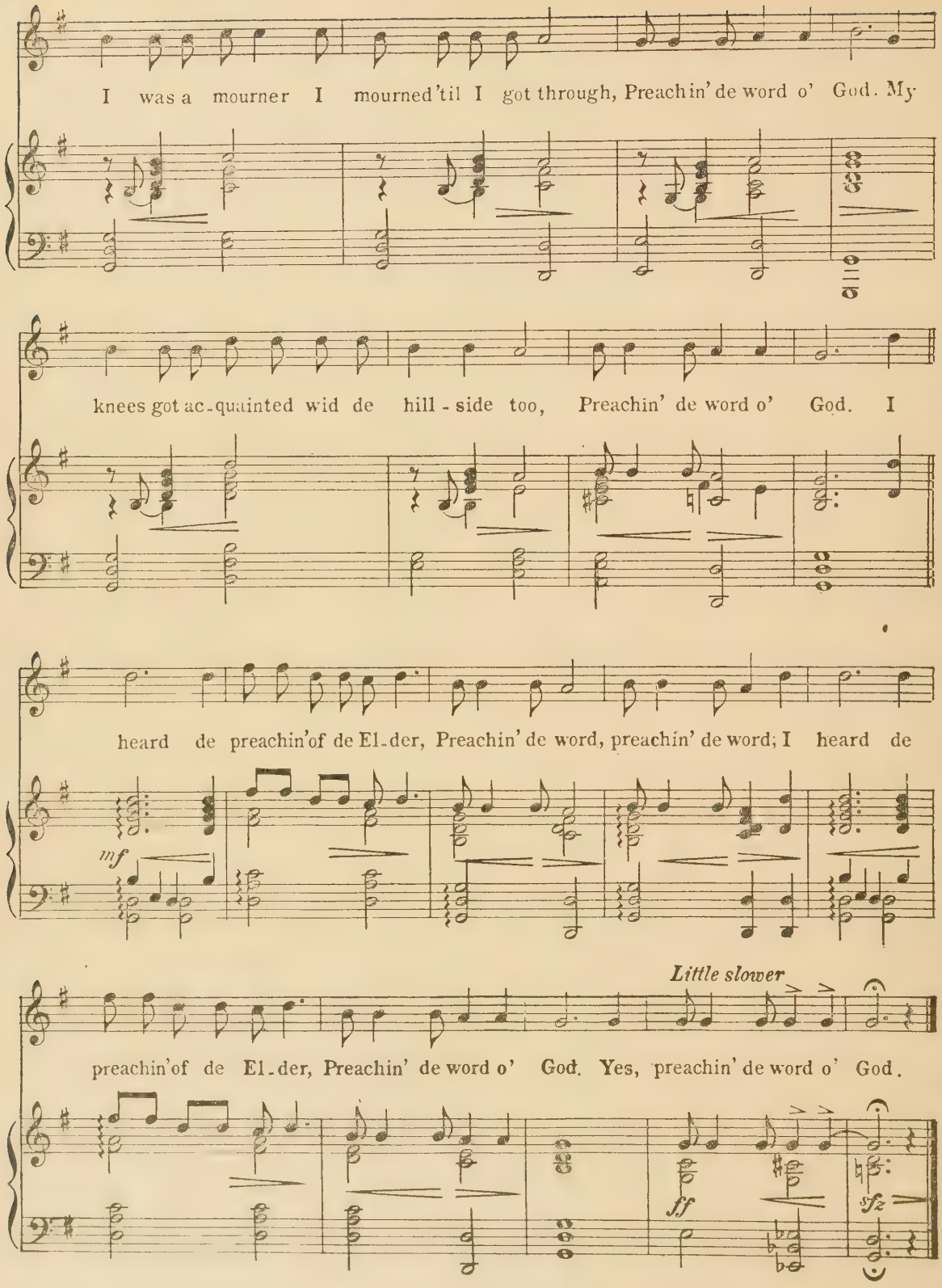

hail to my moth-er, my moth-er_ hail to me_ an' de
hail to my lead-er, my lead-er_ hail to me_ an' de
mf
las' word I heard her say,
las' word I heard him say,
Save me, Lord, save me. I me. Yes, I
mp
want God's hea-b'n to be mine, to be mine, to be mine; Yes, I
mp-pp
want God's hea-b'n to be mine,
Save me, Lord, save me. Yes, I me.

I HEARD DE PREACHIN' OF DE WORD O' GOD

To Mr. Paul Robeson



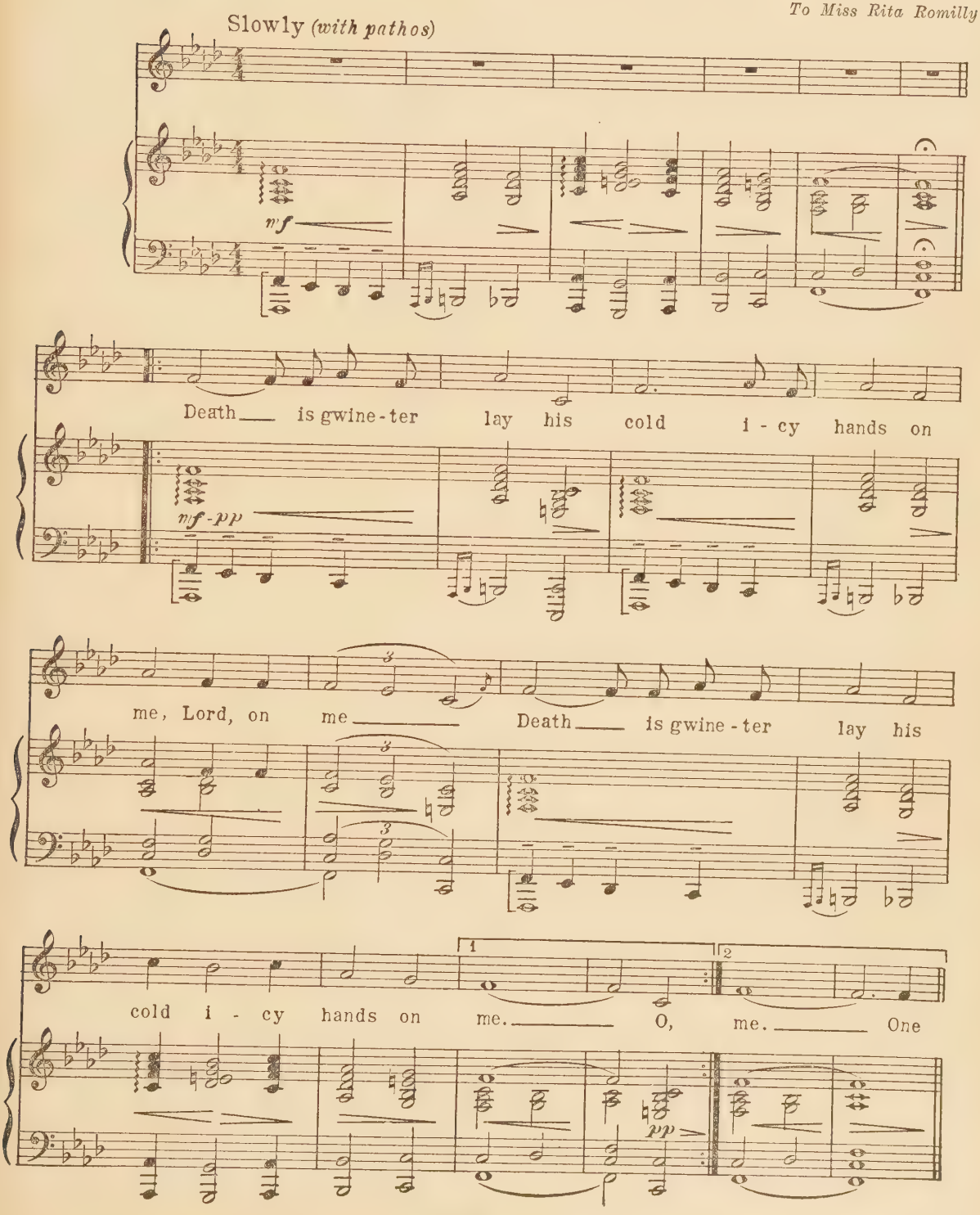

long did it rain? Can an-y one tell? Preachin' de word o' God, For
mf
for-ty days an' nights it fell, Preachin' de word o' God. How
long was Jon-ah in de bel-ly of de whale? Preachin' de word o' God, 'Twas
three whole days an' nights he sailed, Preachin' de word o' God. When

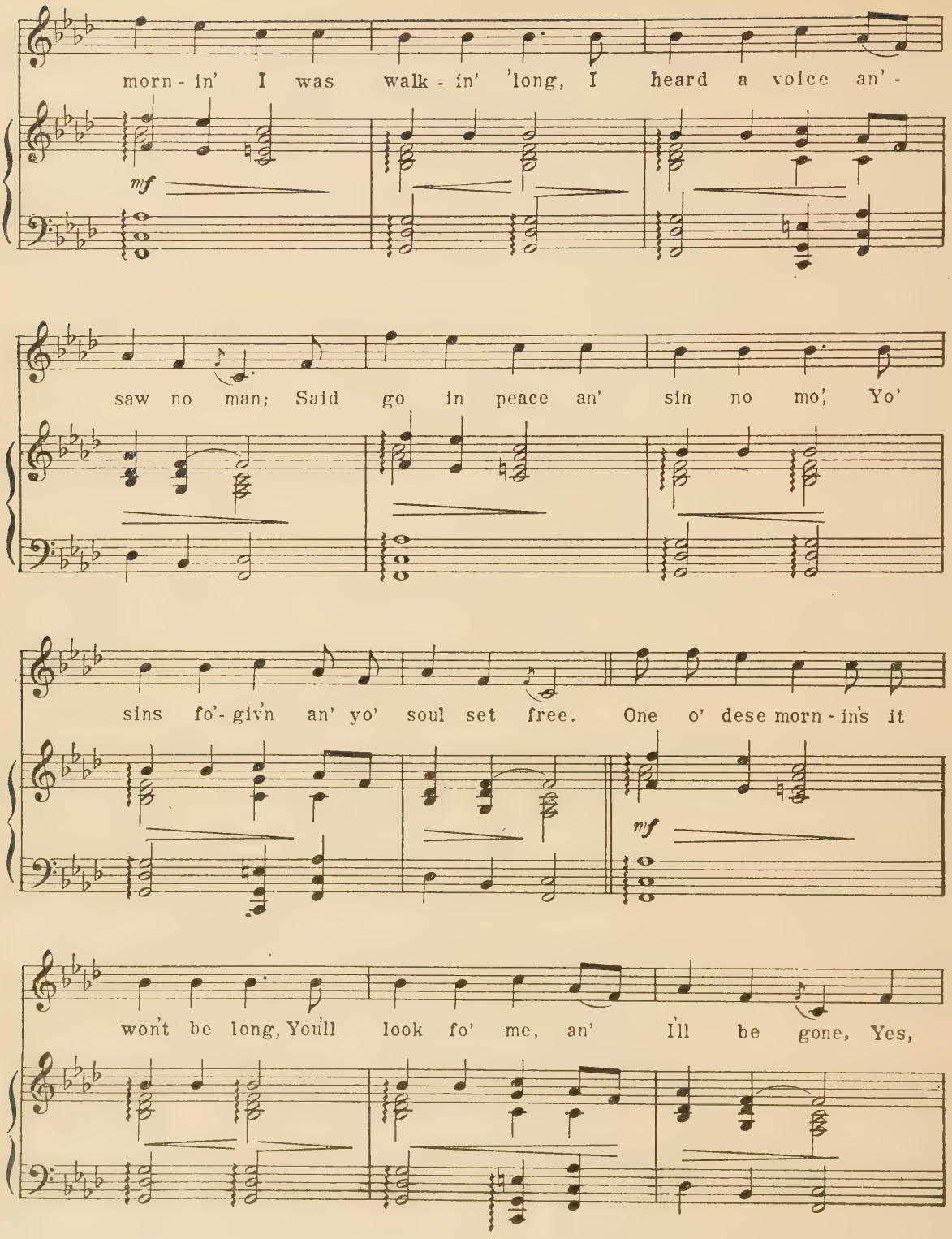

I was a mourner I mourned'til I got through, Preachin' de word o' God. My
knees got ac-quainted wid de hill-side too, Preachin' de word o' God. I
heard de preachin'of de El-der, Preachin' de word, preachin' de word; I heard de
mf
Little slower
preachin'of de El-der, Preachin' de word o' God. Yes, preachin' de word o' God.
ff
sfz

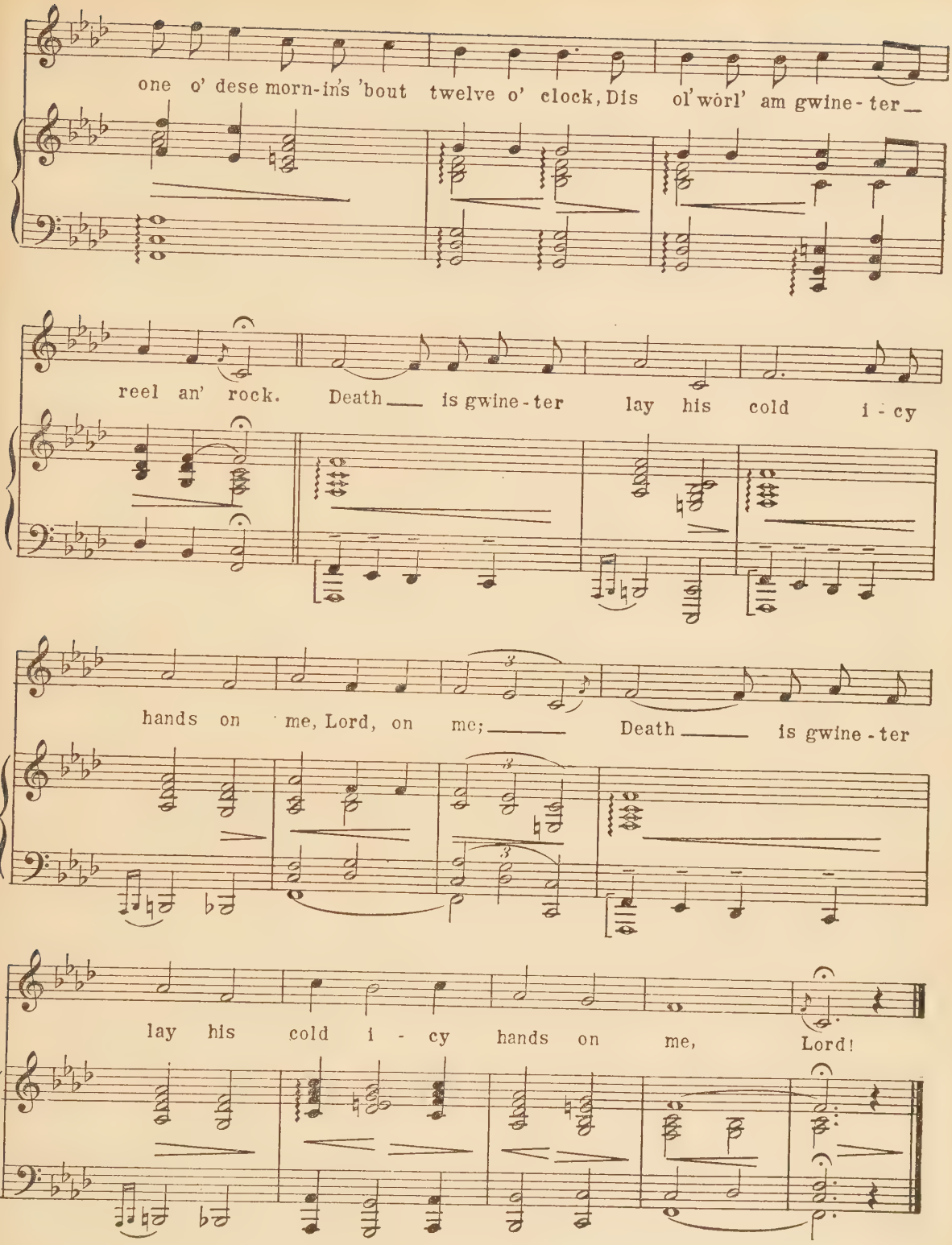
DEATH'S GWINETER LAY HIS COLD ICY HANDS ON ME

(Familiar Version)

To Miss Rita Romilly



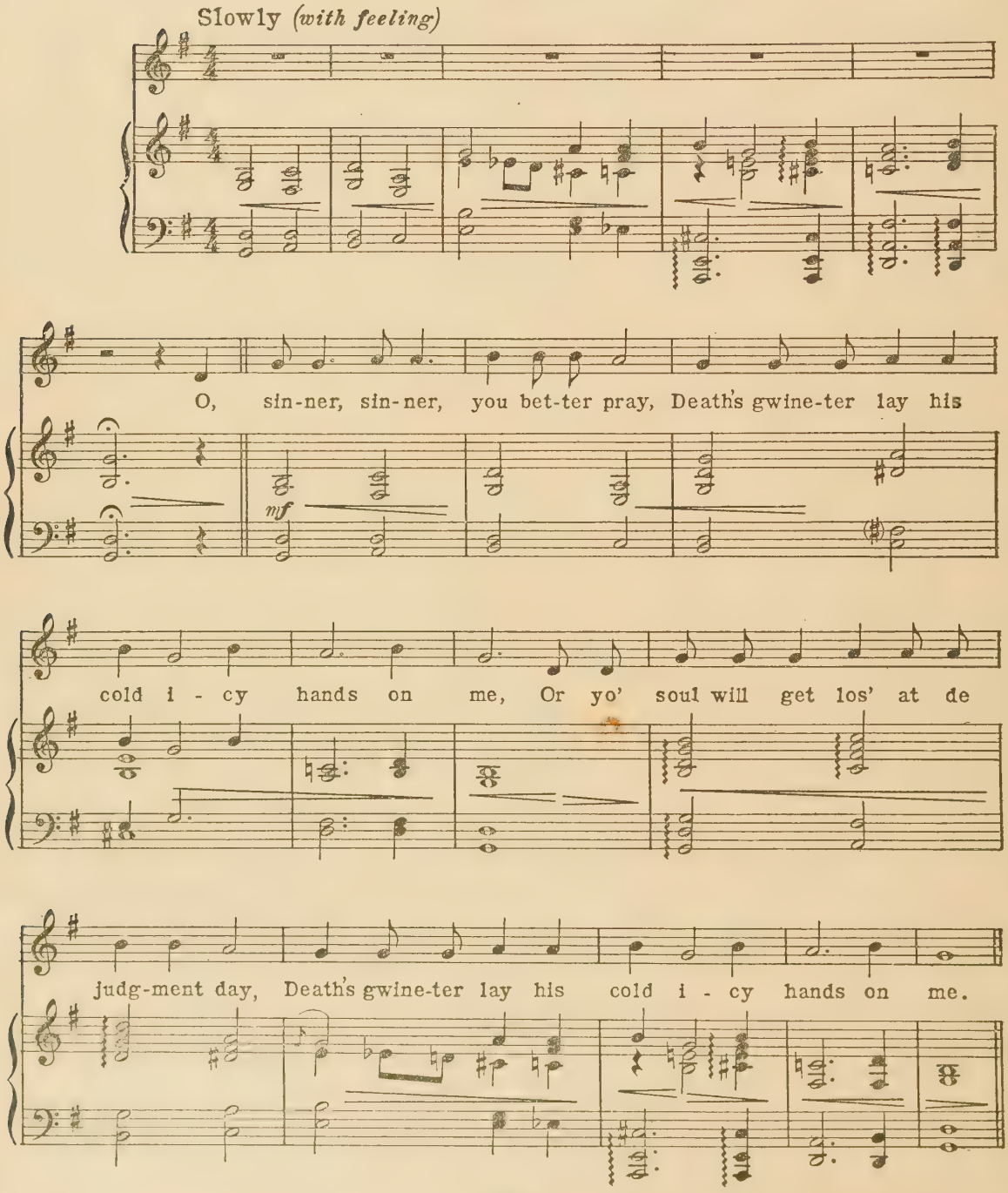

morn - in' I was walk - in' 'long, I heard a voice an' -
mf
saw no man; Said go in peace an' sin no mo', Yo'
sins fo'- giv'n an' yo' soul set free. One o' dese morn - in's it
mf
won't be long, You'll look fo' me, an' I'll be gone, Yes,

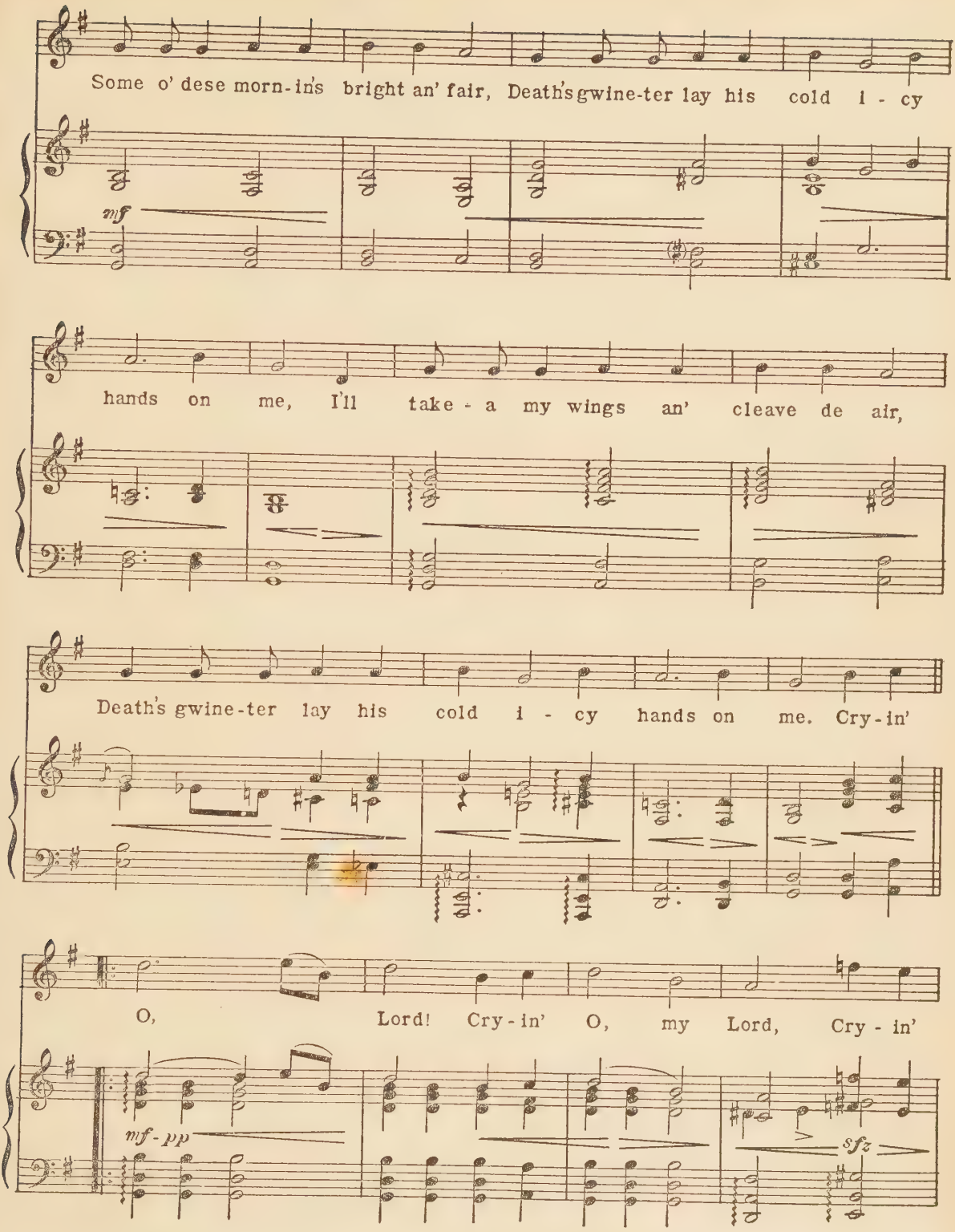

one o' dese morn-in's 'bout twelve o' clock, Dis ol' wòrl' am gwine-ter_
reel an' rock. Death___ is gwine-ter lay his cold i-cy
hands on me, Lord, on me;___ Death___ is gwine-ter
lay his cold i-cy hands on me, Lord!

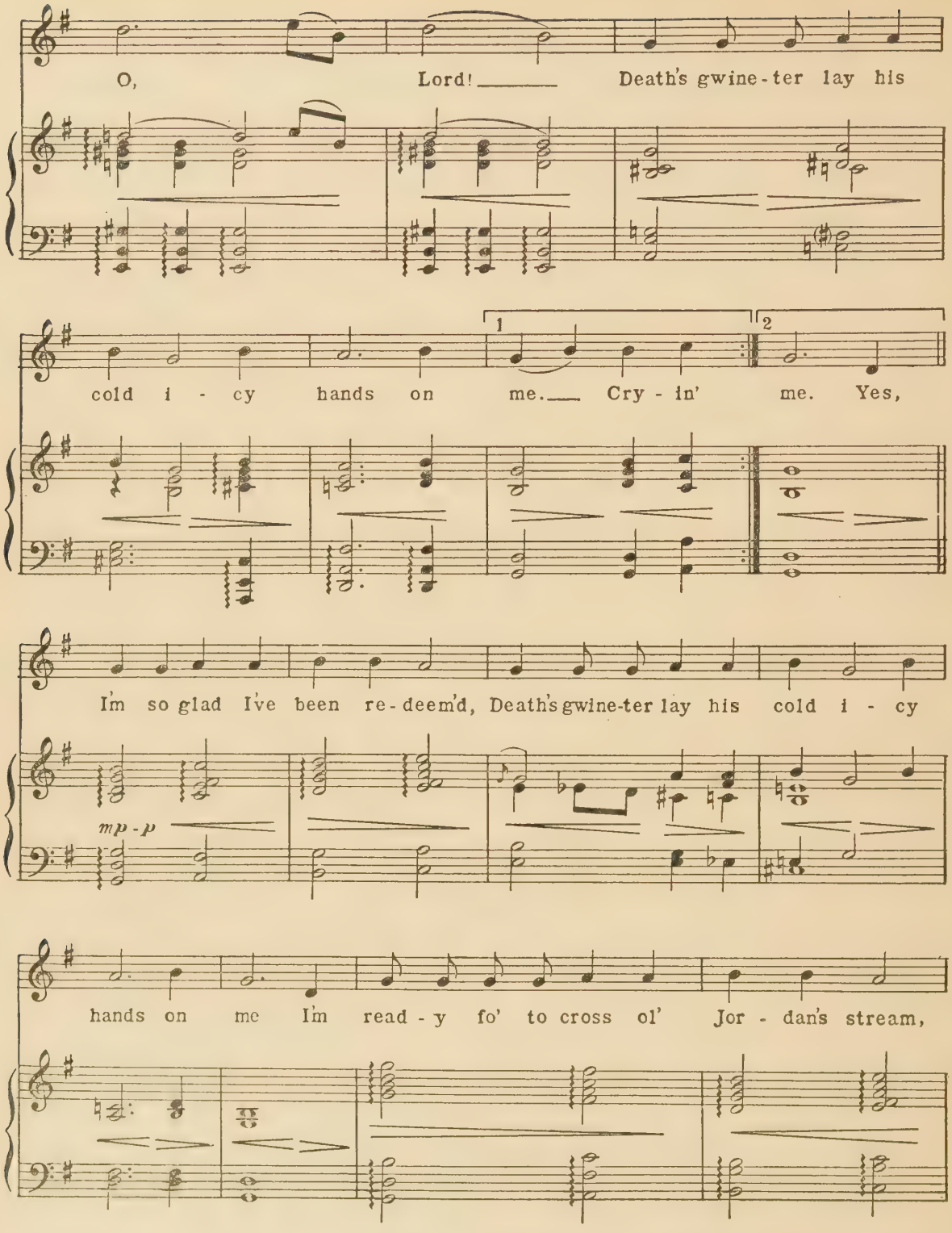
DEATH'S GWINETER LAY HIS COLD ICY HANDS ON ME

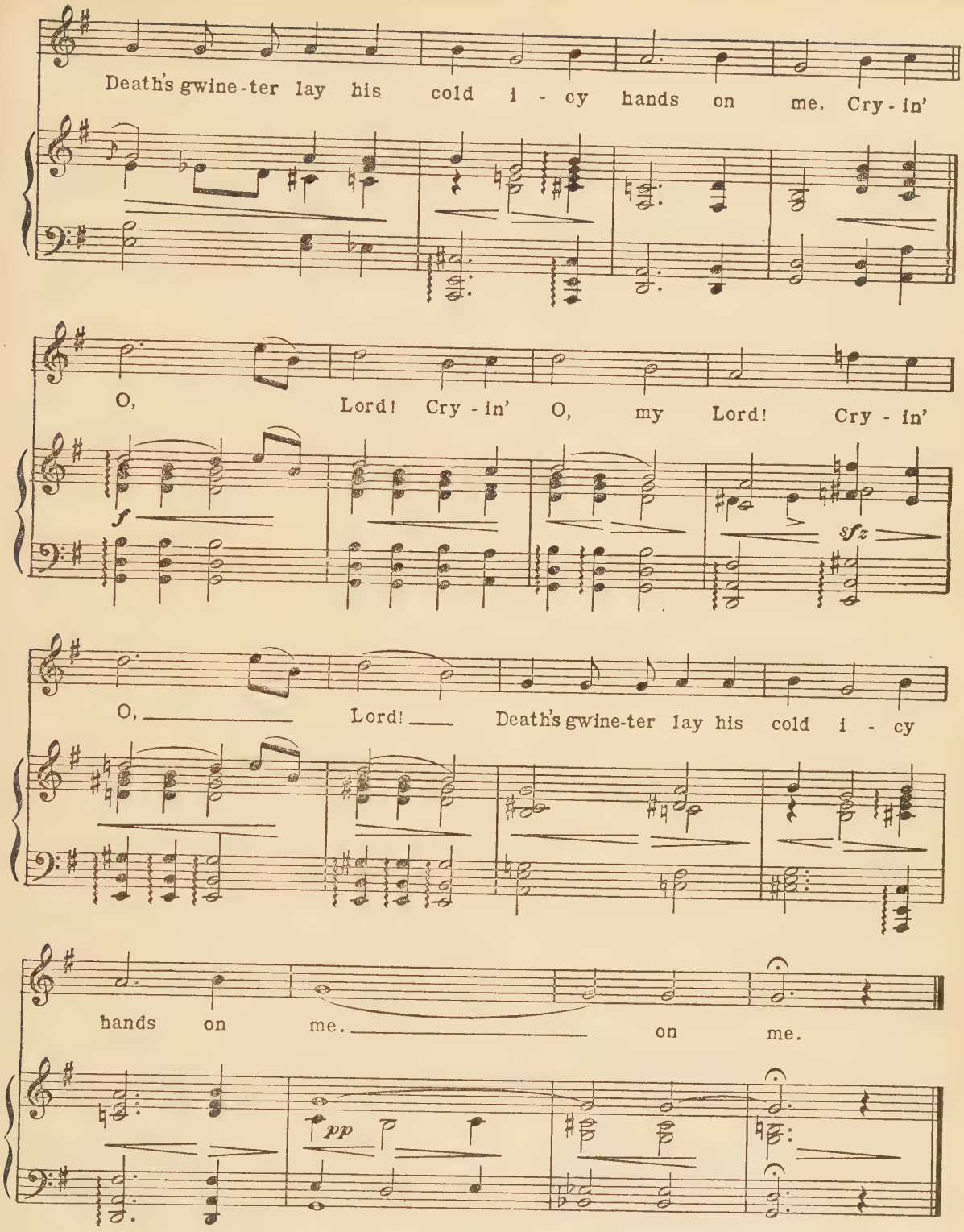
(Rare Version)

To Mme. Marguerite d'Alvarez



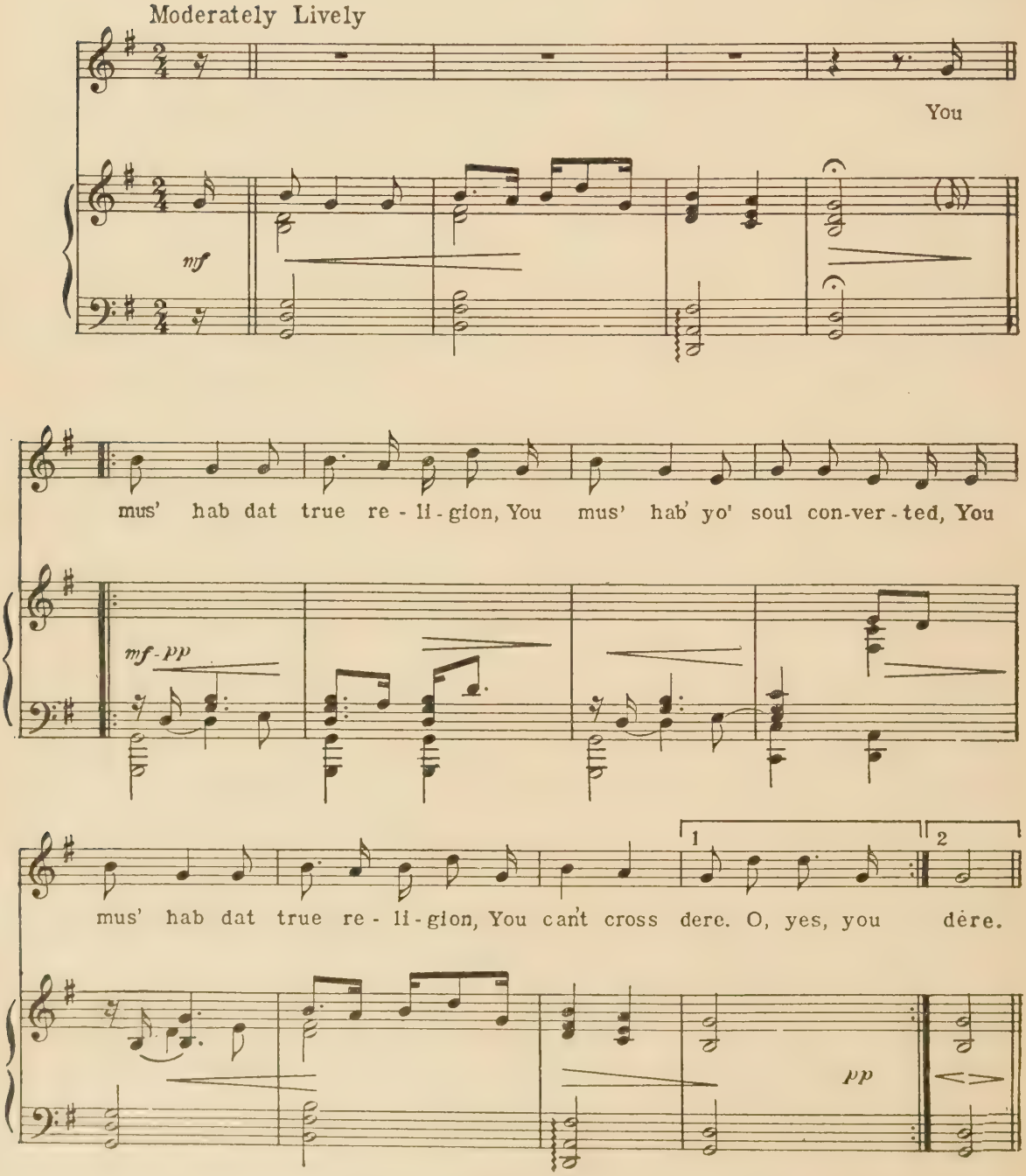

Some o' dese morn-in's bright an' fair, Death's gwine-ter lay his cold i - cy
mf
hands on me, I'll take - a my wings an' cleave de air,
Death's gwine-ter lay his cold i - cy hands on me. Cry-in'
O, Lord! Cry-in' O, my Lord, Cry - in'
mf - pp
sfz

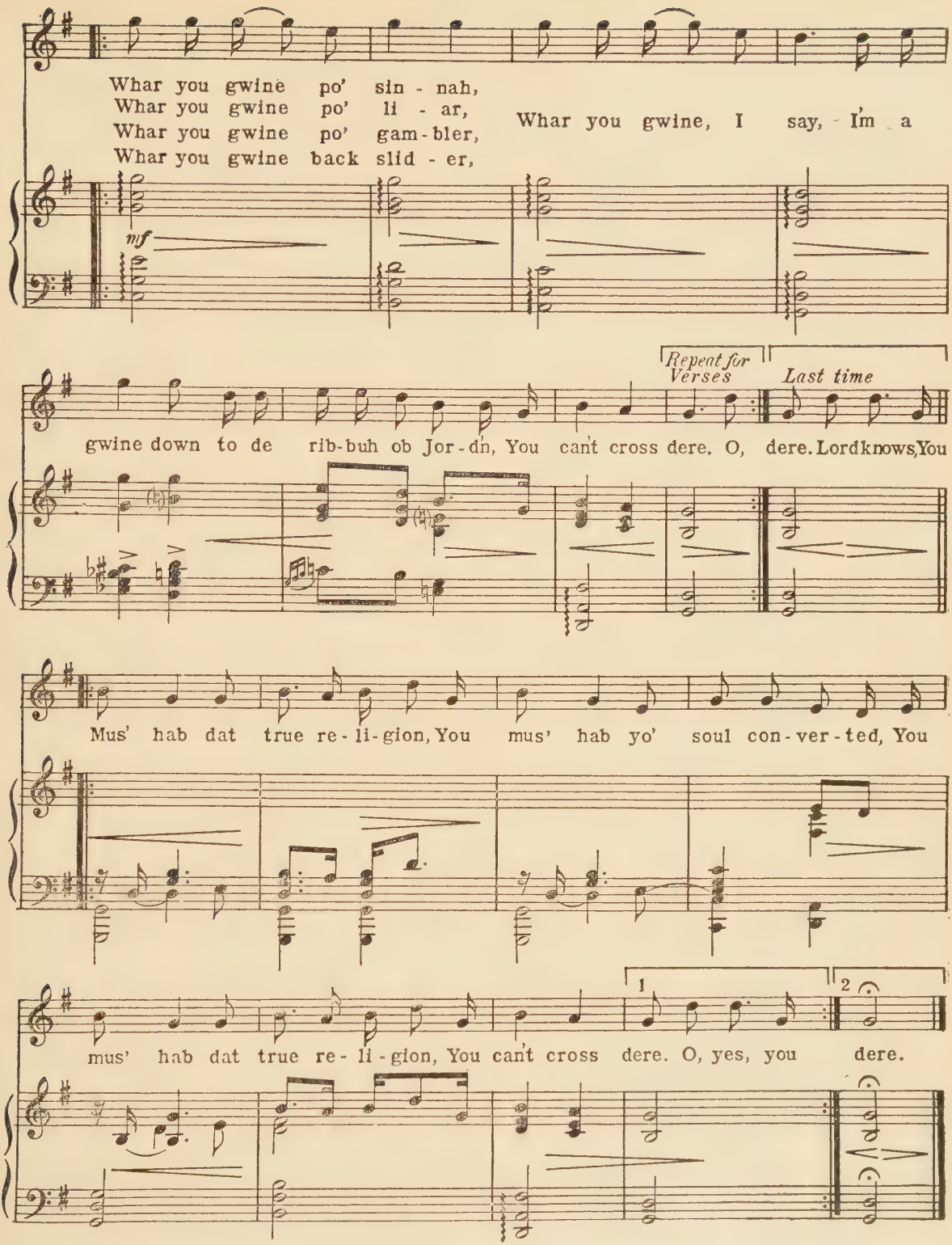

O, Lord! Death's gwine-ter lay his
1
2
cold i - cy hands on me. Cry - in' me. Yes,
I'm so glad I've been re-deem'd, Death's gwine-ter lay his cold i - cy
mp - p
hands on me I'm read - y fo' to cross ol' Jor - dan's stream,


Death's gwine-ter lay his cold i - cy hands on me. Cry - in'
O, Lord! Cry - in' O, my Lord! Cry - in'
f
sfz
O, Lord! Death's gwine-ter lay his cold i - cy
hands on me. on me.
pp

YOU MUS' HAB DAT TRUE RELIGION

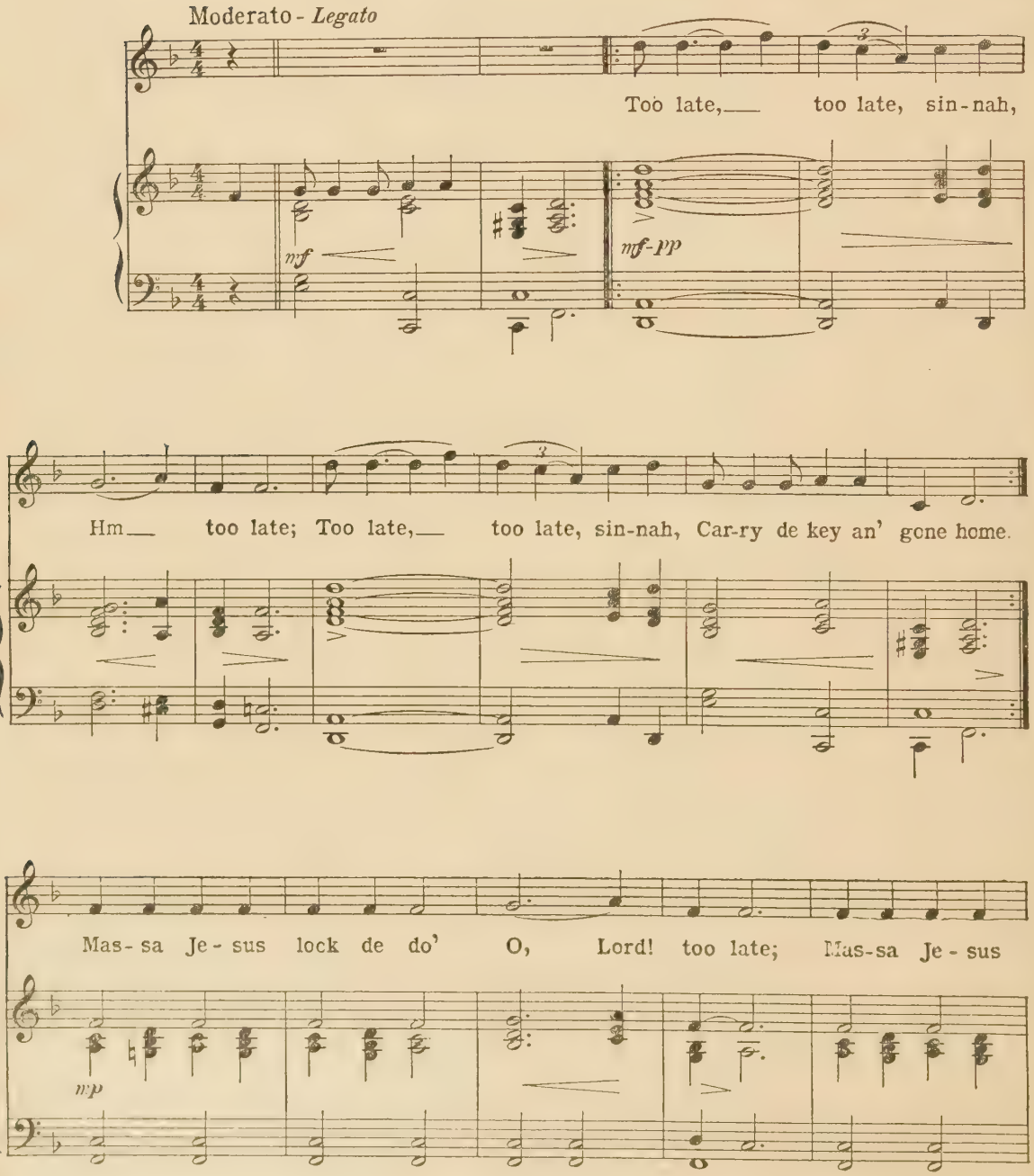
To Miss Rebecca West

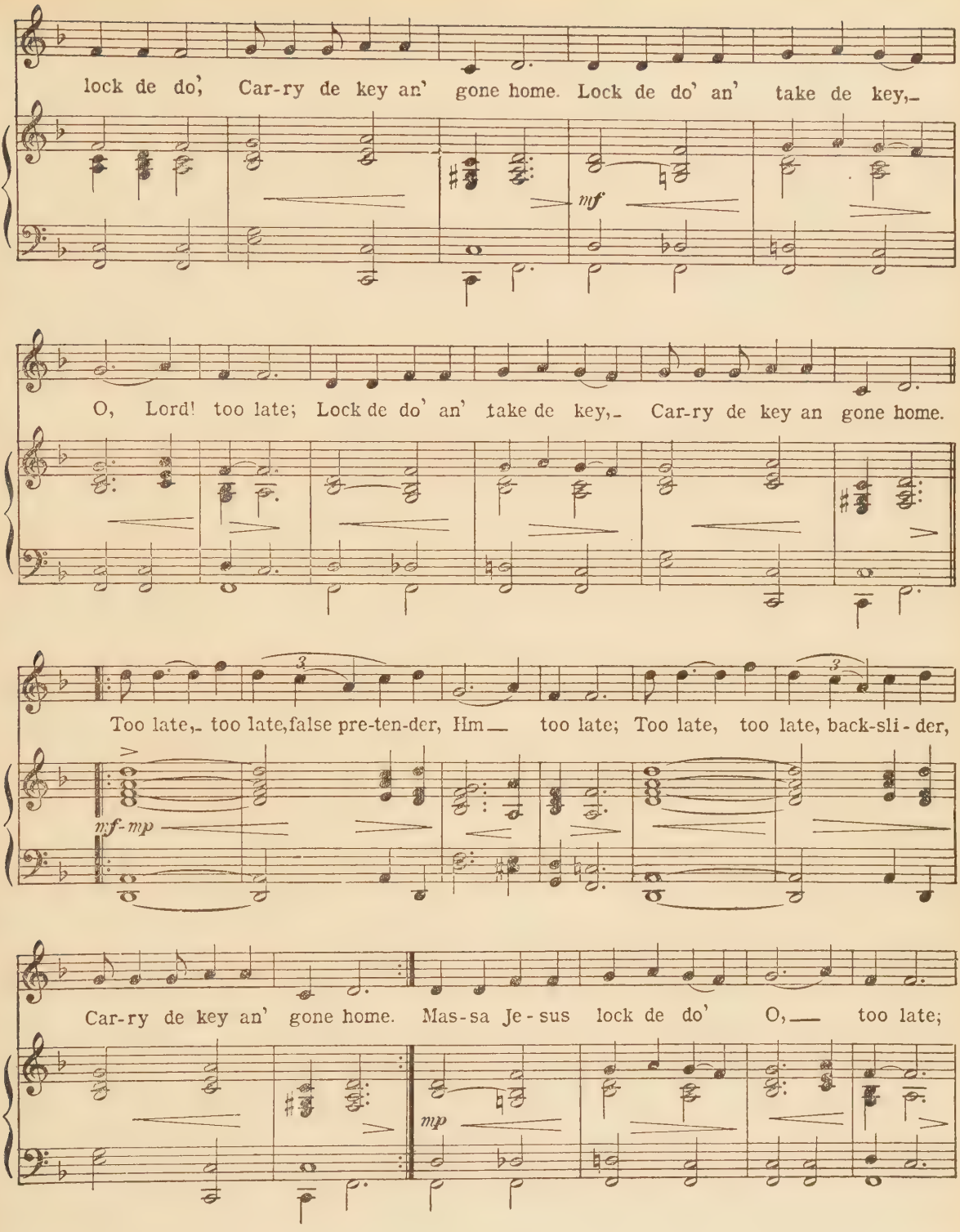


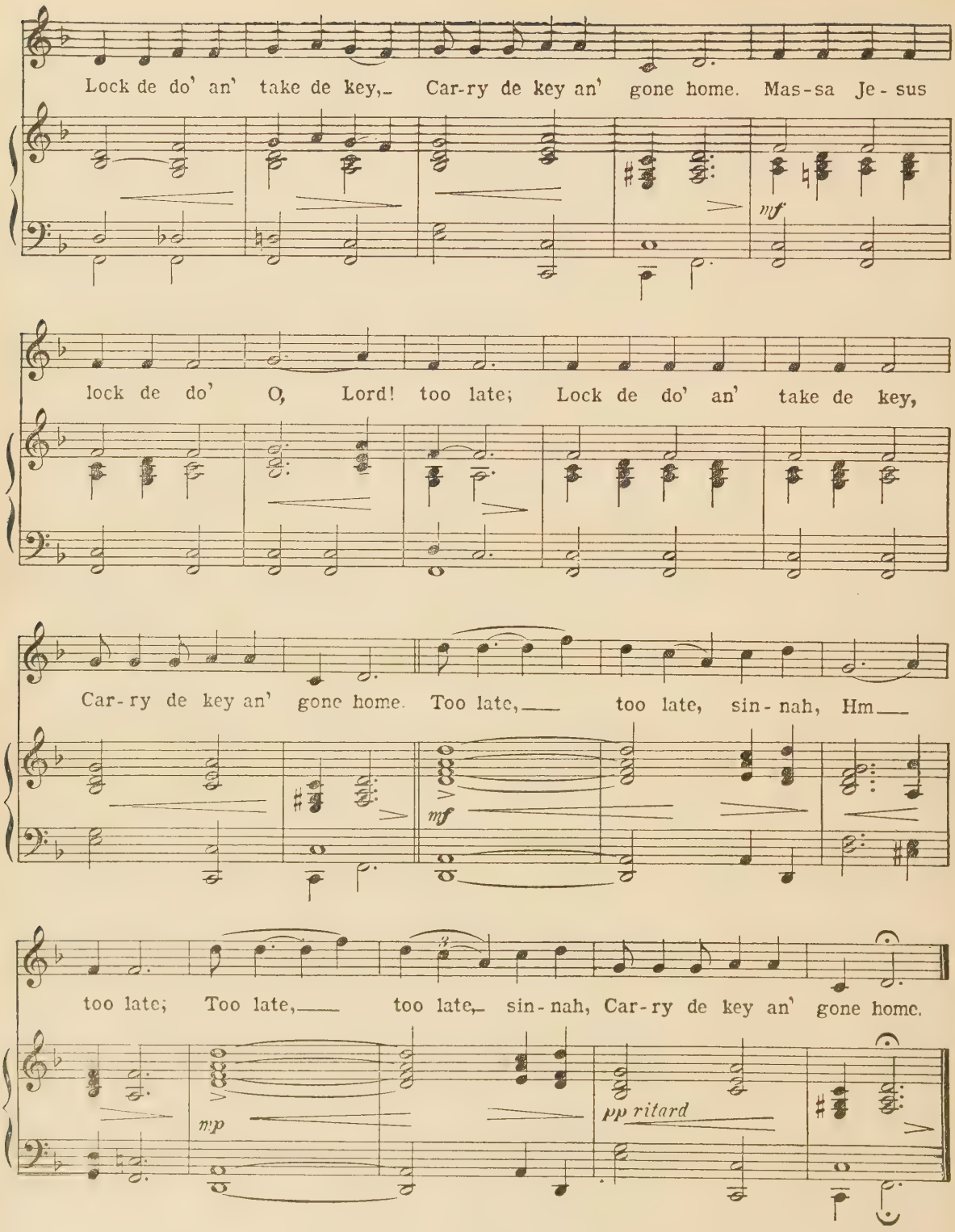

Whar you gwine po' sin - nah,
Whar you gwine po' li - ar,
Whar you gwine po' gam - bler,
Whar you gwine back slid - er,
Whar you gwine, I say, I'm a
mf
Repeat for Verses
Last time
gwine down to de rib-buh ob Jor - dn, You can't cross dere. O, dere. Lordknows, You
Mus' hab dat true re - li - gion, You mus' hab yo' soul con - ver - ted, You
1
2
mus' hab dat true re - li - gion, You can't cross dere. O, yes, you dere.

TOO LATE
(OR DONE CARRY DE KEY AN' GONE HOME)

To the memory of Mme. C. J. Walker

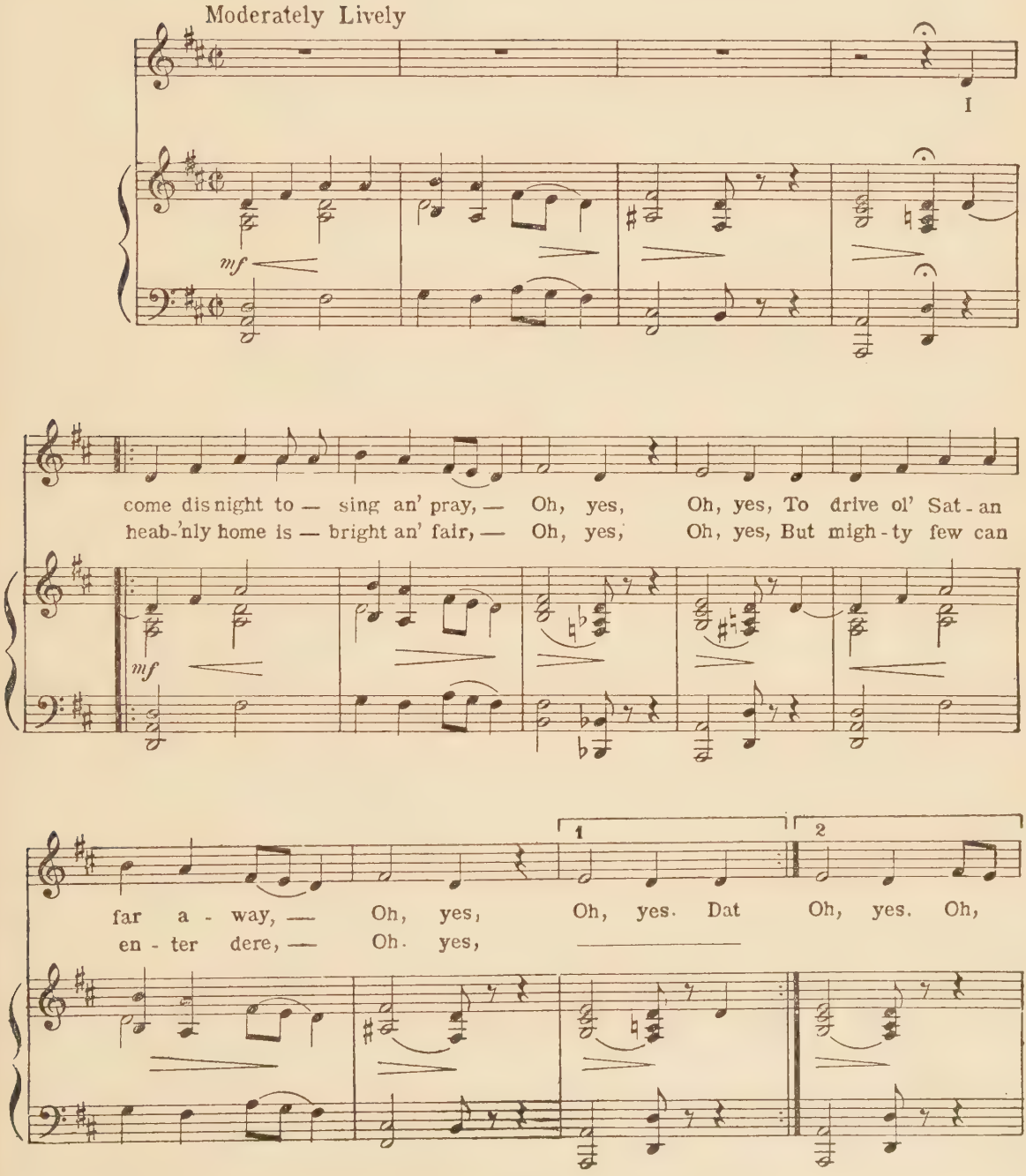


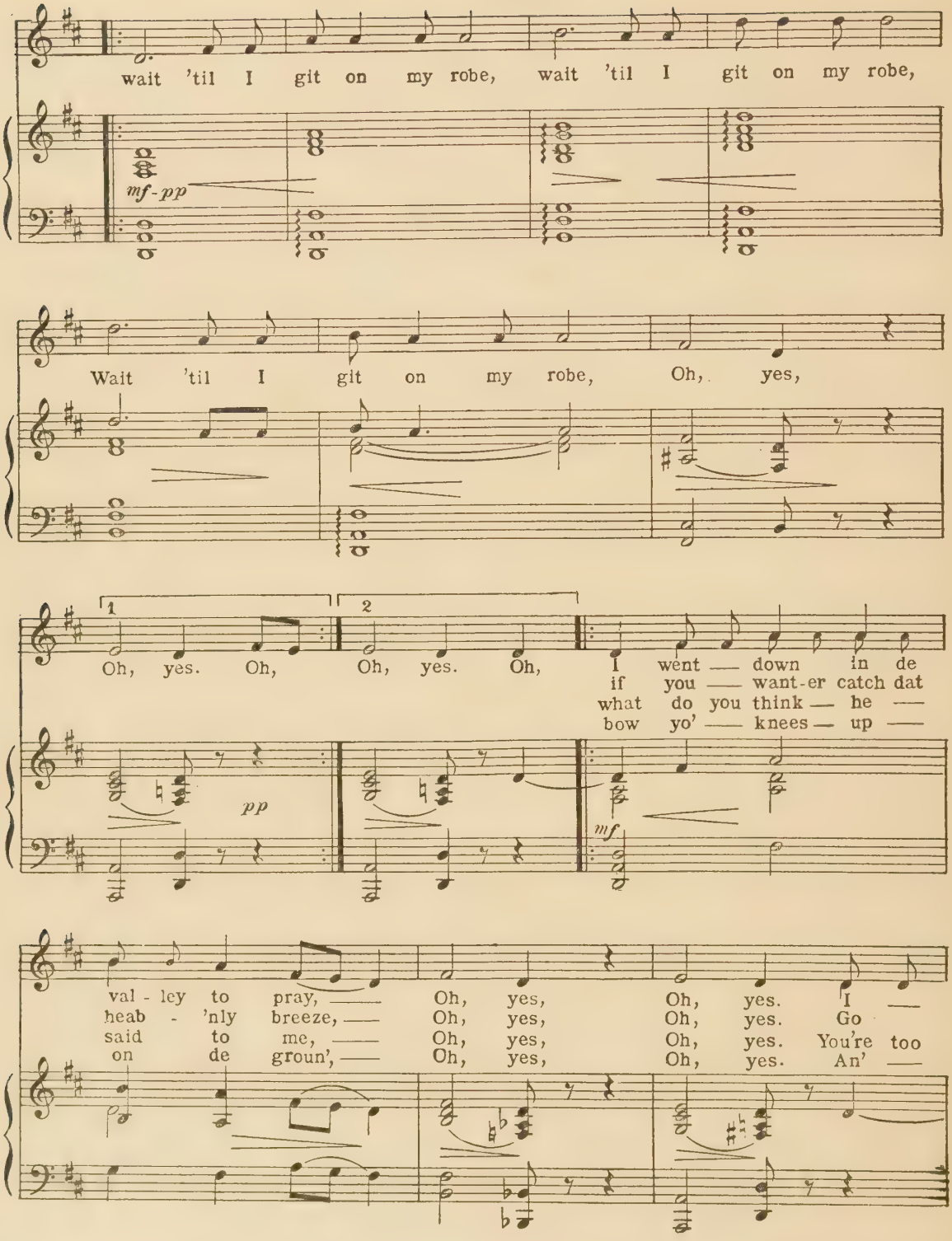

lock de do', Car-ry de key an' gone home. Lock de do' an' take de key,-
mf
O, Lord! too late; Lock de do' an' take de key,- Car-ry de key an gone home.
Too late,- too late,false pre-ten-der, Hm— too late; Too late, too late, back-sli-der,
mf-mp
Car-ry de key an' gone home. Mas-sa Je-sus lock de do' O,— too late;
mp

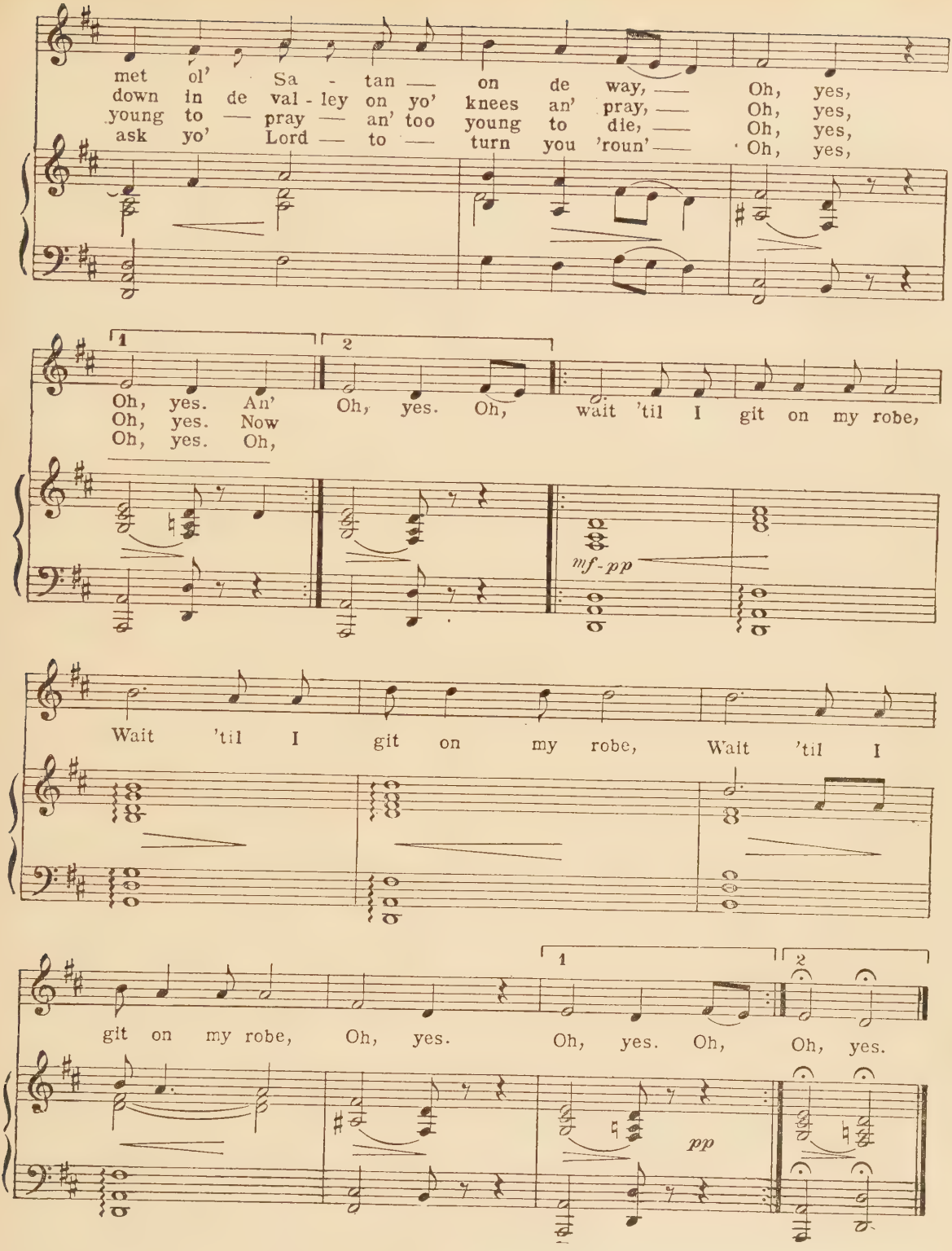

Lock de do' an' take de key,_ Car-ry de key an' gone home. Mas-sa Je-sus
mf
lock de do' O, Lord! too late; Lock de do' an' take de key,
Car-ry de key an' gone home. Too late,___ too late, sin-nah, Hm___
mf
too late; Too late,___ too late,_ sin-nah, Car-ry de key an' gone home.
mp
pp ritard

OH, YES! OH, YES! WAIT 'TIL I GIT ON MY ROBE

To Mr. Alain Locke

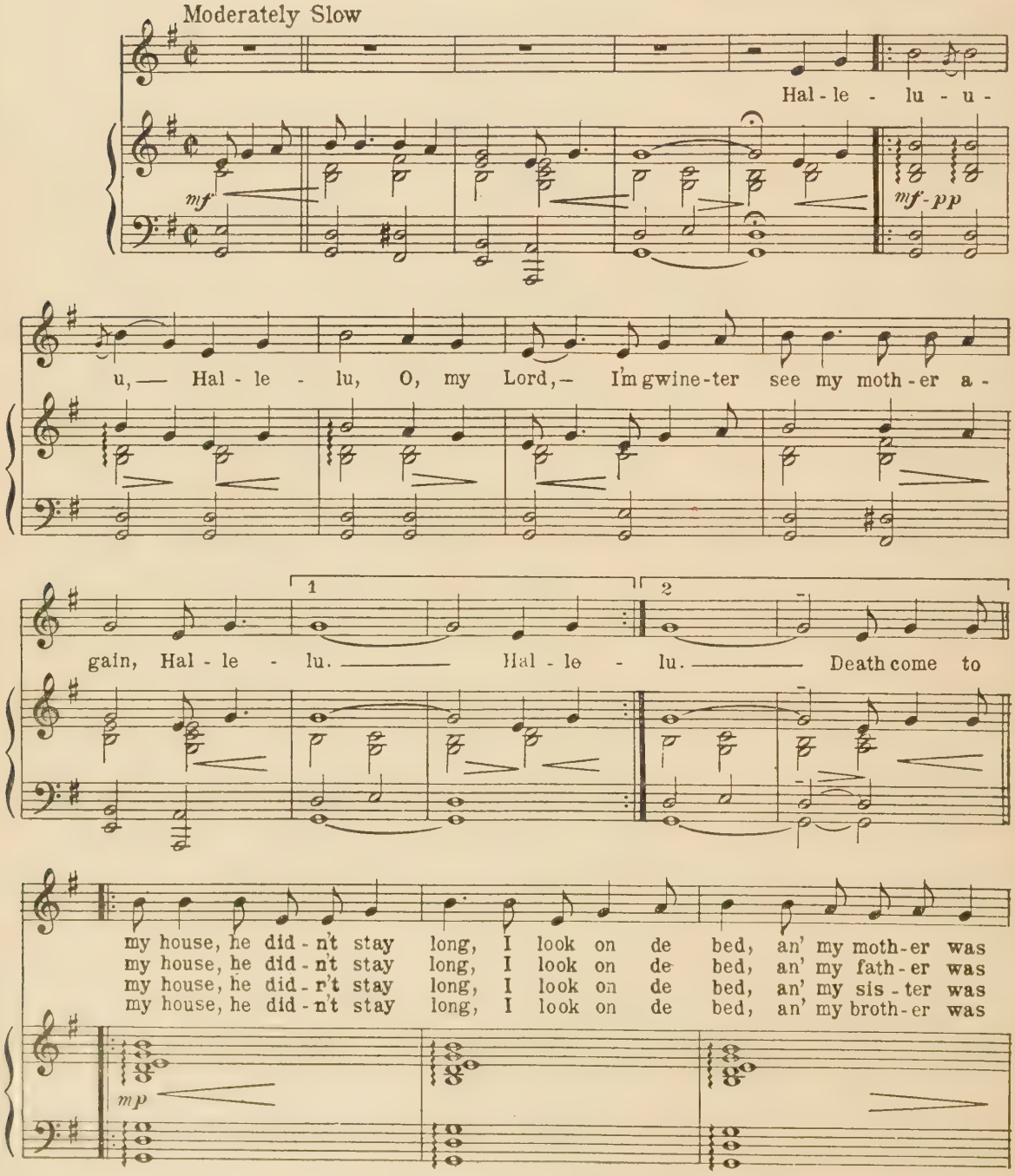


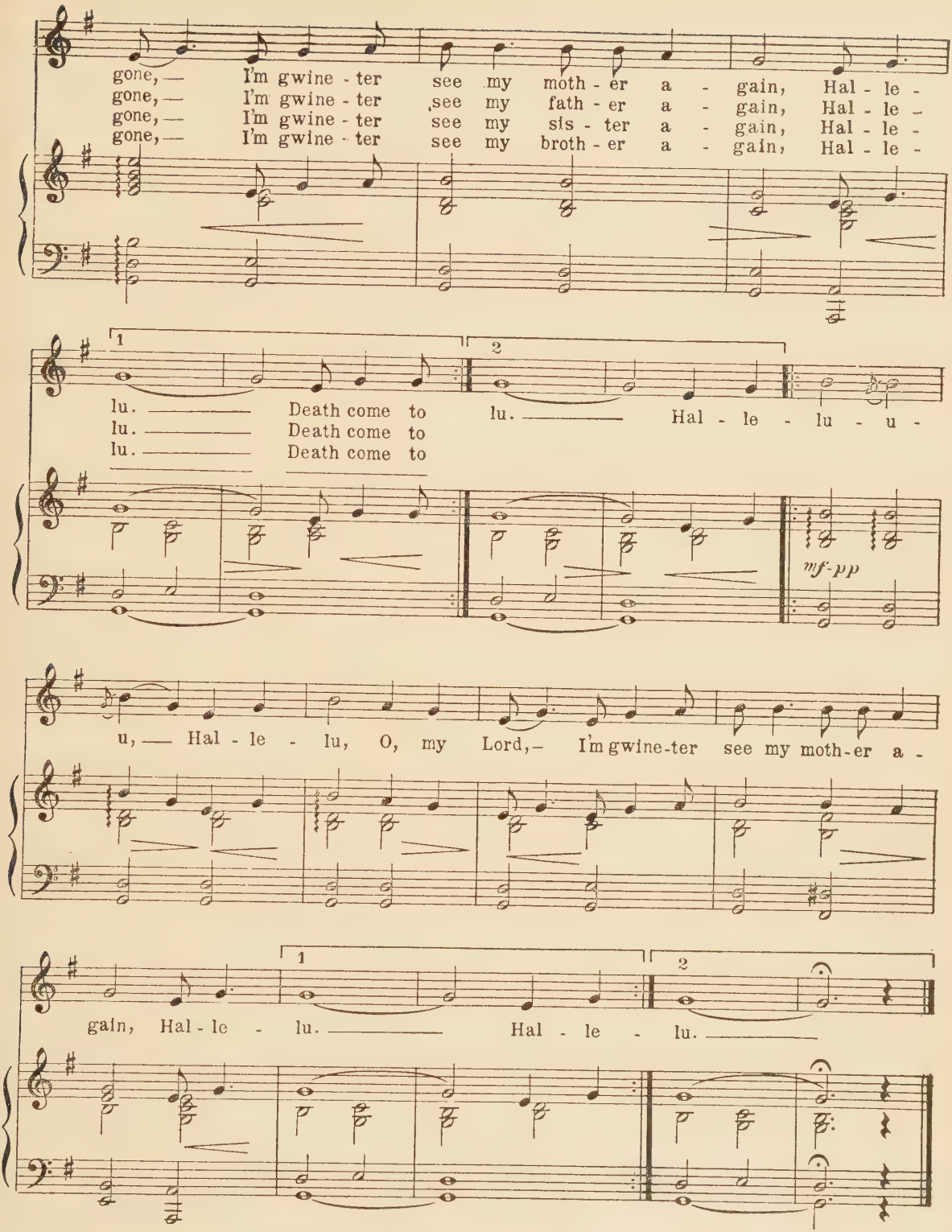

wait 'til I git on my robe, wait 'til I git on my robe,
mf - pp
Wait 'til I git on my robe, Oh, yes,
1
2
Oh, yes. Oh, Oh, yes. Oh, I went — down in de
if you — want-er catch dat
what do you think — he —
bow yo' — knees — up —
pp
mf
val - ley to pray, — Oh, yes, Oh, yes. I —
heab - 'nly breeze, — Oh, yes, Oh, yes. Go —
said to me, — Oh, yes, Oh, yes. You're too
on de groun', — Oh, yes, Oh, yes. An' —


met ol' Sa - tan — on de way, — Oh, yes,
down in de val - ley on yo' knees an' pray, — Oh, yes,
young to — pray — an' too young to die, — Oh, yes,
ask yo' Lord — to — turn you 'roun' — Oh, yes,
1
2
Oh, yes. An' Oh, yes. Oh, wait 'til I git on my robe,
Oh, yes. Now
Oh, yes. Oh,
mf-pp
Wait 'til I git on my robe, Wait 'til I
1
2
git on my robe, Oh, yes. Oh, yes. Oh, Oh, yes.
pp

DEATH COME TO MY HOUSE HE DIDN'T STAY LONG

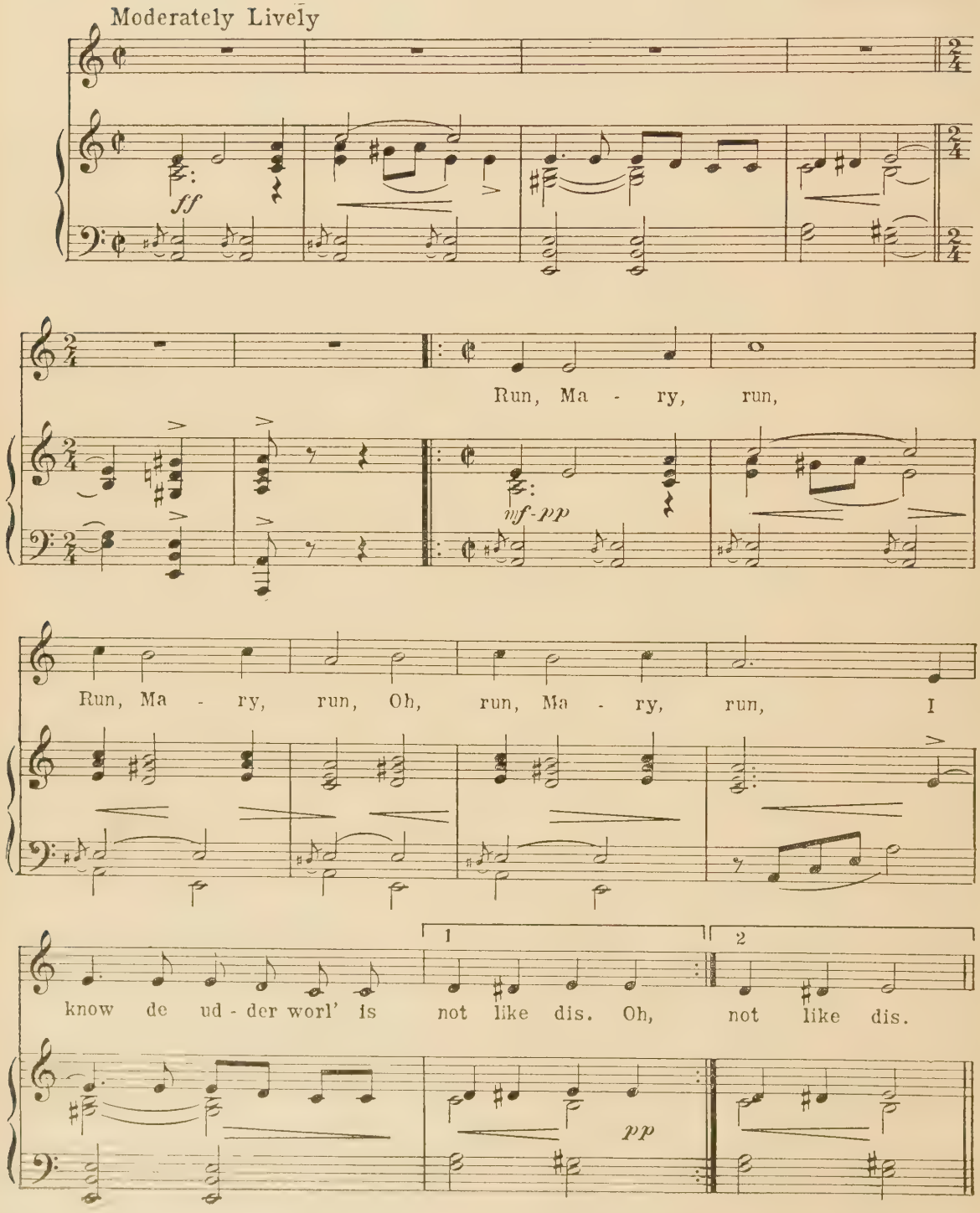
To Mr. James Priaulx

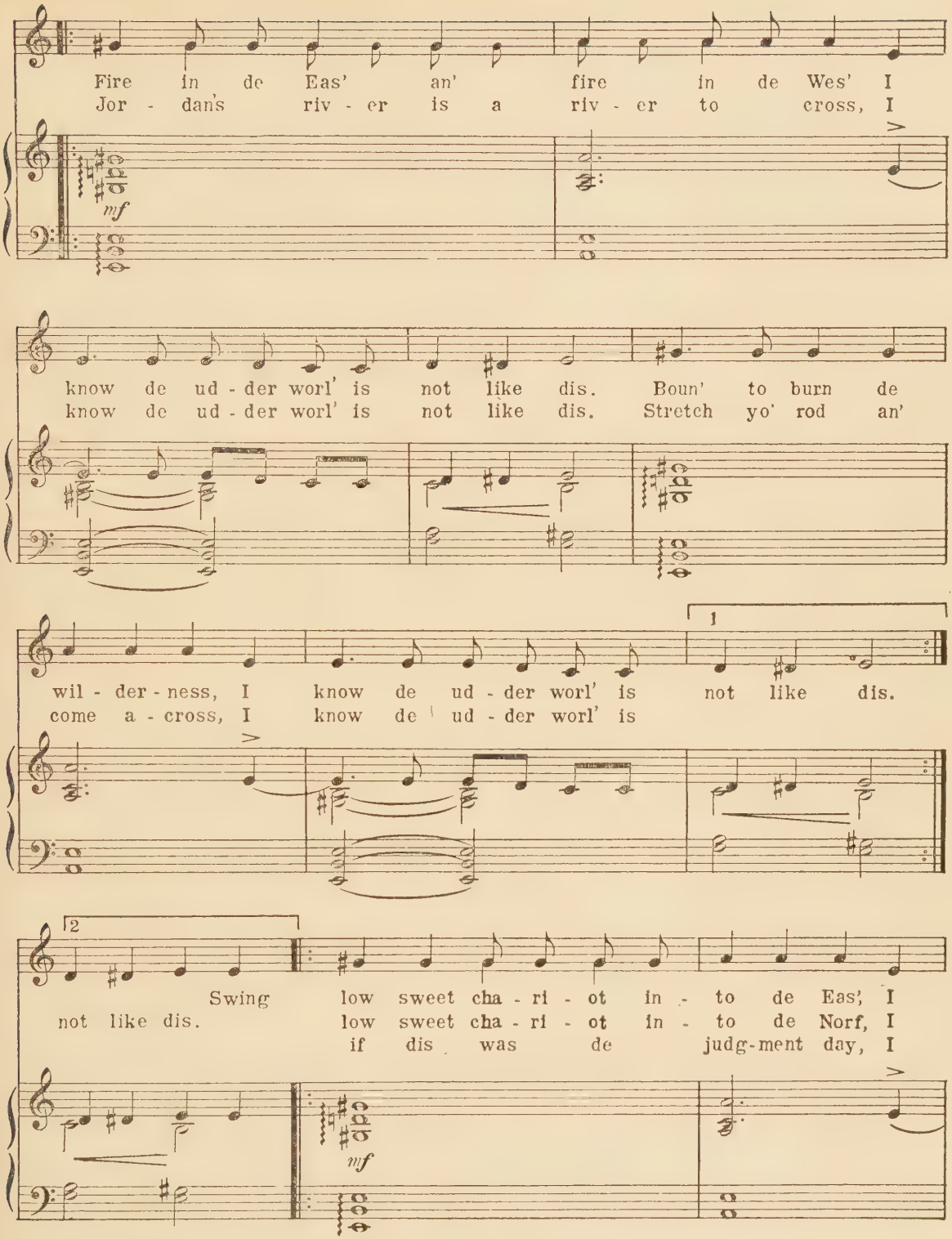


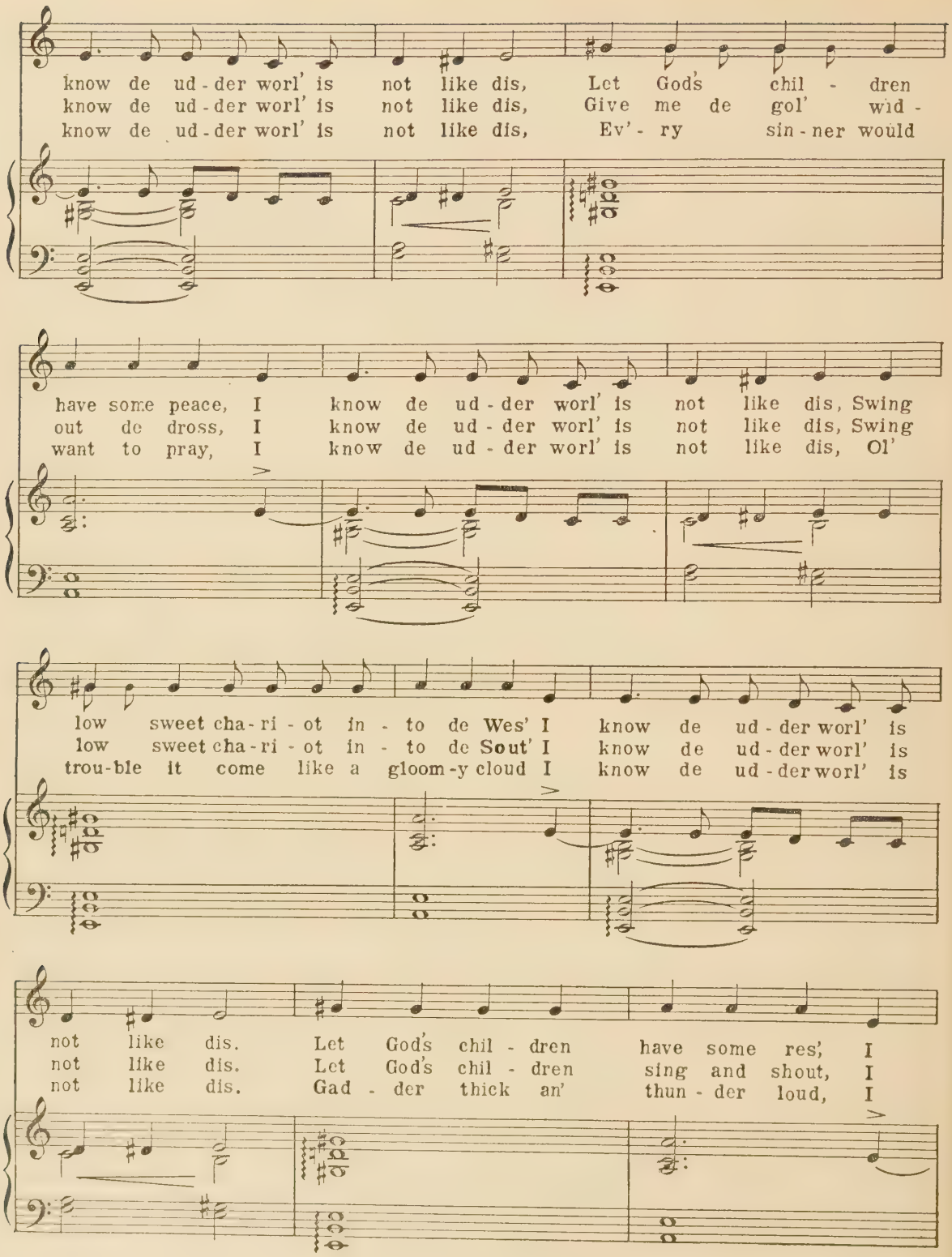

gone, — I'm gwine - ter see my moth - er a - gain, Hal - le -
gone, — I'm gwine - ter see my fath - er a - gain, Hal - le -
gone, — I'm gwine - ter see my sis - ter a - gain, Hal - le -
gone, — I'm gwine - ter see my broth - er a - gain, Hal - le -
1
2
lu. — Death come to lu. — Hal - le - lu - u -
lu. — Death come to
lu. — Death come to
mf-pp
u, — Hal - le - lu, O, my Lord, — I'm gwine-ter see my moth-er a -
1
2
gain, Hal - le - lu. — Hal - le - lu. —

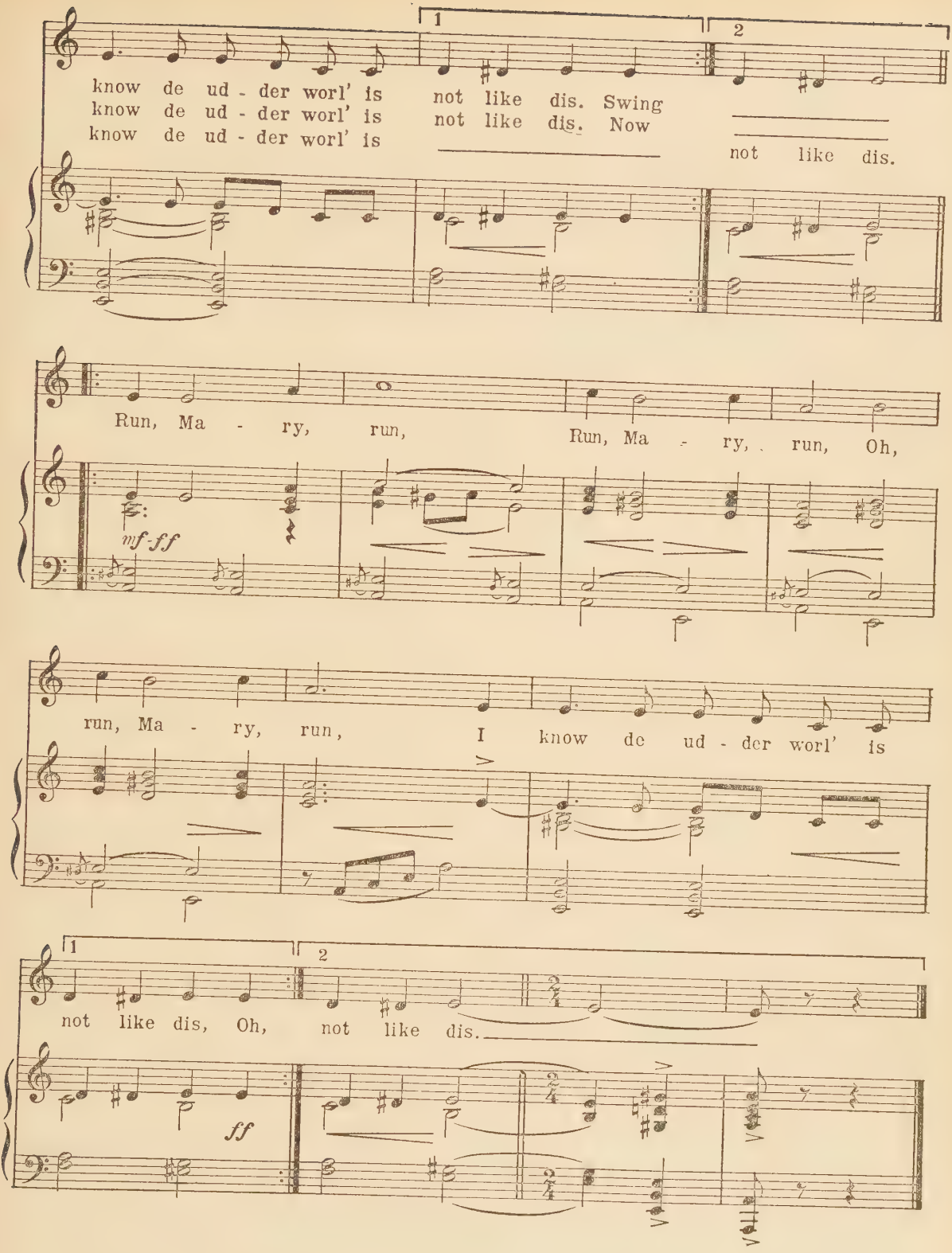
RUN, MARY, RUN
(I KNOW DE UDDER WORL' IS NOT LIKE DIS)

To Miss Marie Cahill



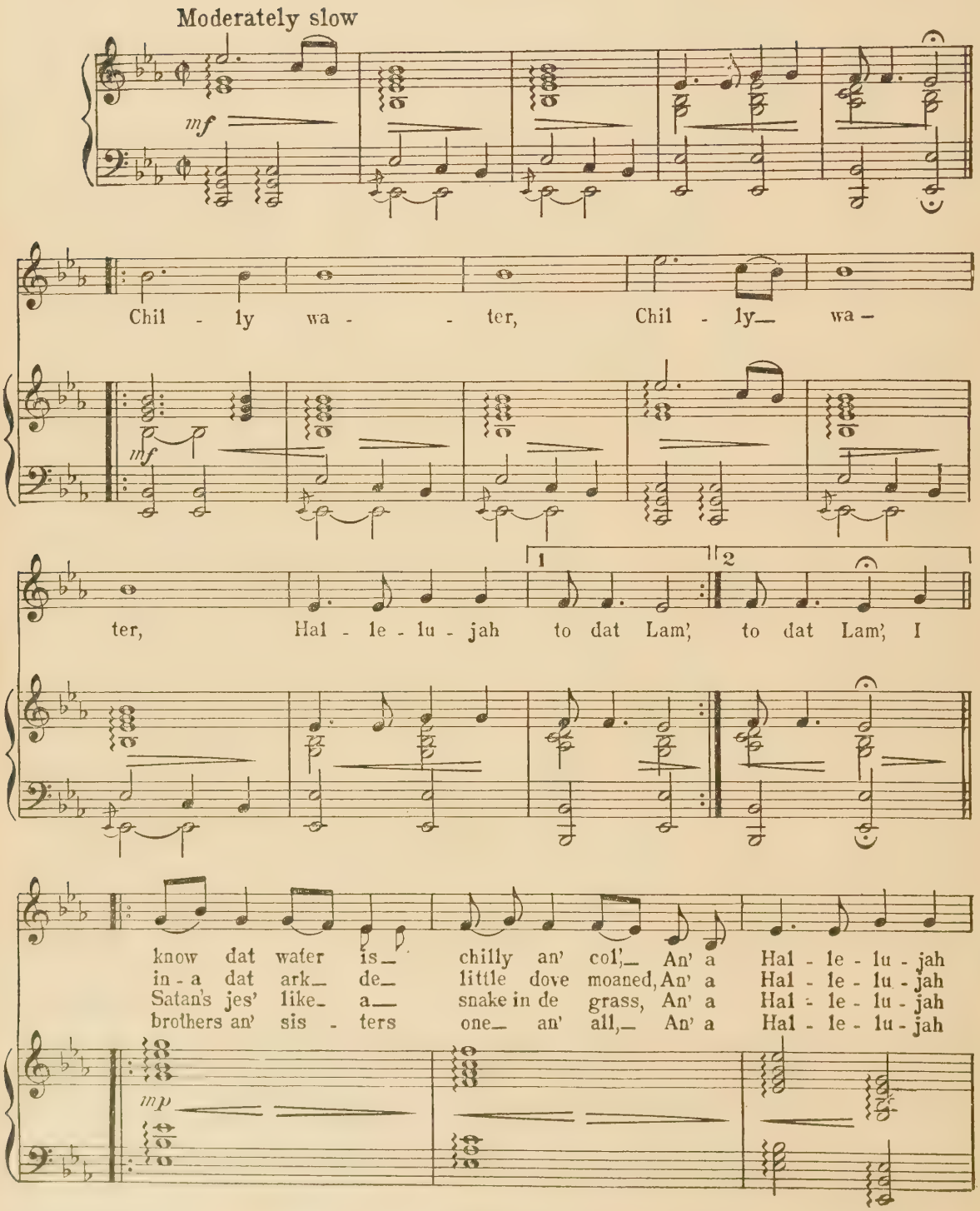

Fire in de Eas' an' fire in de Wes' I
Jor - dan's riv - er is a riv - er to cross, I
mf
know de ud - der worl' is not like dis. Boun' to burn de
know de ud - der worl' is not like dis. Stretch yo' rod an'
1
wil - der - ness, I know de ud - der worl' is not like dis.
come a - cross, I know de ud - der worl' is
2
Swing low sweet cha - ri - ot in - to de Eas', I
not like dis. low sweet cha - ri - ot in - to de Norf, I
if dis was de judg-ment day, I
mf

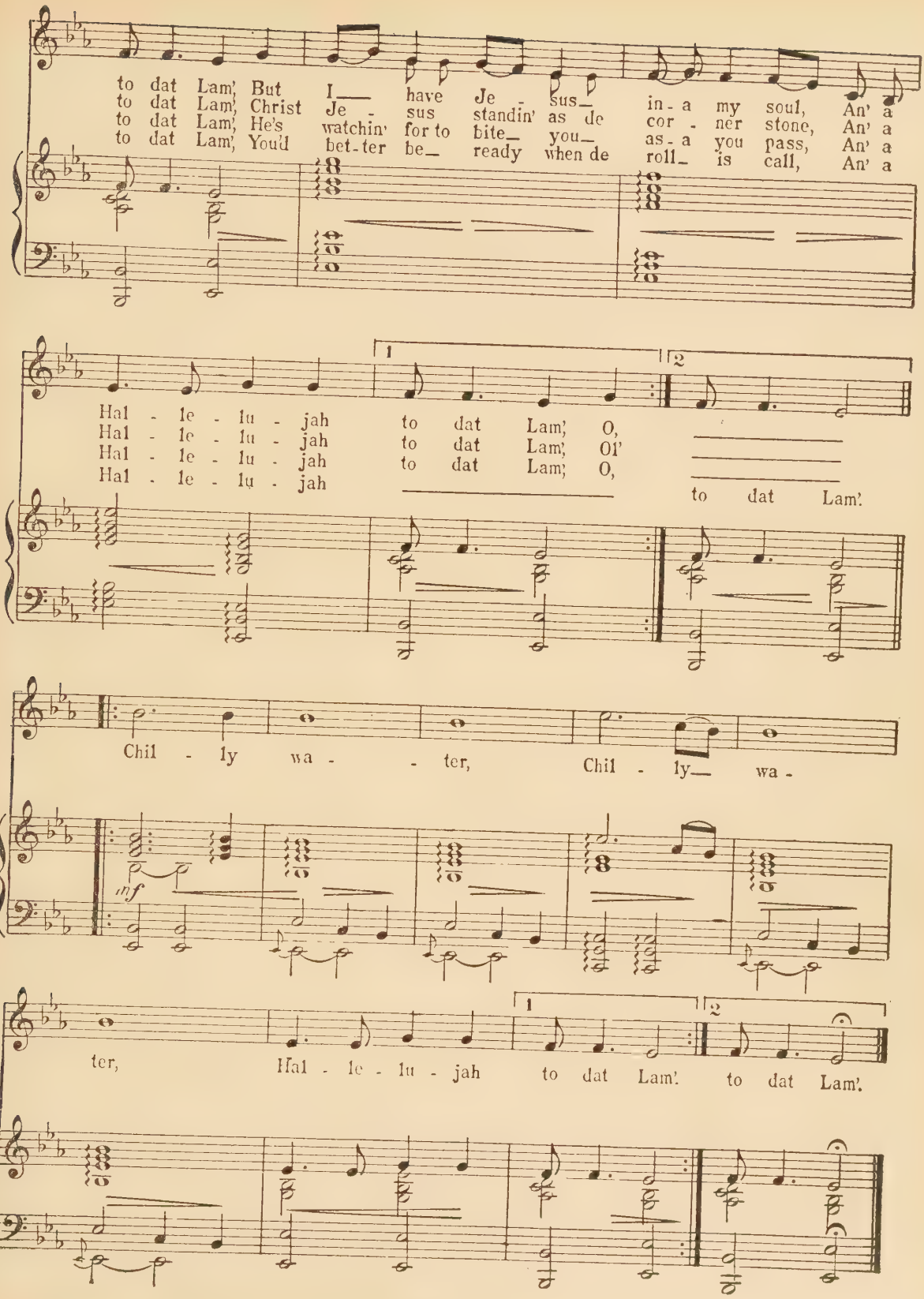

know de ud - der worl' is not like dis, Let God's chil - dren
know de ud - der worl' is not like dis, Give me de gol' wid -
know de ud - der worl' is not like dis, Ev' - ry sin - ner would
have some peace, I know de ud - der worl' is not like dis, Swing
out de dross, I know de ud - der worl' is not like dis, Swing
want to pray, I know de ud - der worl' is not like dis, Ol'
low sweet cha - ri - ot in - to de Wes' I know de ud - der worl' is
low sweet cha - ri - ot in - to de Sout' I know de ud - der worl' is
trou-ble it come like a gloom-y cloud I know de ud - der worl' is
not like dis. Let God's chil - dren have some res', I
not like dis. Let God's chil - dren sing and shout, I
not like dis. Gad - der thick an' thun - der loud, I


know de ud - der worl' is not like dis. Swing
know de ud - der worl' is not like dis. Now
know de ud - der worl' is not like dis.
Run, Ma - ry, run, Run, Ma - ry, run, Oh,
mf-fff
run, Ma - ry, run, I know de ud - der worl' is
not like dis, Oh, not like dis.
ff

CHILLY WATER

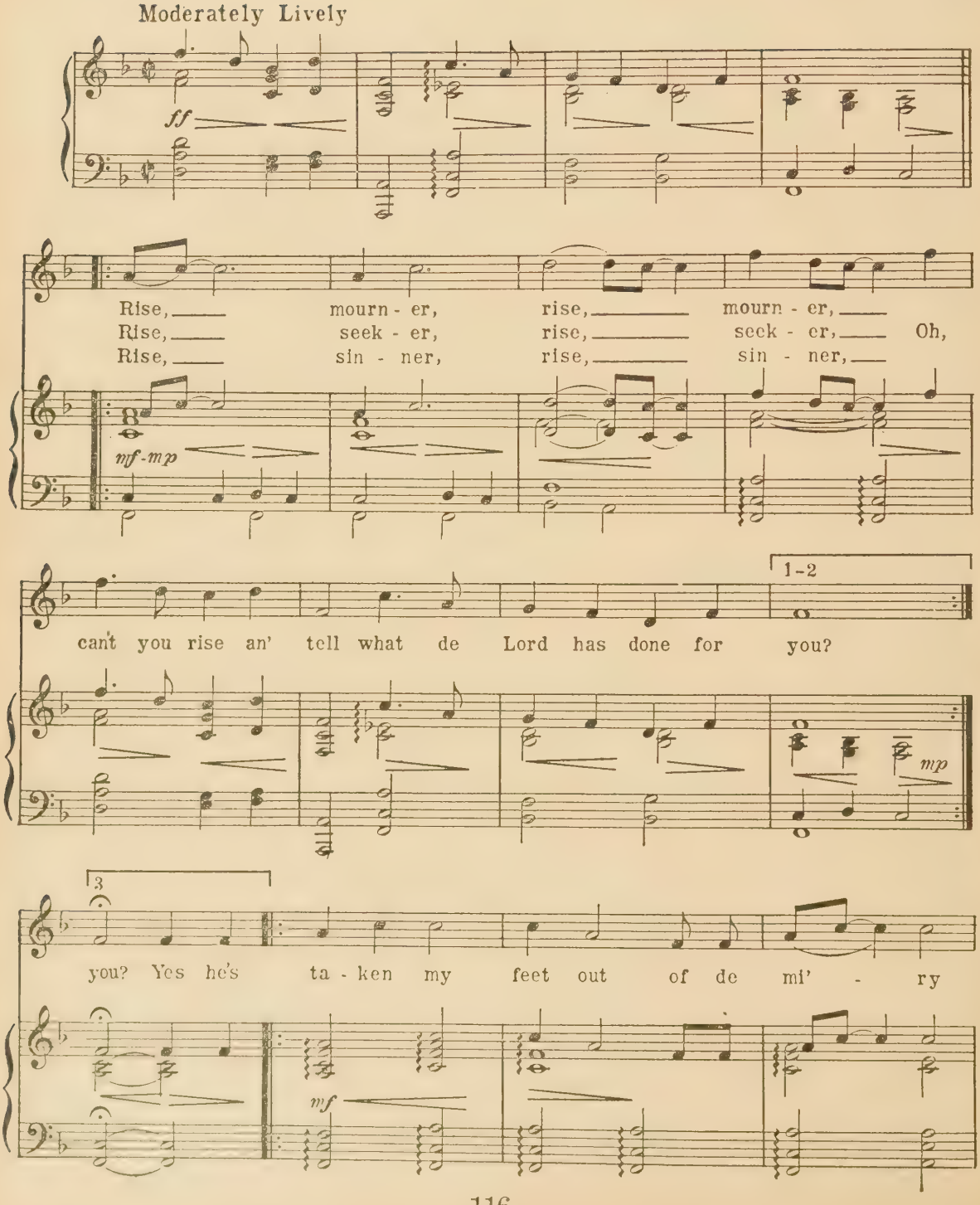
To Mr. Roland Hayes

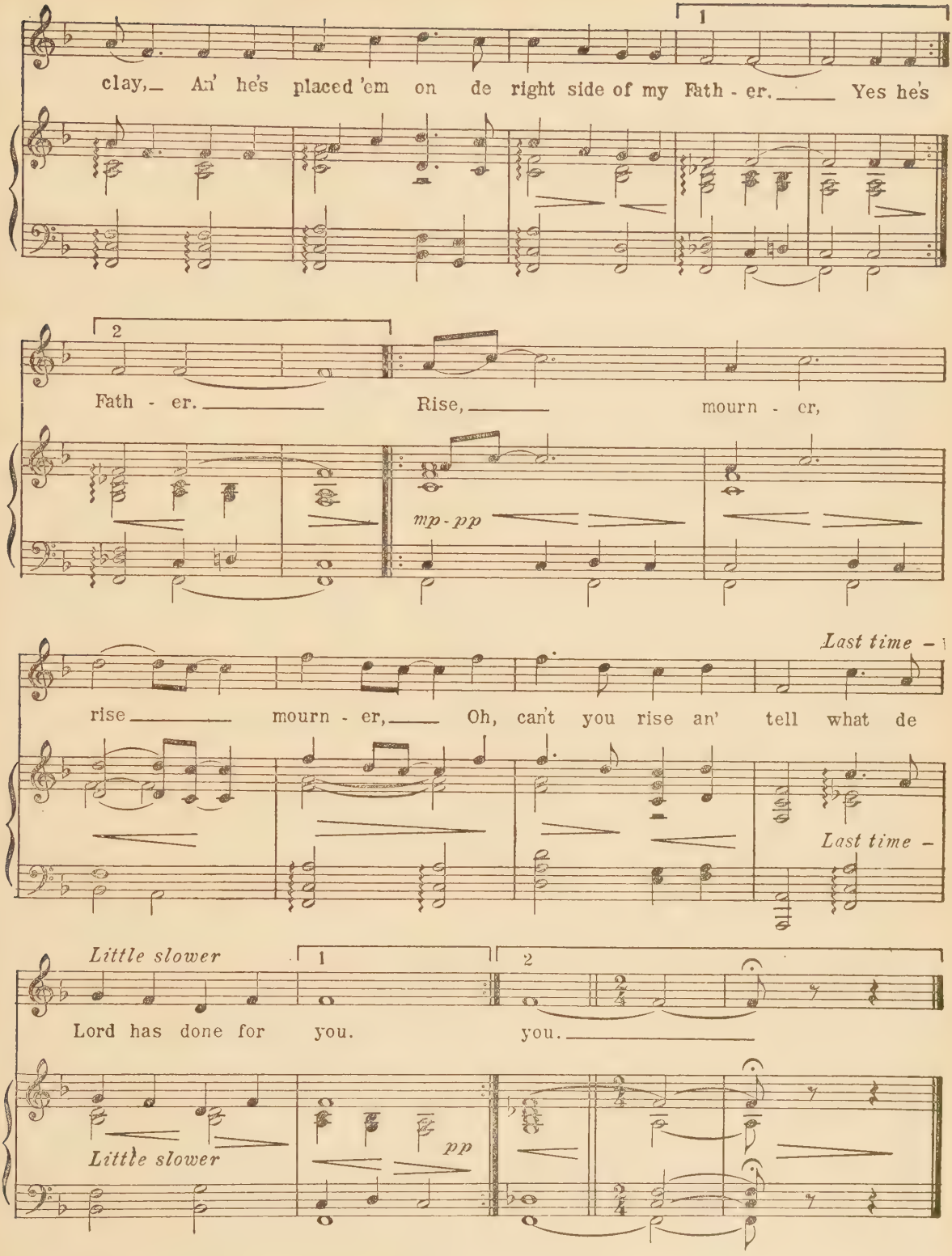



to dat Lam', But I—— have Je - sus— in-a my soul, An' a
to dat Lam', Christ Je - sus standin' as de cor - ner stone, An' a
to dat Lam', He's watchin' for to bite— you— as-a you pass, An' a
to dat Lam', You'd bet-ter be— ready when de roll— is call, An' a
1
2
Hal - le - lu - jah to dat Lam', O,
Hal - le - lu - jah to dat Lam', O'
Hal - le - lu - jah to dat Lam', O,
Hal - le - lu - jah to dat Lam'.
Chil - ly wa - - ter, Chil - ly— wa -
mf
ter, Hal - le - lu - jah to dat Lam'. to dat Lam'.

RISE, MOURNER, RISE

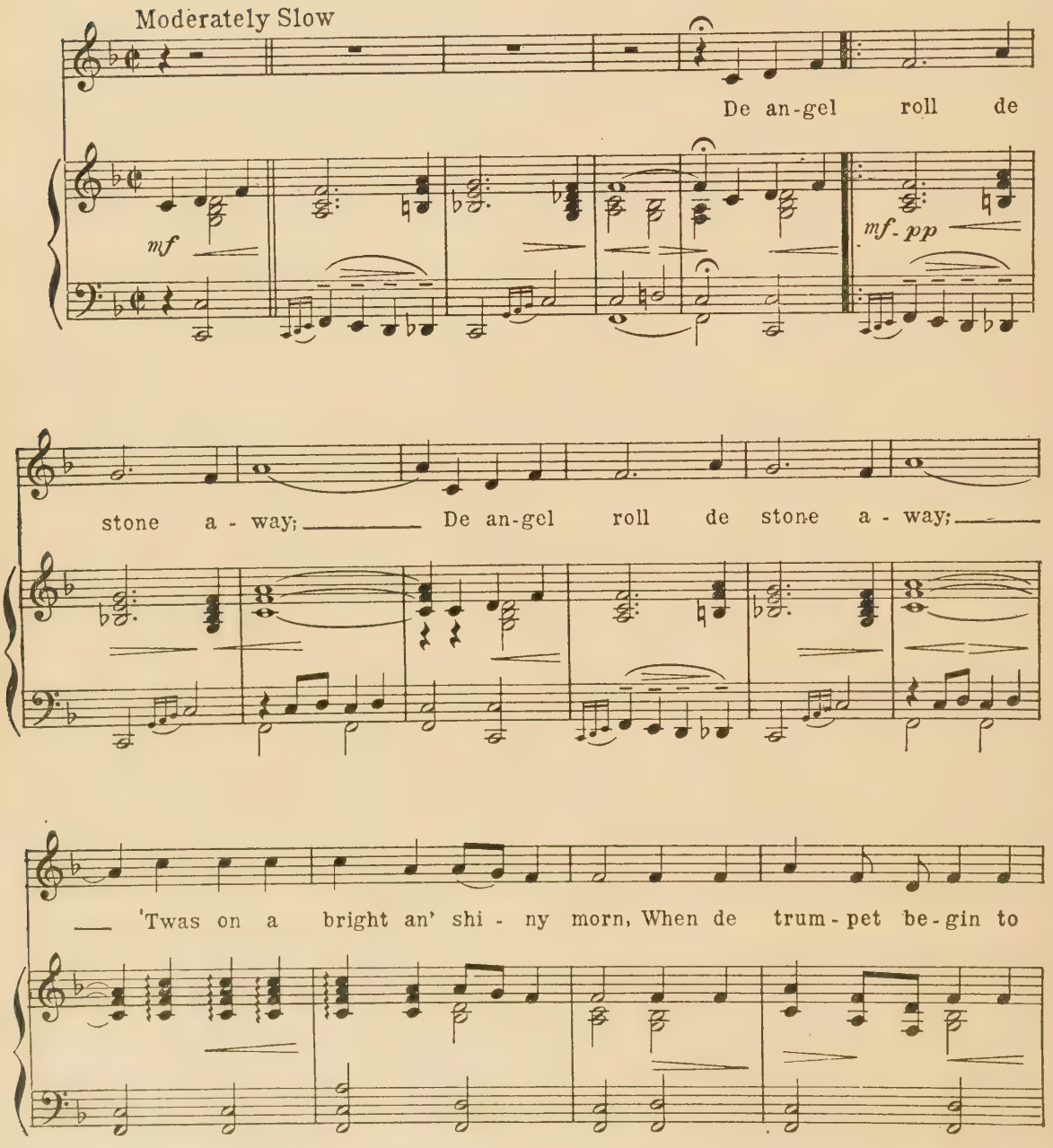
To Mr. Witter Bynner

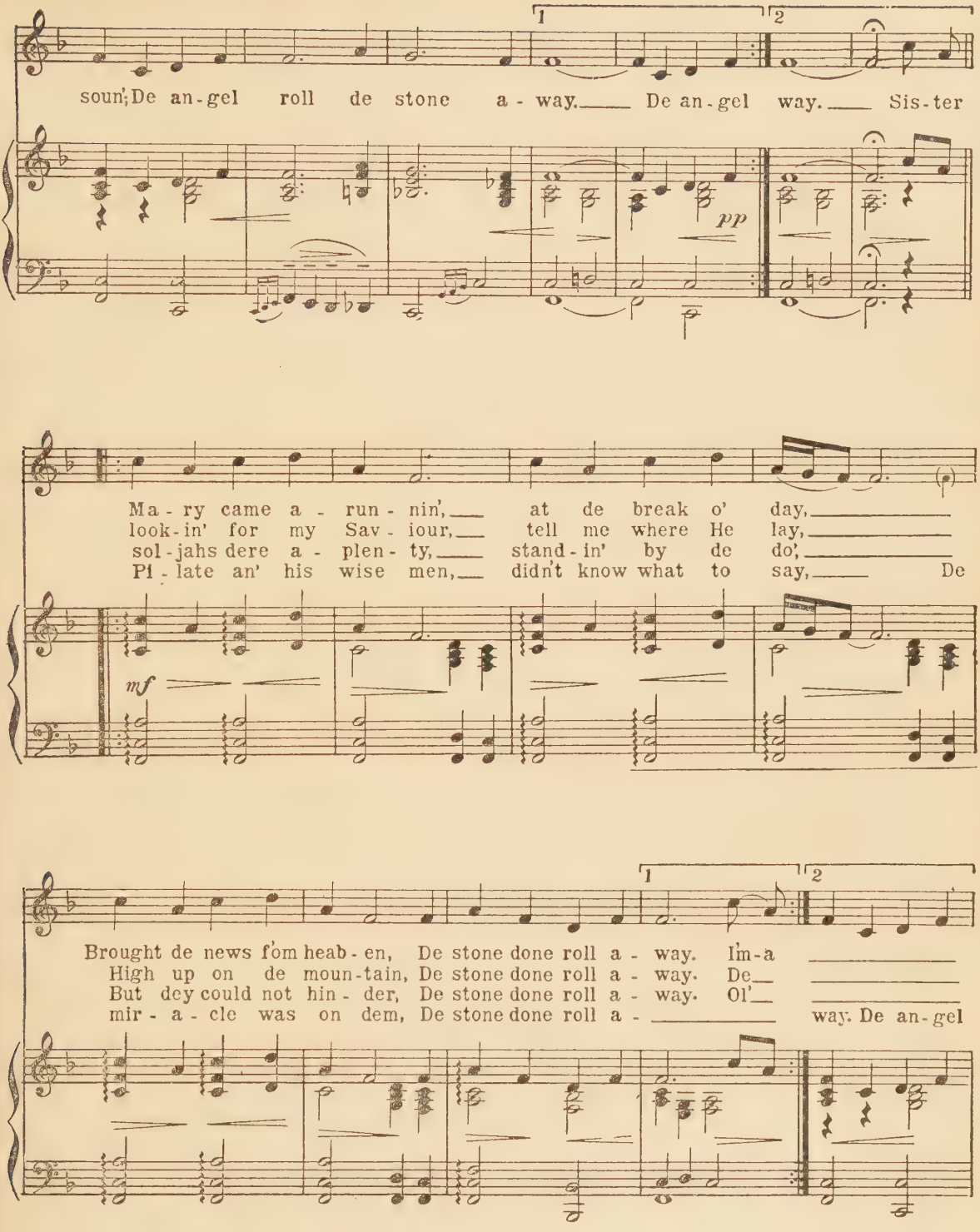


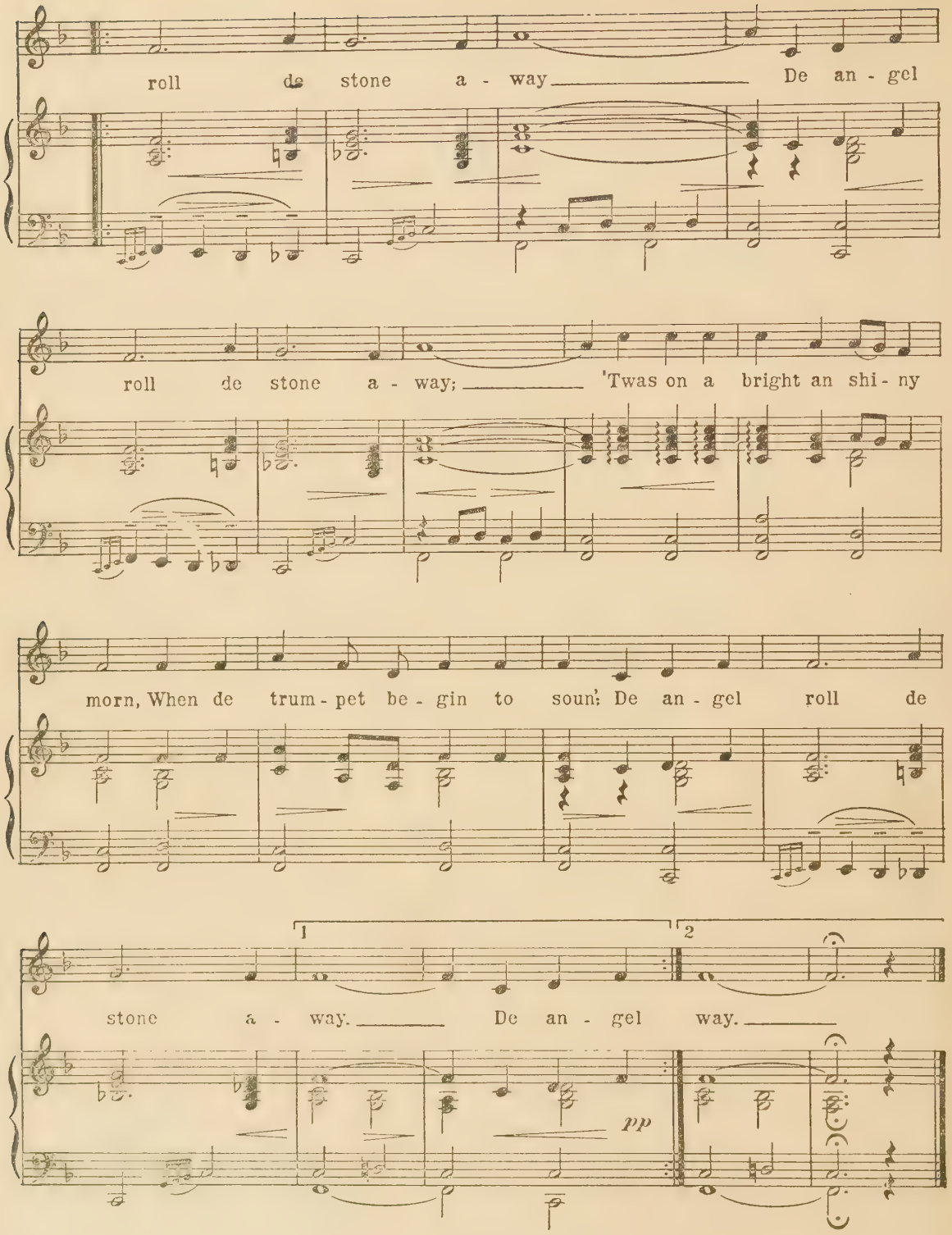

1
clay, An' he's placed 'em on de right side of my Fath - er. Yes he's
2
Fath - er. Rise, mourn - er,
mp - pp
Last time -
rise mourn - er, Oh, can't you rise an' tell what de
Last time -
Little slower
1
2
Lord has done for you. you.
Little slower
pp

DE ANGEL ROLL DE STONE AWAY

To Mr. William Arms Fisher

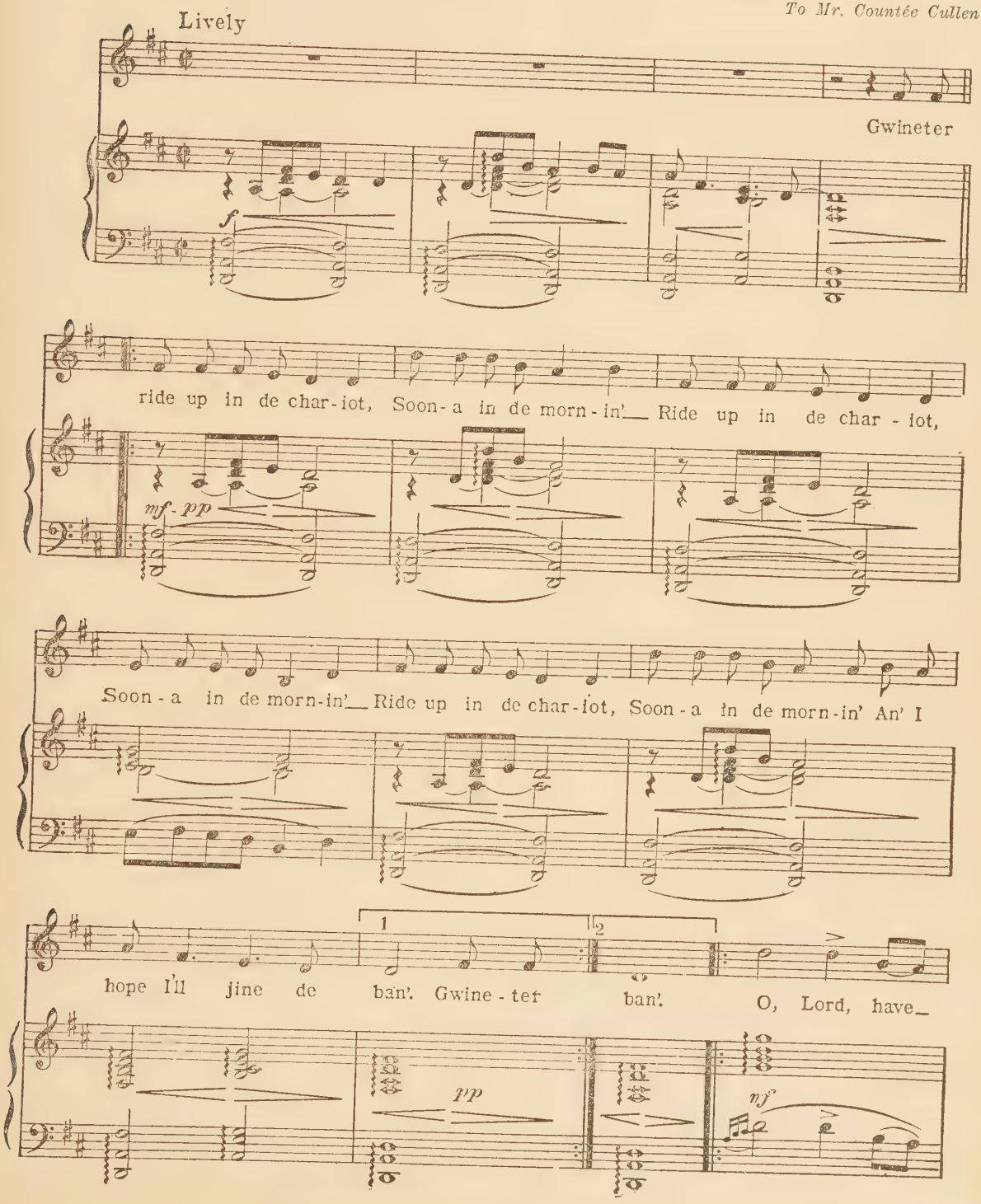


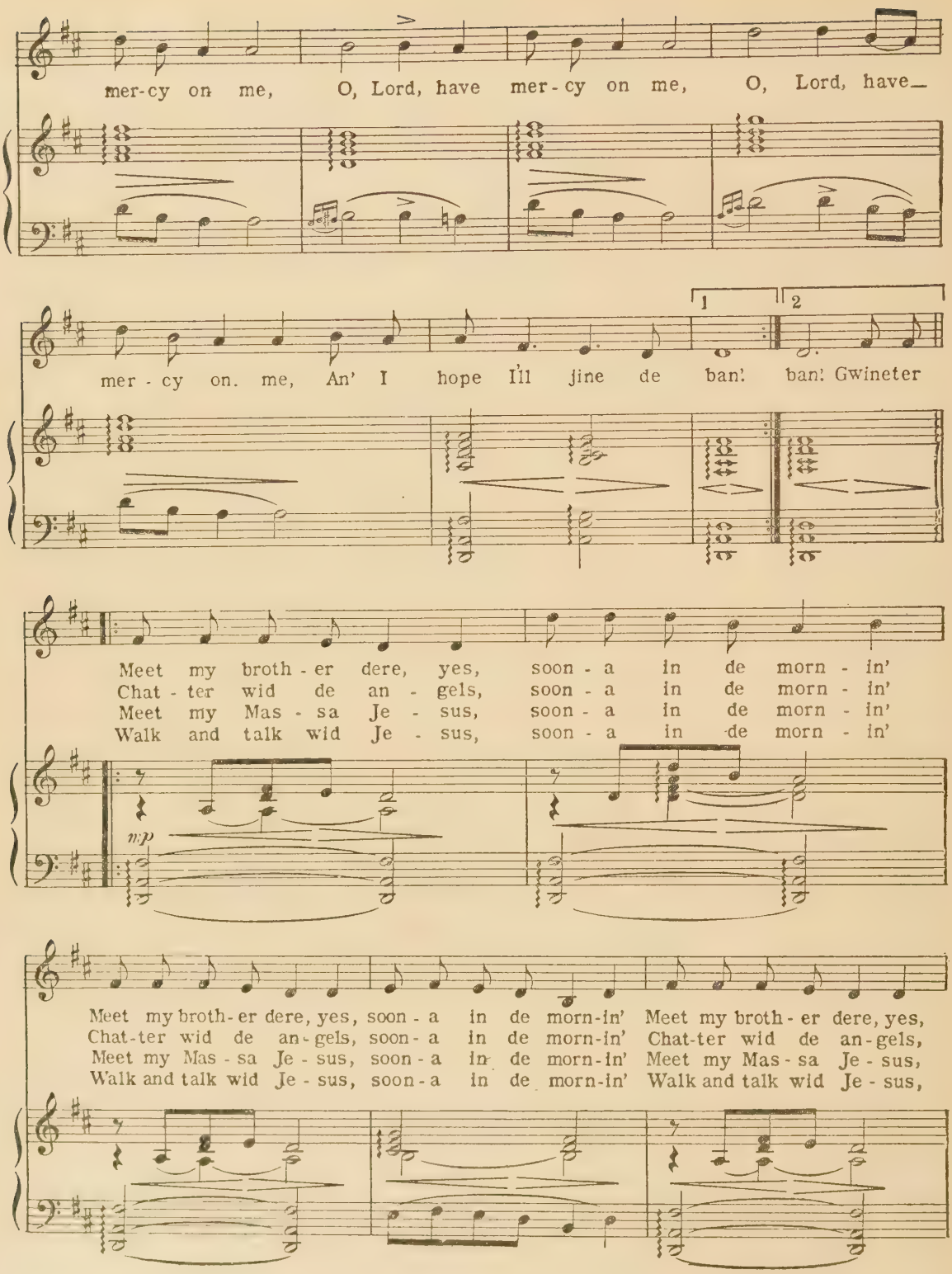

soun'; De an-gel roll de stone a-way. De an-gel way. Sis-ter
pp
Ma-ry came a-run-nin', at de break o' day,
look-in' for my Sav-iour, tell me where He lay,
sol-jahs dere a-plen-ty, stand-in' by de do',
Pi-late an' his wise men, didn't know what to say, De
mf
Brought de news fom heab-en, De stone done roll a-way. Im-a
High up on de moun-tain, De stone done roll a-way. De
But dey could not hin-der, De stone done roll a-way. Ol'
mir-a-cle was on dem, De stone done roll a- way. De an-gel

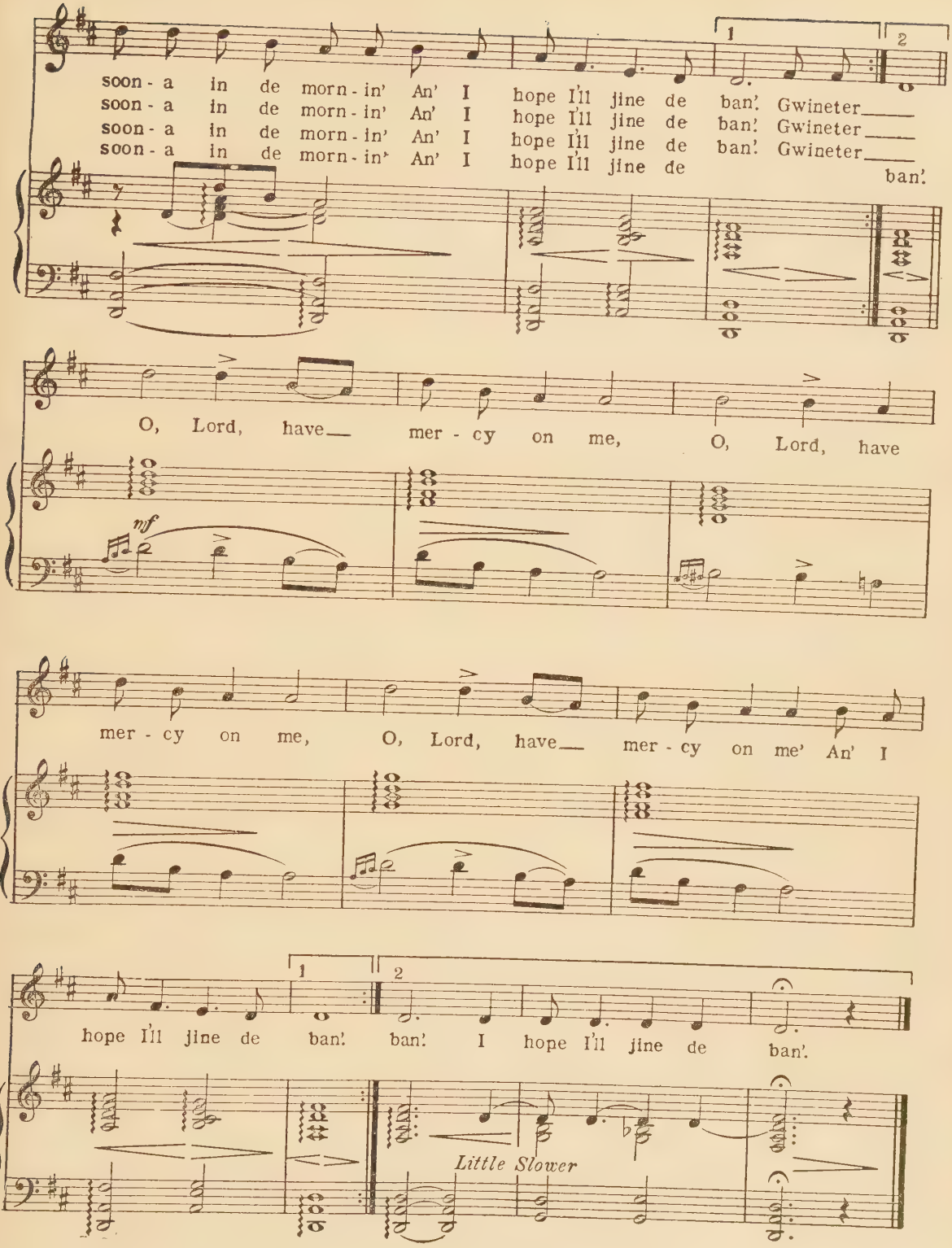

roll de stone a - way De an - gel
roll de stone a - way; 'Twas on a bright an shi - ny
morn, When de trum - pet be - gin to soun; De an - gel roll de
1
2
stone a - way. De an - gel way.
pp

GWINETER RIDE UP IN DE CHARIOT SOON-A IN DE MORNIN'

To Mr. Countée Cullen

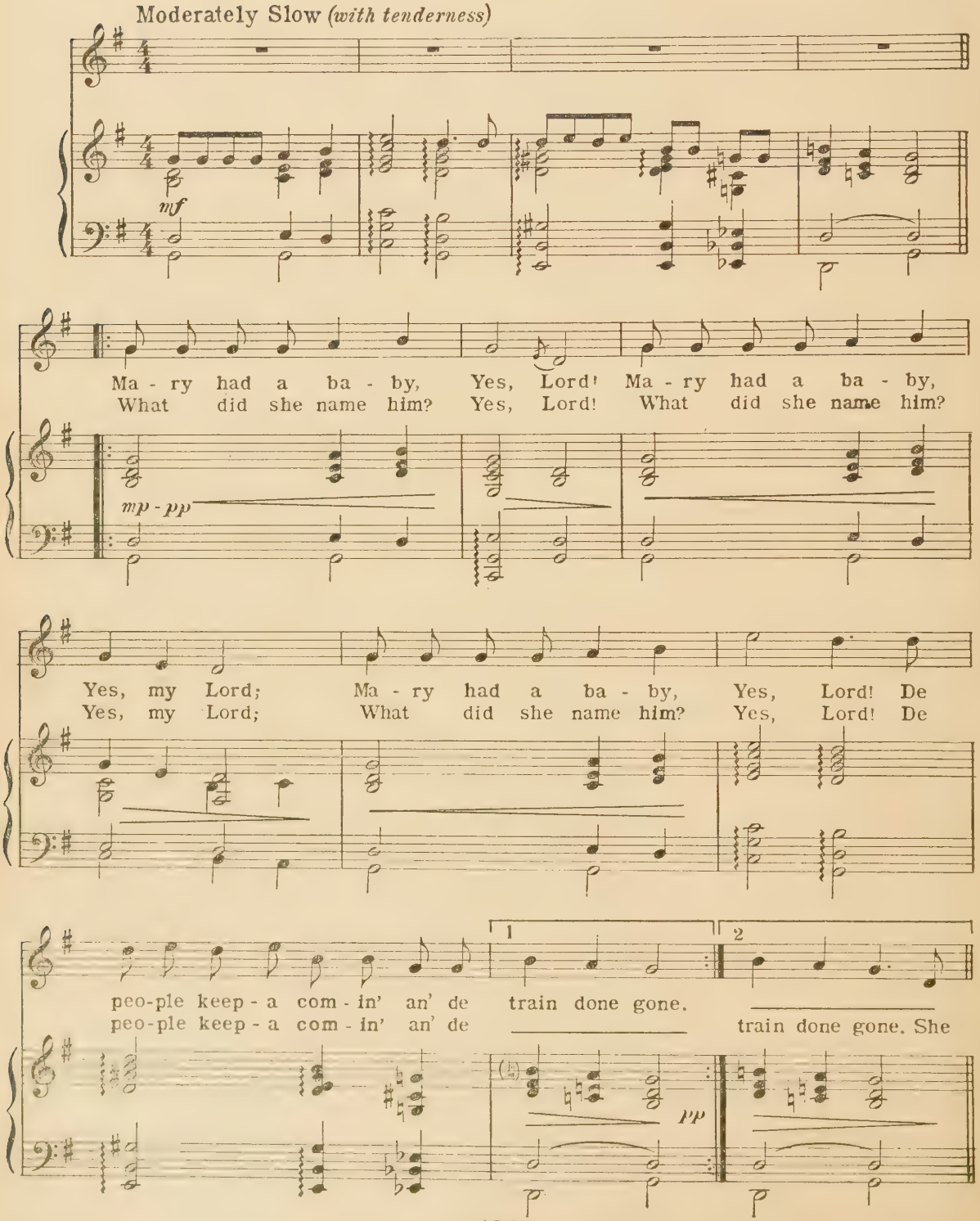


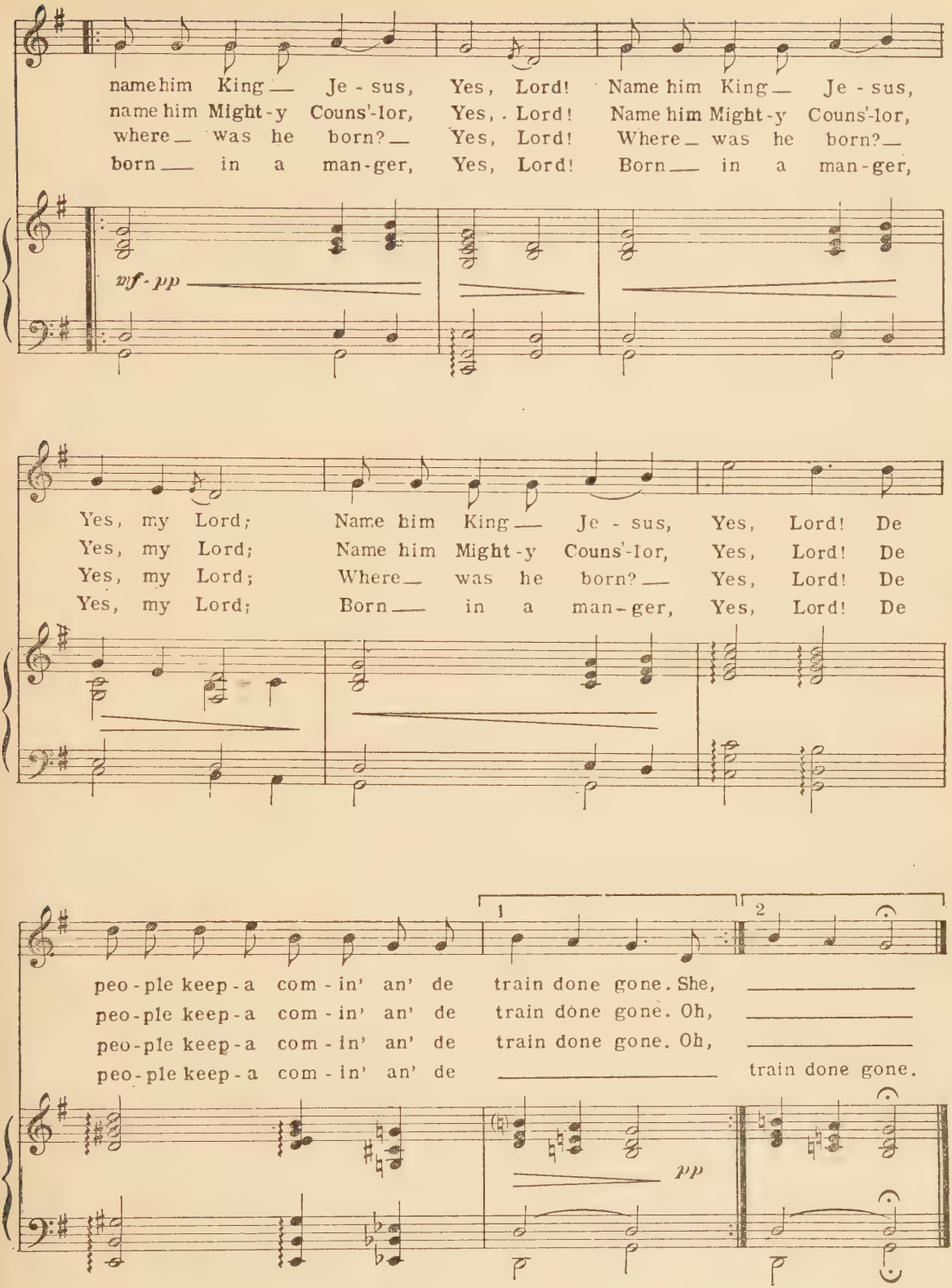

mer-cy on me, O, Lord, have mer-cy on me, O, Lord, have—
1
2
mer-cy on. me, An' I hope I'll jine de ban'. ban'. Gwineter
Meet my broth-er dere, yes, soon-a in de morn-in'
Chat-ter wid de an-gels, soon-a in de morn-in'
Meet my Mas-sa Je-sus, soon-a in de morn-in'
Walk and talk wid Je-sus, soon-a in de morn-in'
mp
Meet my broth-er dere, yes, soon-a in de morn-in' Meet my broth-er dere, yes,
Chat-ter wid de an-gels, soon-a in de morn-in' Chat-ter wid de an-gels,
Meet my Mas-sa Je-sus, soon-a in de morn-in' Meet my Mas-sa Je-sus,
Walk and talk wid Je-sus, soon-a in de morn-in' Walk and talk wid Je-sus,


soon - a in de morn - in' An' I hope I'll jine de ban'. Gwineter____
soon - a in de morn - in' An' I hope I'll jine de ban'. Gwineter____
soon - a in de morn - in' An' I hope I'll jine de ban'. Gwineter____
soon - a in de morn - in' An' I hope I'll jine de ban'.
1
2
O, Lord, have__ mer - cy on me, O, Lord, have
mf
mer - cy on me, O, Lord, have__ mer - cy on me' An' I
hope I'll jine de ban'. ban'. I hope I'll jine de ban'.
Little Slower

MARY HAD A BABY, YES, LORD

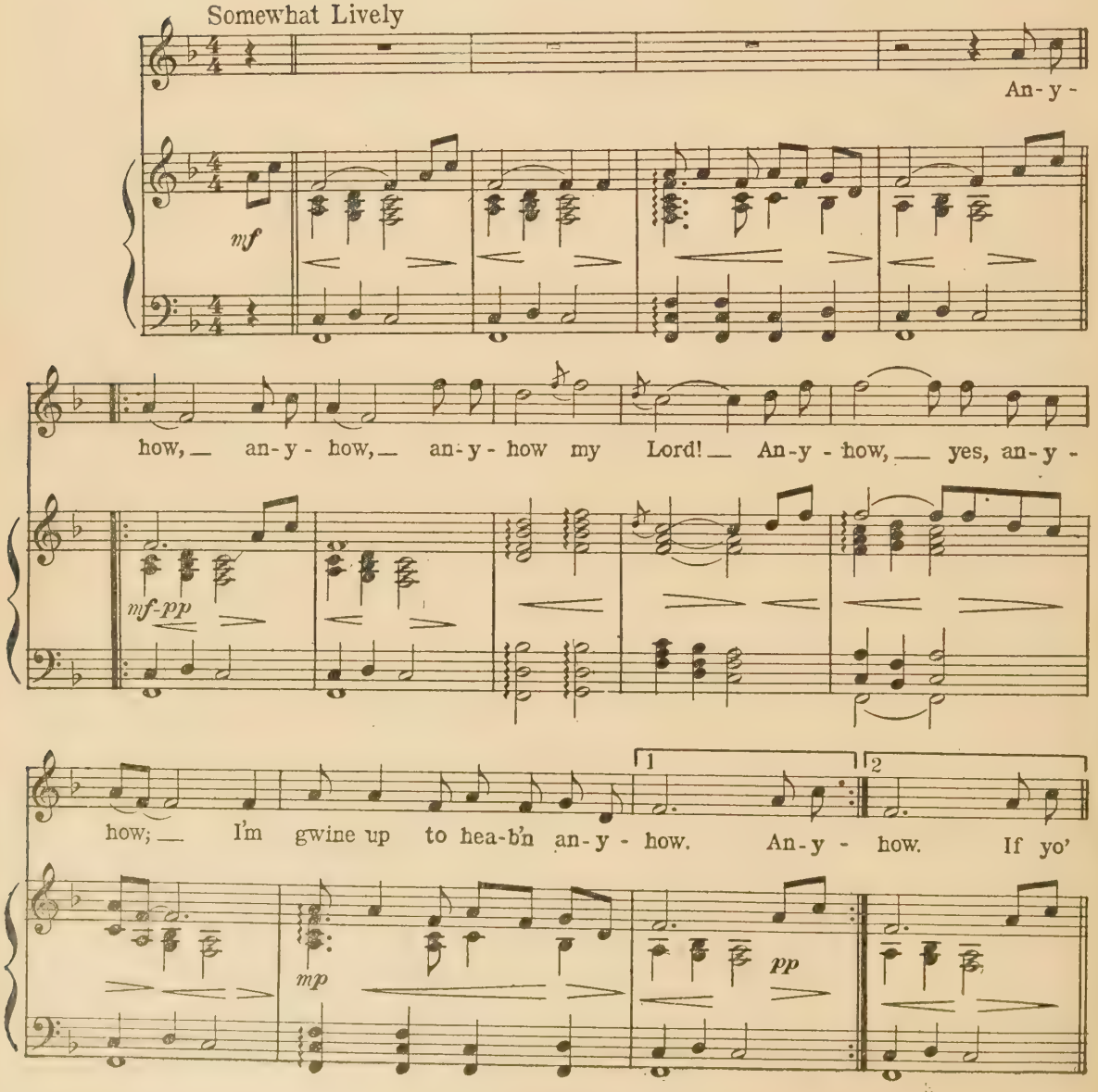
To Mr. Walter F. White

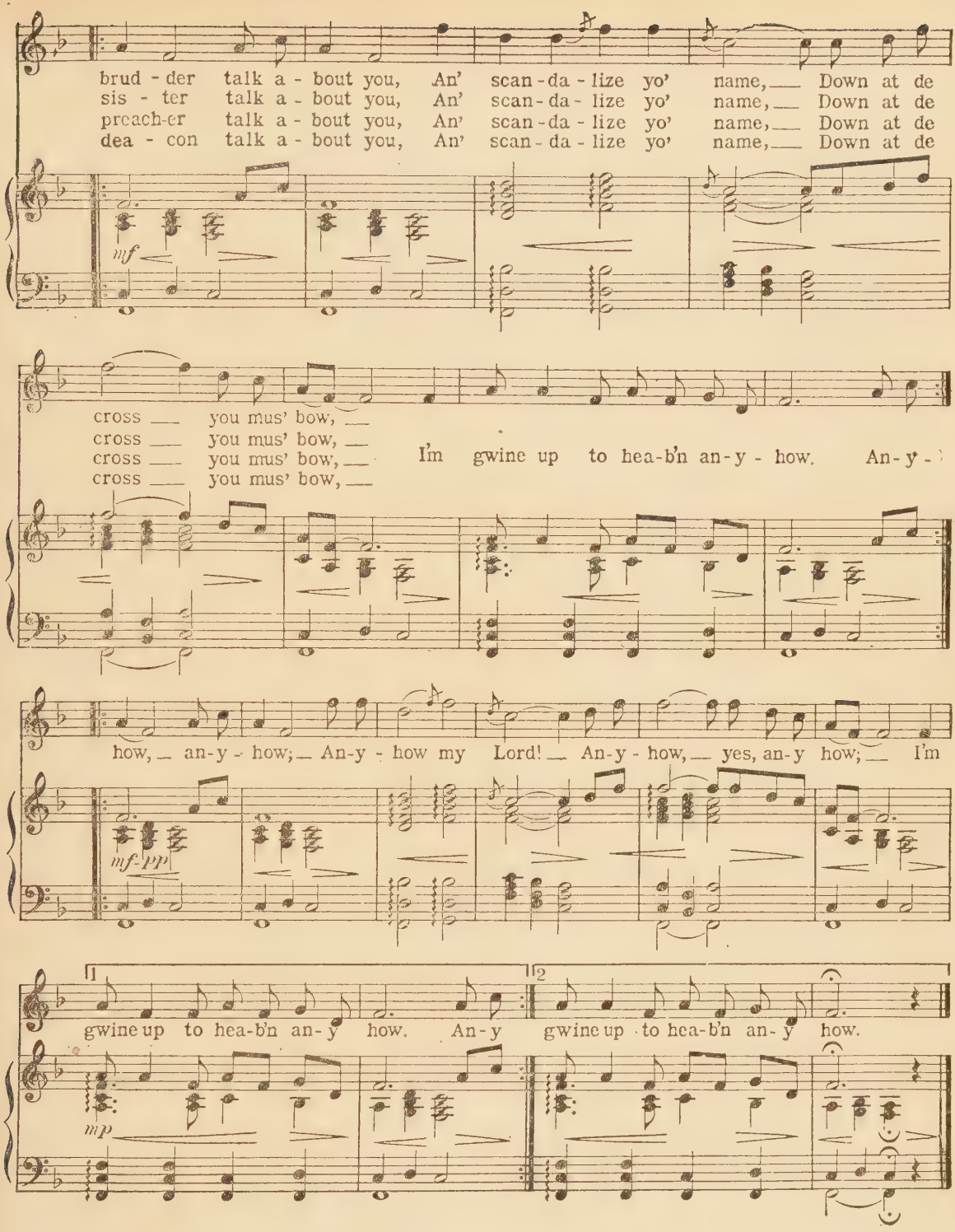



name him King — Je - sus, Yes, Lord! Name him King — Je - sus,
name him Might - y Couns'-lor, Yes, Lord! Name him Might - y Couns'-lor,
where — was he born? — Yes, Lord! Where — was he born? —
born — in a man - ger, Yes, Lord! Born — in a man - ger,
wf - pp
Yes, my Lord; Name him King — Je - sus, Yes, Lord! De
Yes, my Lord; Name him Might - y Couns'-lor, Yes, Lord! De
Yes, my Lord; Where — was he born? — Yes, Lord! De
Yes, my Lord; Born — in a man - ger, Yes, Lord! De
1
2
peo - ple keep - a com - in' an' de train done gone. She,
peo - ple keep - a com - in' an' de train done gone. Oh,
peo - ple keep - a com - in' an' de train done gone. Oh,
peo - ple keep - a com - in' an' de train done gone.
pp

I'M GWINE UP TO HEAB'N ANYHOW

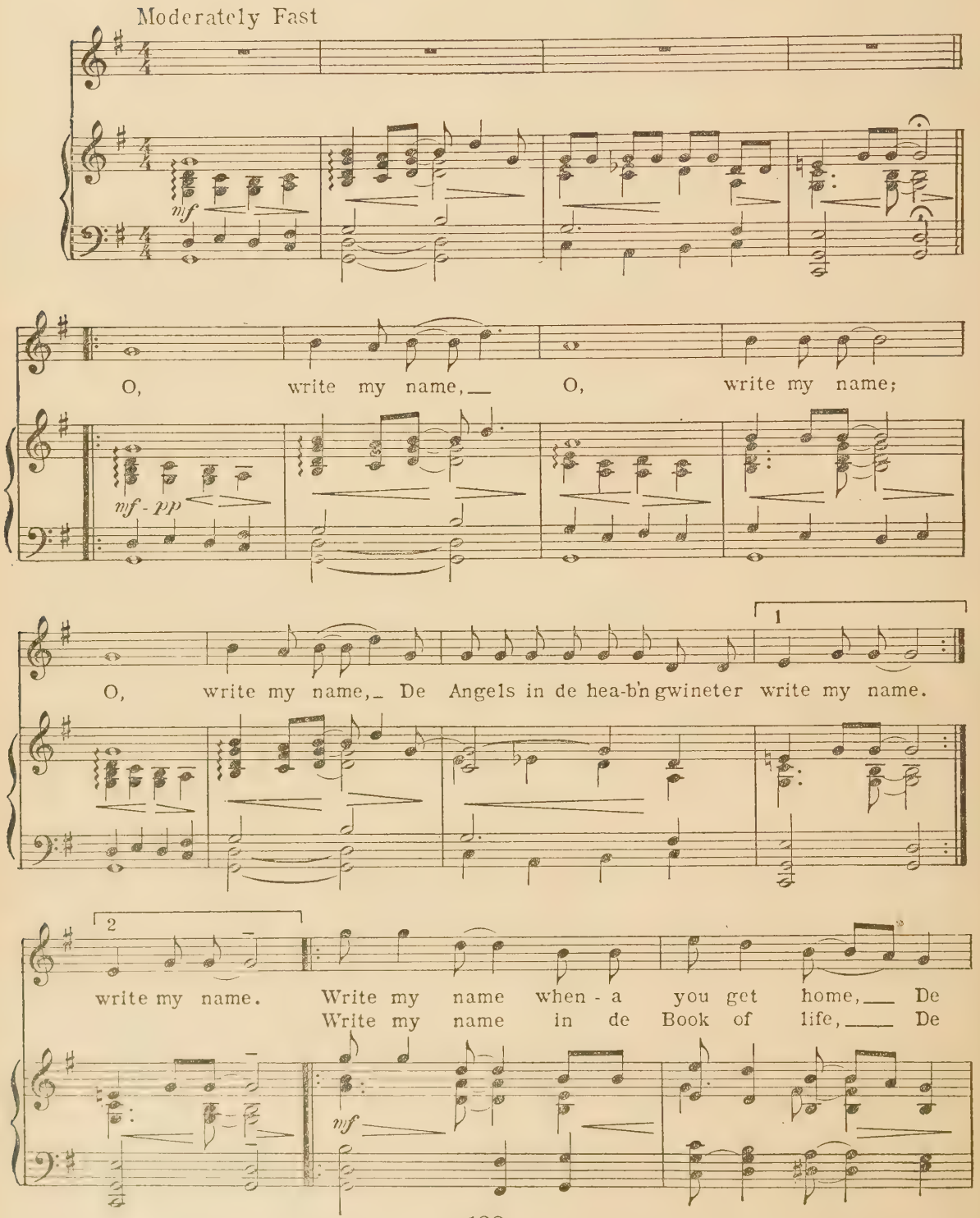
To my sister Grace Nail Johnson

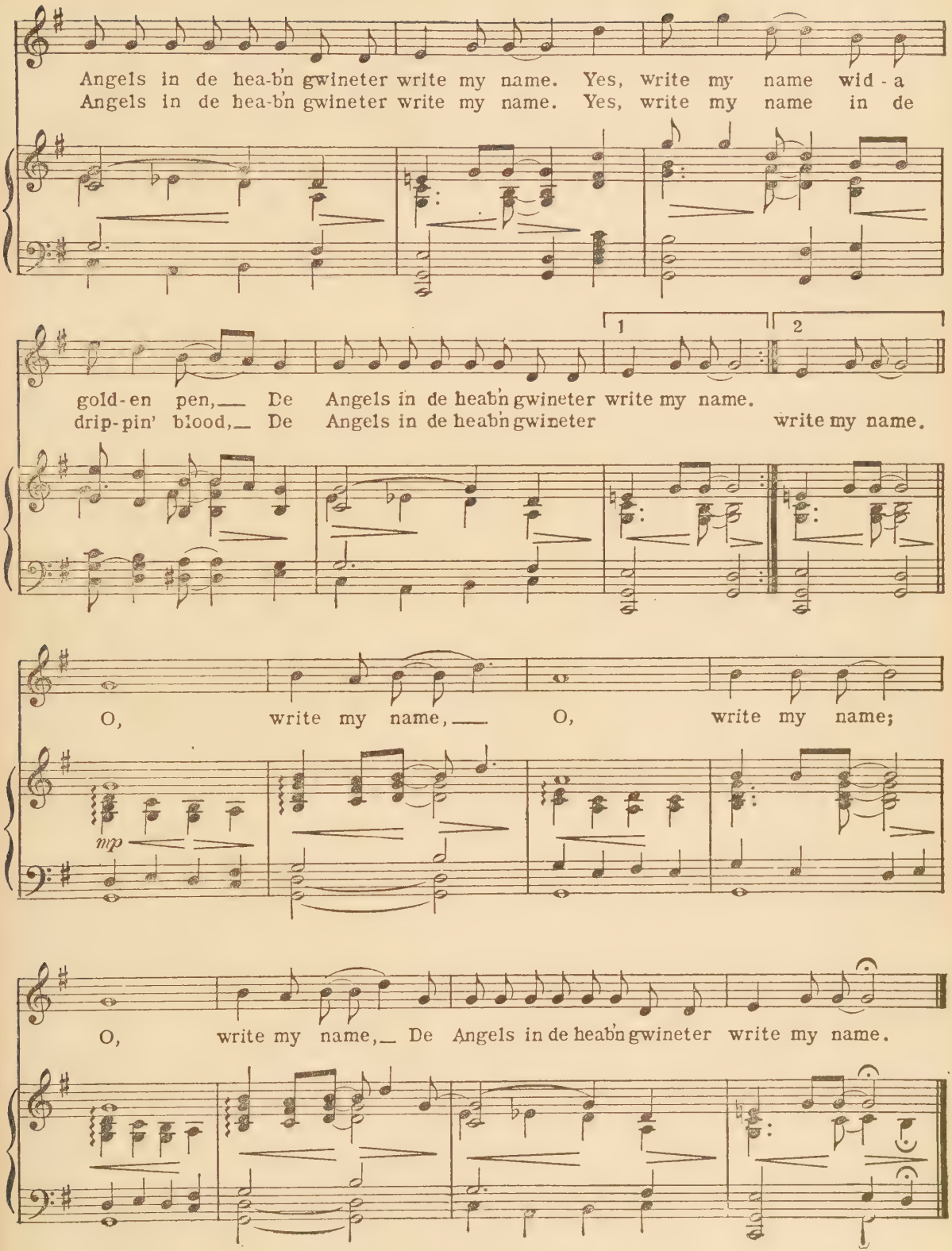



brud - der talk a - bout you, An' scan - da - lize yo' name, Down at de
sis - ter talk a - bout you, An' scan - da - lize yo' name, Down at de
preach-er talk a - bout you, An' scan - da - lize yo' name, Down at de
dea - con talk a - bout you, An' scan - da - lize yo' name, Down at de
mf
cross you mus' bow,
cross you mus' bow,
cross you mus' bow,
cross you mus' bow,
I'm gwine up to hea-b'n an-y - how. An-y -
how, an-y - how; An-y - how my Lord! An-y - how, yes, an-y how; I'm
mf-pp
1
gwine up to hea-b'n an-y how. An-y
2
gwine up to hea-b'n an-y how.
mp

DE ANGELS IN HEAB'N GWINETER WRITE MY NAME

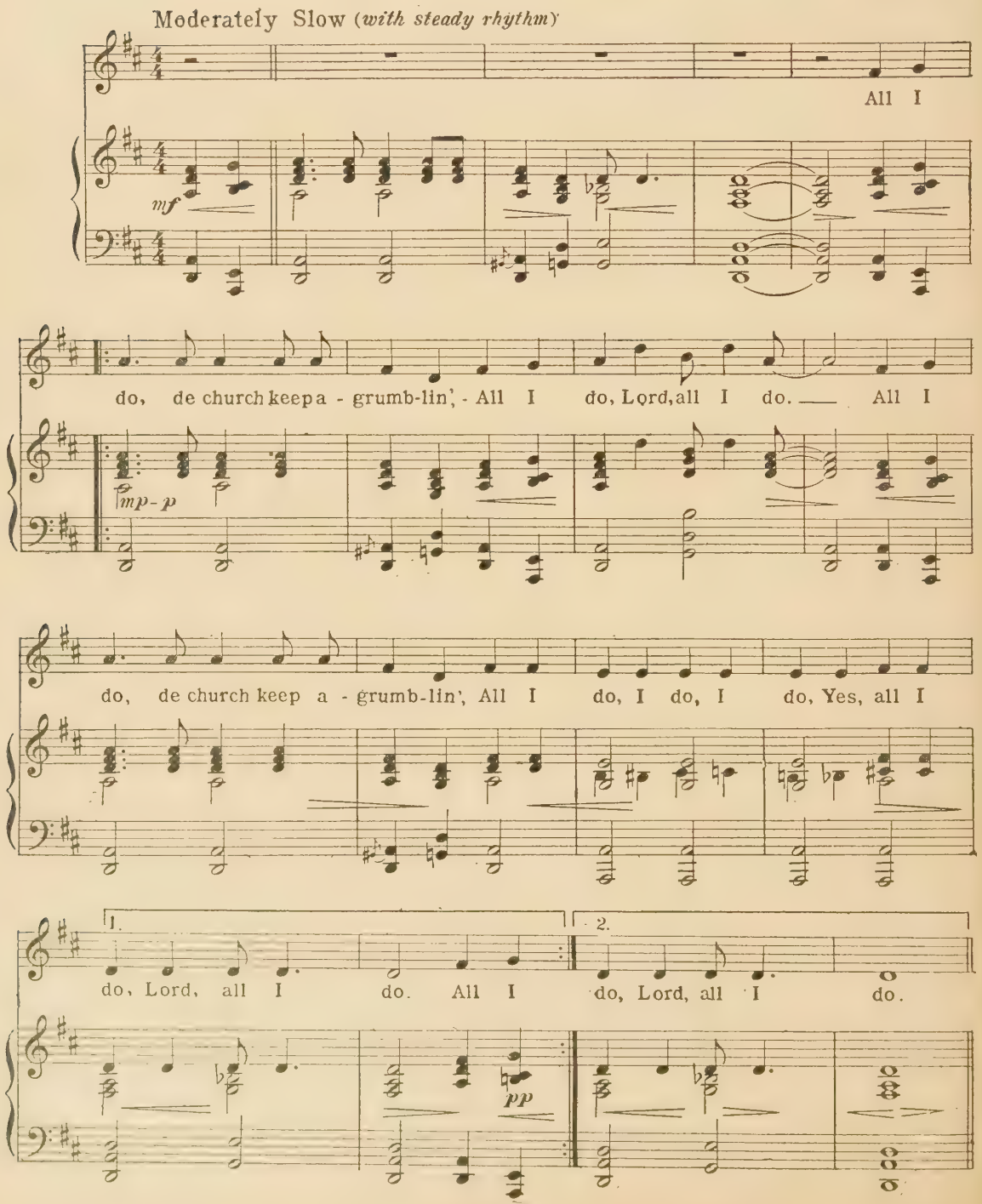
To Mr. Edward Wassermann

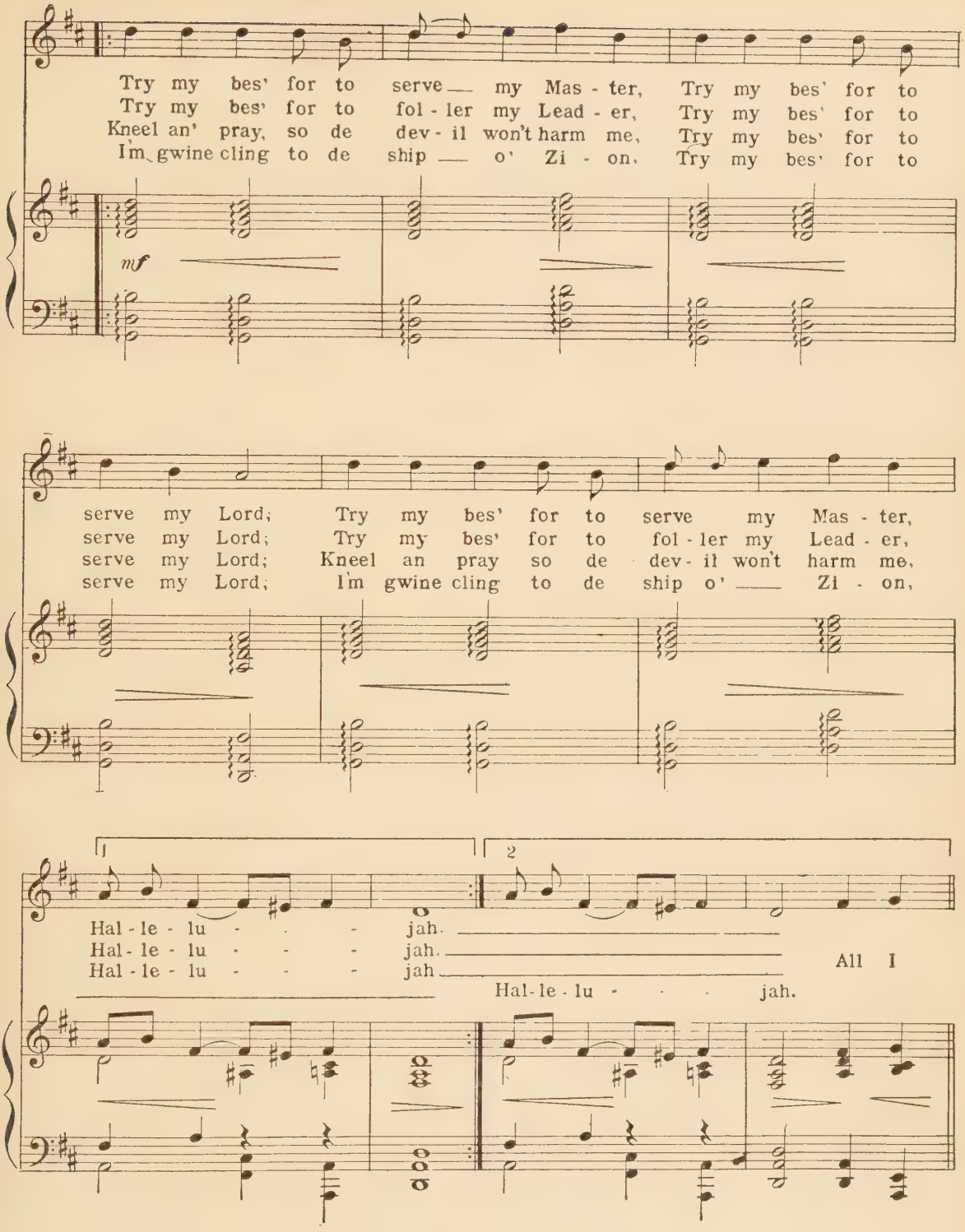


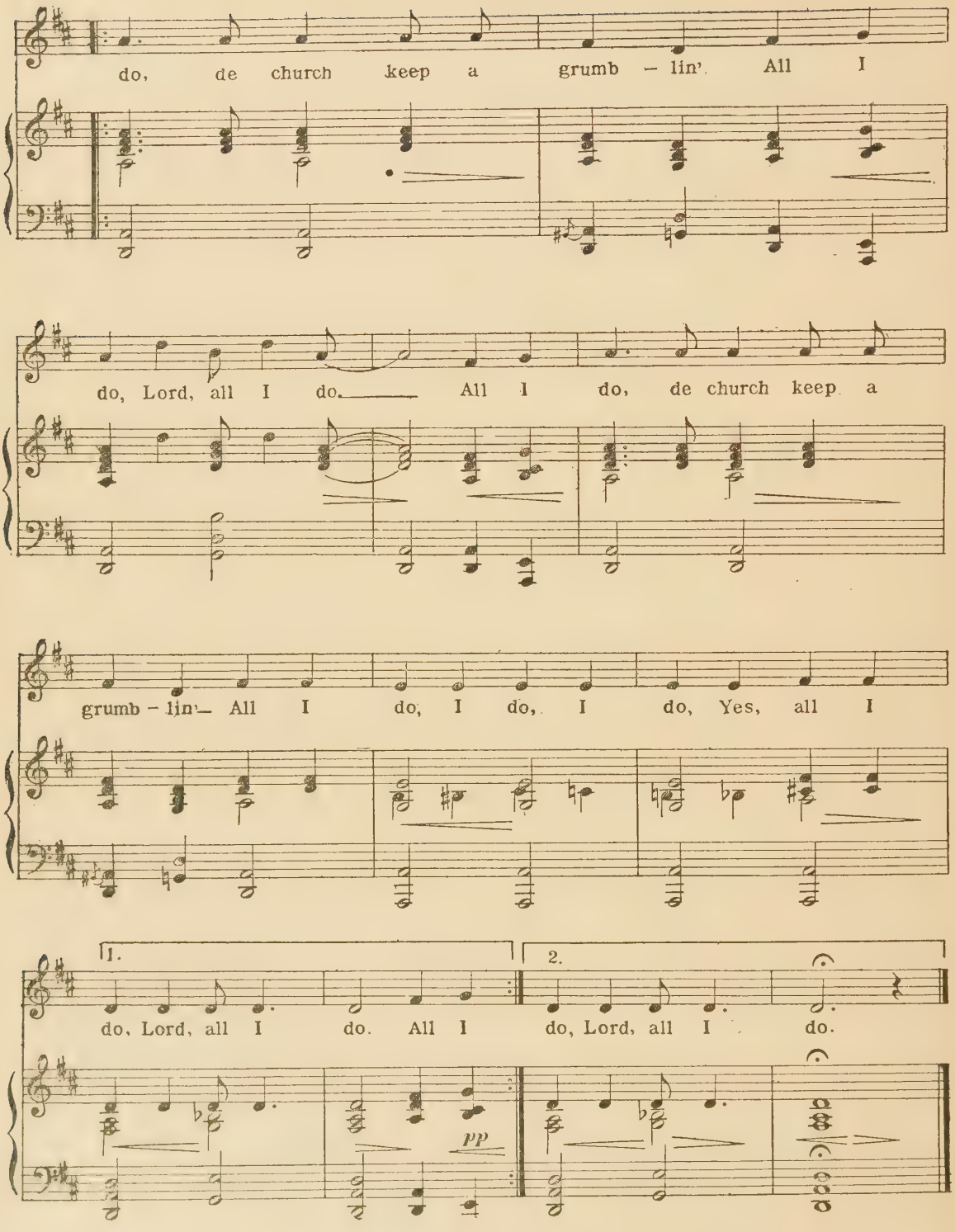

Angels in de hea-b'n gwineter write my name. Yes, write my name wid - a
Angels in de hea-b'n gwineter write my name. Yes, write my name in de
1
2
gold-en pen,__ De Angels in de heab'n gwineter write my name.
drip-pin' blood,__ De Angels in de heab'n gwineter write my name.
O, write my name,__ O, write my name;
mp
O, write my name,__ De Angels in de heab'n gwineter write my name.

ALL I DO, DE CHURCH KEEP A-GRUMBLIN'

To Mr. and Mrs. Alfred A. Knopf

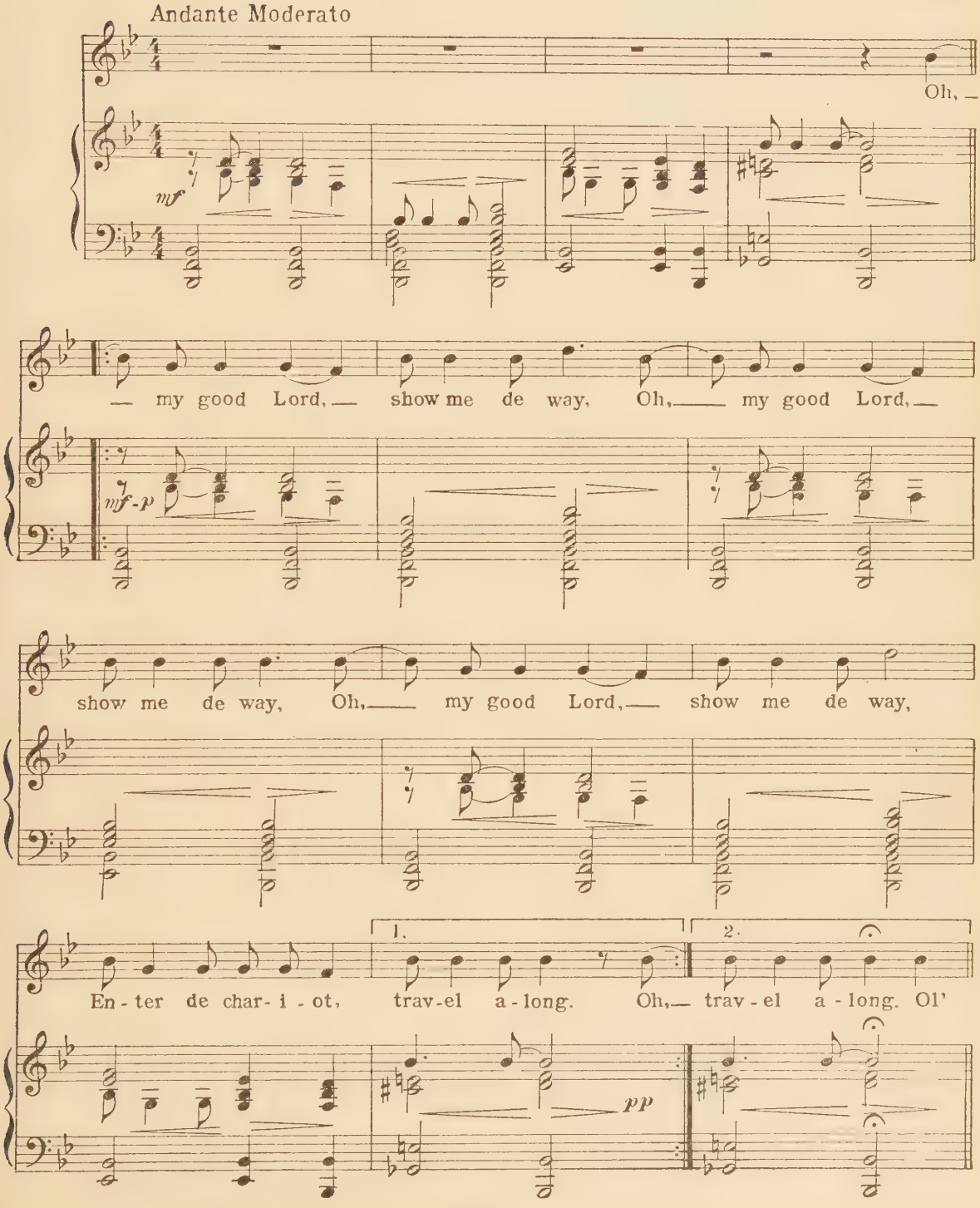


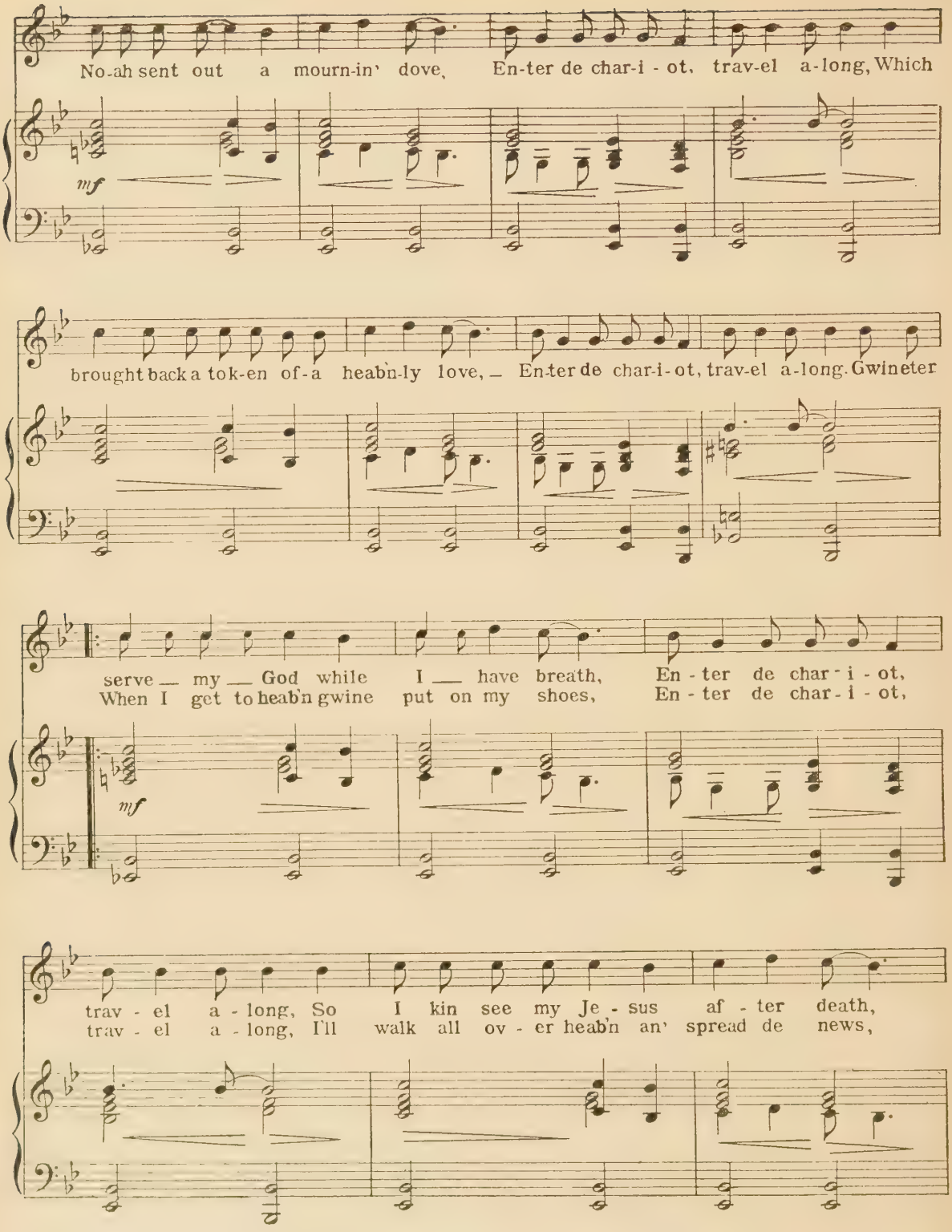

Try my bes' for to serve my Mas - ter, Try my bes' for to
Try my bes' for to fol - ler my Lead - er, Try my bes' for to
Kneel an' pray, so de dev - il won't harm me, Try my bes' for to
I'm gwine cling to de ship o' Zi - on, Try my bes' for to
mf
serve my Lord; Try my bes' for to serve my Mas - ter,
serve my Lord; Try my bes' for to fol - ler my Lead - er,
serve my Lord; Kneel an pray so de dev - il won't harm me,
serve my Lord; I'm gwine cling to de ship o' Zi - on,
1
2
Hal - le - lu - - - jah.
Hal - le - lu - - - jah.
Hal - le - lu - - - jah
All I
Hal-le - lu - - - jah.

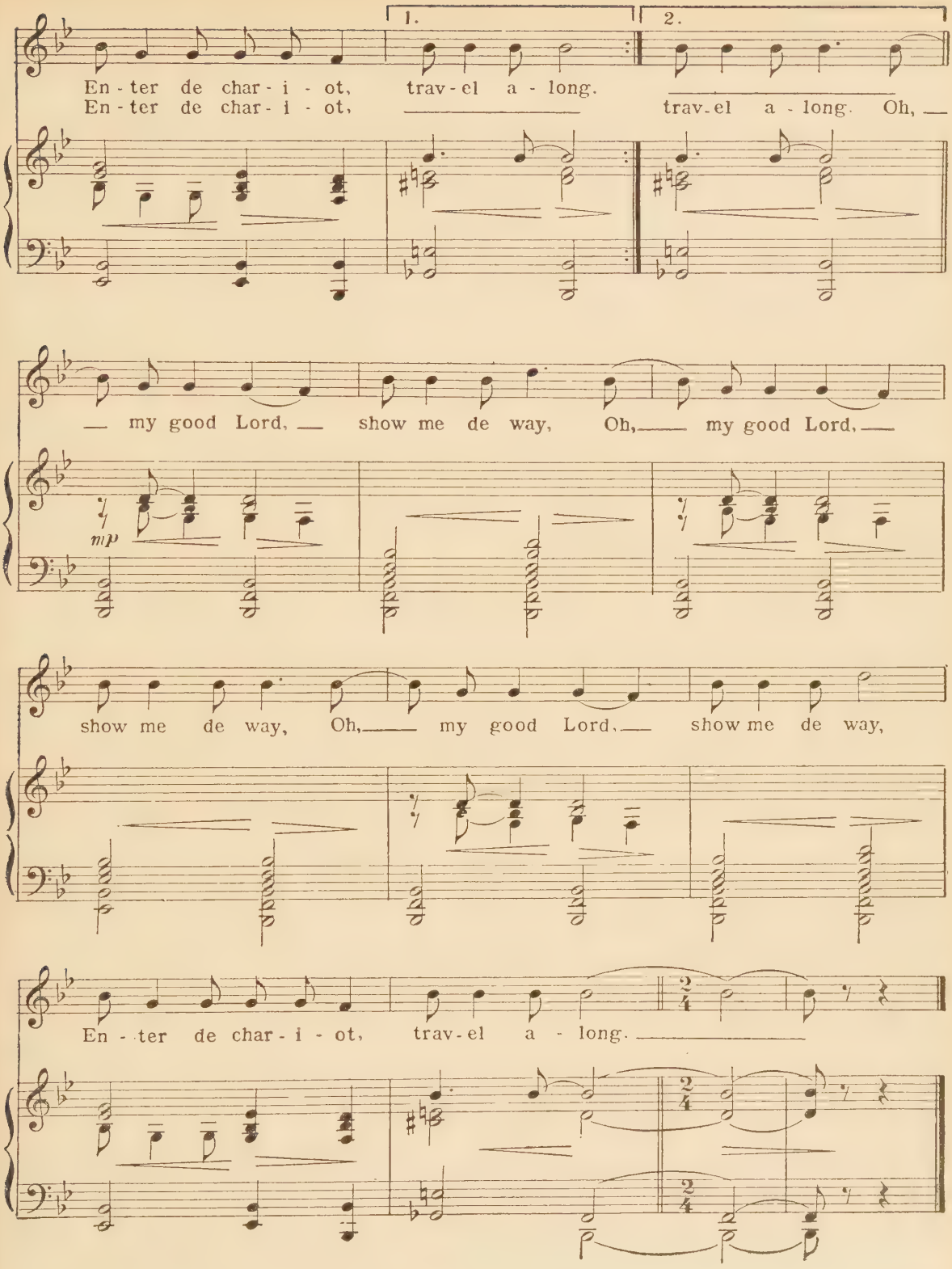

do, de church keep a grumb – lin'. All I
do, Lord, all I do. All I do, de church keep a
grumb – lin'. All I do, I do, I do, Yes, all I
1.
do, Lord, all I do. All I
2.
do, Lord, all I do.
pp

OH, MY GOOD LORD, SHOW ME DE WAY

To Mr. David Belasco

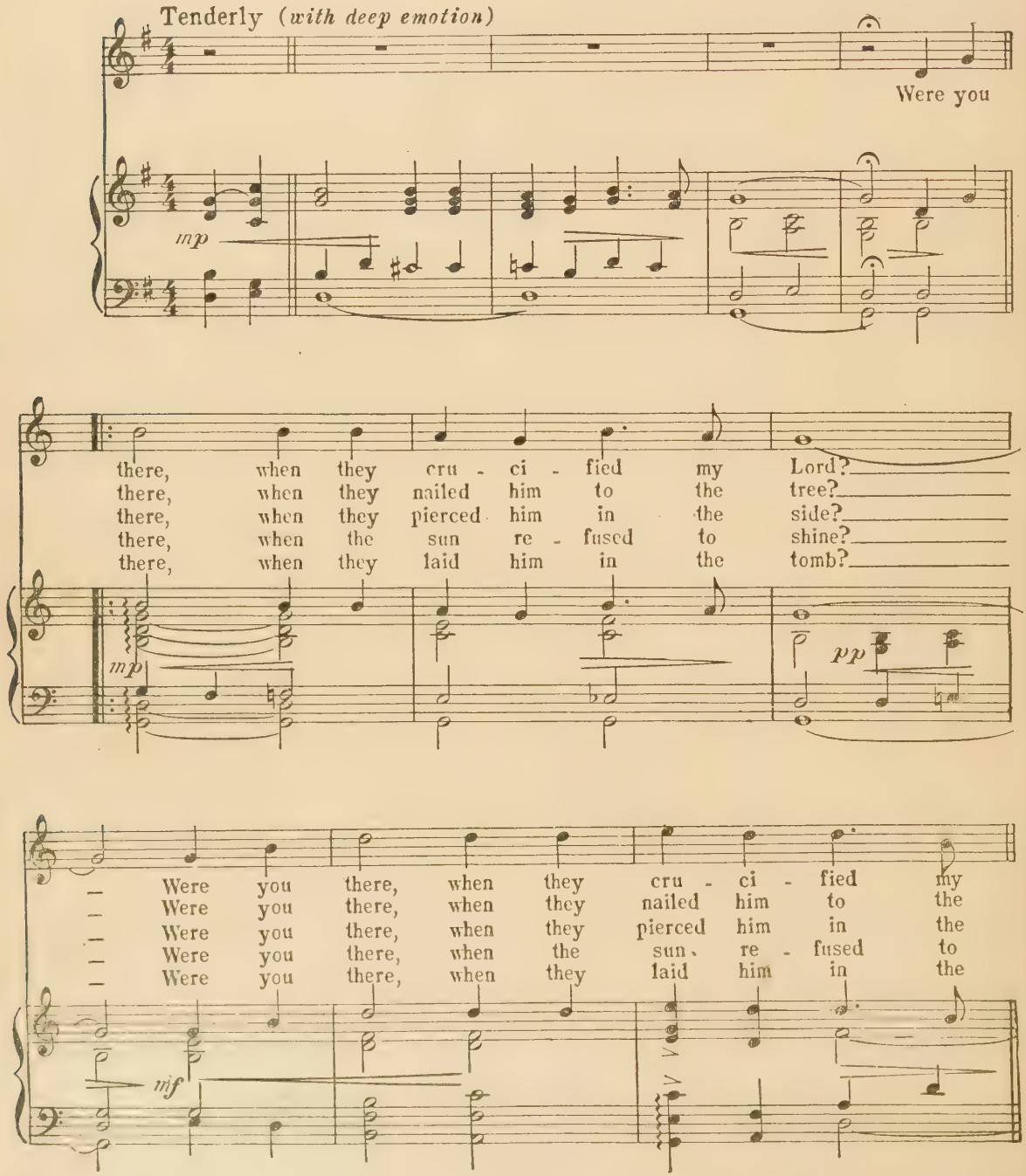


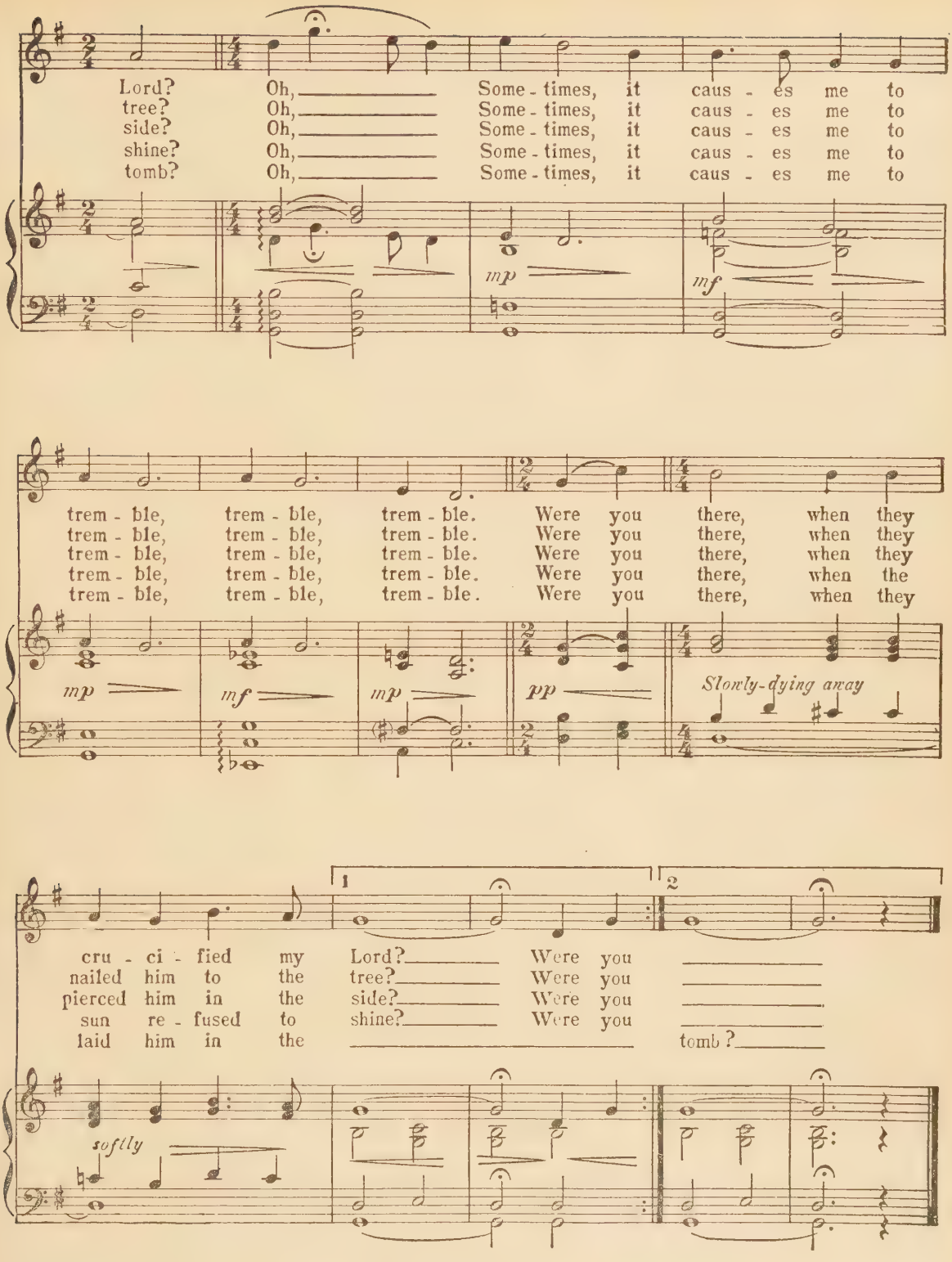

No-ah sent out a mourn-in' dove, En-ter de char-i - ot, trav-el a-long, Which
mf
brought back a tok-en of-a heab'n-ly love, — En-ter de char-i-ot, trav-el a-long. Gwine ter
serve — my — God while I — have breath, En - ter de char - i - ot,
When I get to heab'n gwine put on my shoes, En - ter de char - i - ot,
mf
trav - el a - long, So I kin see my Je - sus af - ter death,
trav - el a - long, I'll walk all ov - er heab'n an' spread de news,


1.
2.
En - ter de char - i - ot, trav - el a - long.
En - ter de char - i - ot, trav - el a - long. Oh, —
— my good Lord, — show me de way, Oh, — my good Lord, —
mp
show me de way, Oh, — my good Lord, — show me de way,
En - ter de char - i - ot, trav - el a - long.

WERE YOU THERE WHEN THEY CRUCIFIED MY LORD?

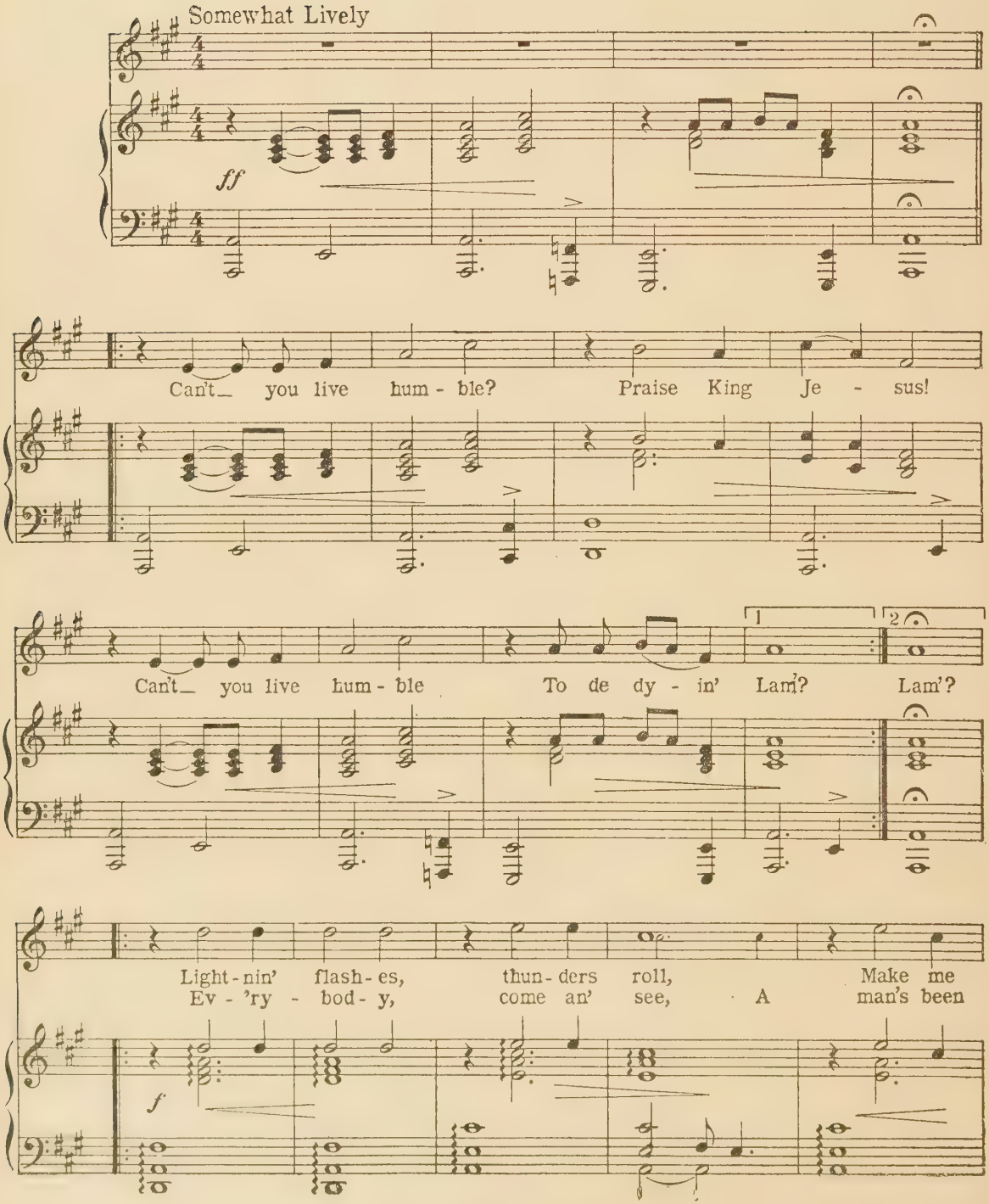
To Mr. Will Marion Cook

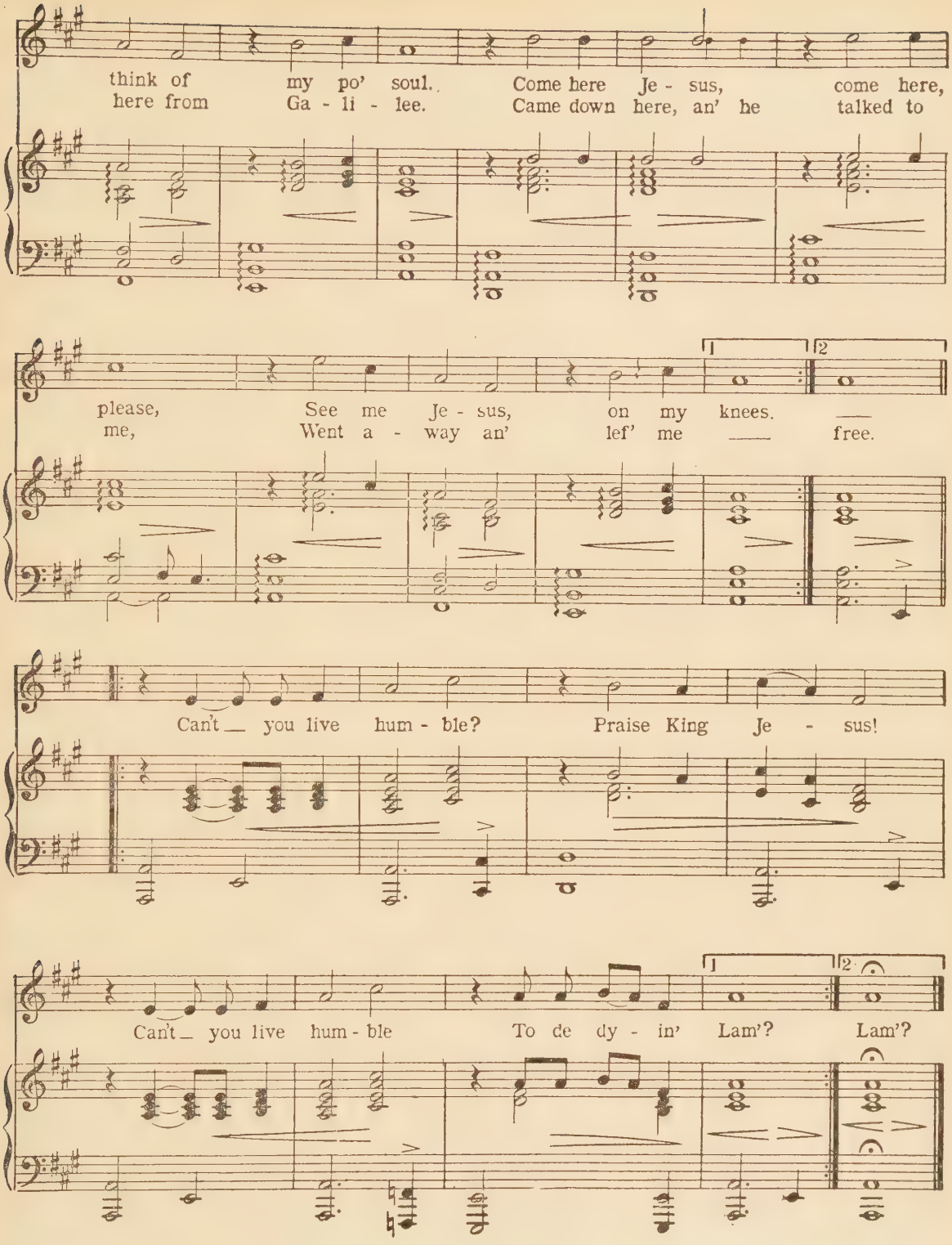



Lord? Oh, Some - times, it caus - es me to
tree? Oh, Some - times, it caus - es me to
side? Oh, Some - times, it caus - es me to
shine? Oh, Some - times, it caus - es me to
tomb? Oh, Some - times, it caus - es me to
mp
mf
trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble. Were you there, when they
trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble. Were you there, when they
trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble. Were you there, when they
trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble. Were you there, when the
trem - ble, trem - ble, trem - ble. Were you there, when they
mp
mf
mp
pp
Slowly-dying away
1
2
cru - ci - fied my Lord? Were you
nailed him to the tree? Were you
pierced him in the side? Were you
sun re - fused to shine? Were you
laid him in the tomb?
softly

CAN'T YOU LIVE HUMBLE?

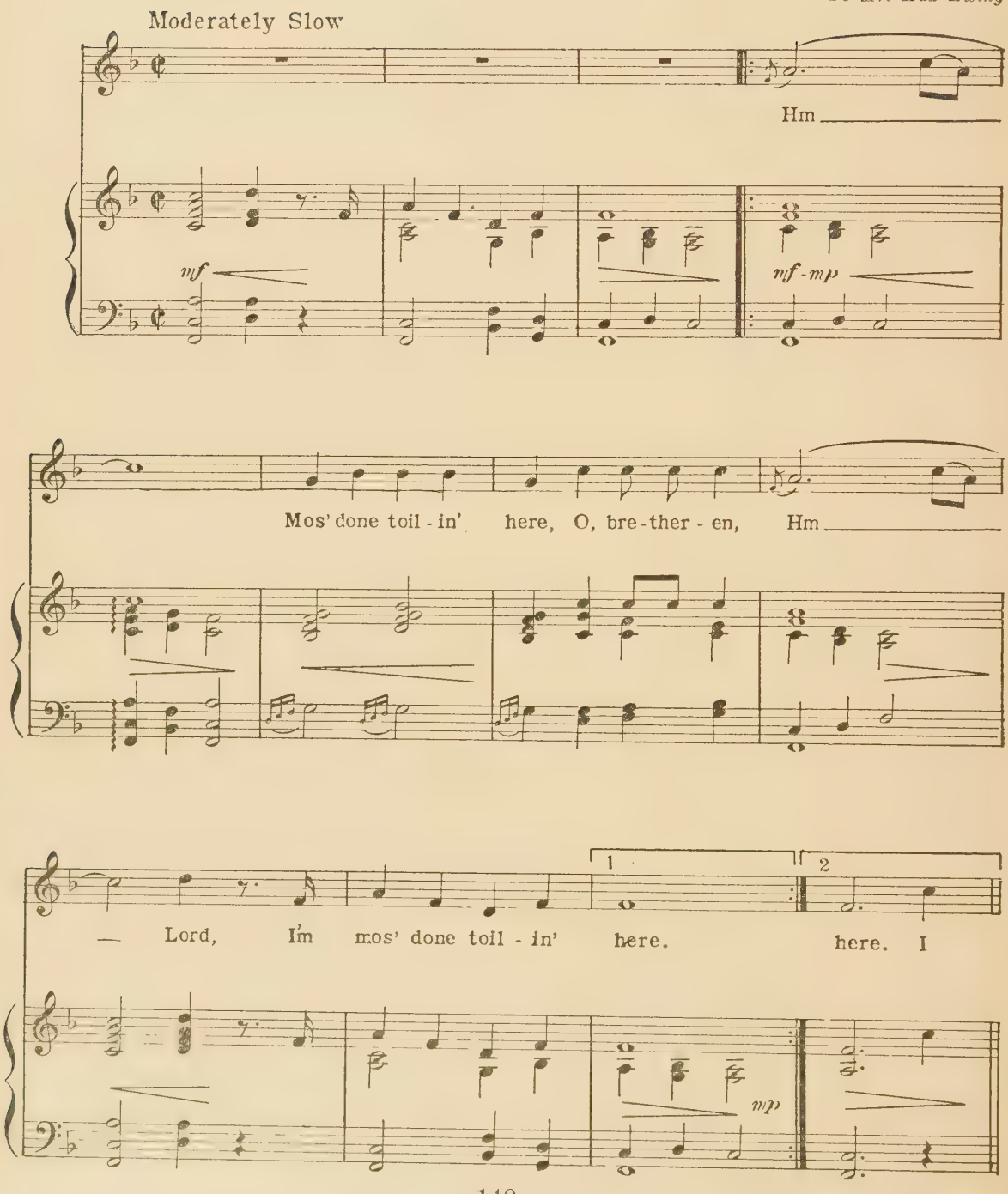
To Mrs. Muriel Draper

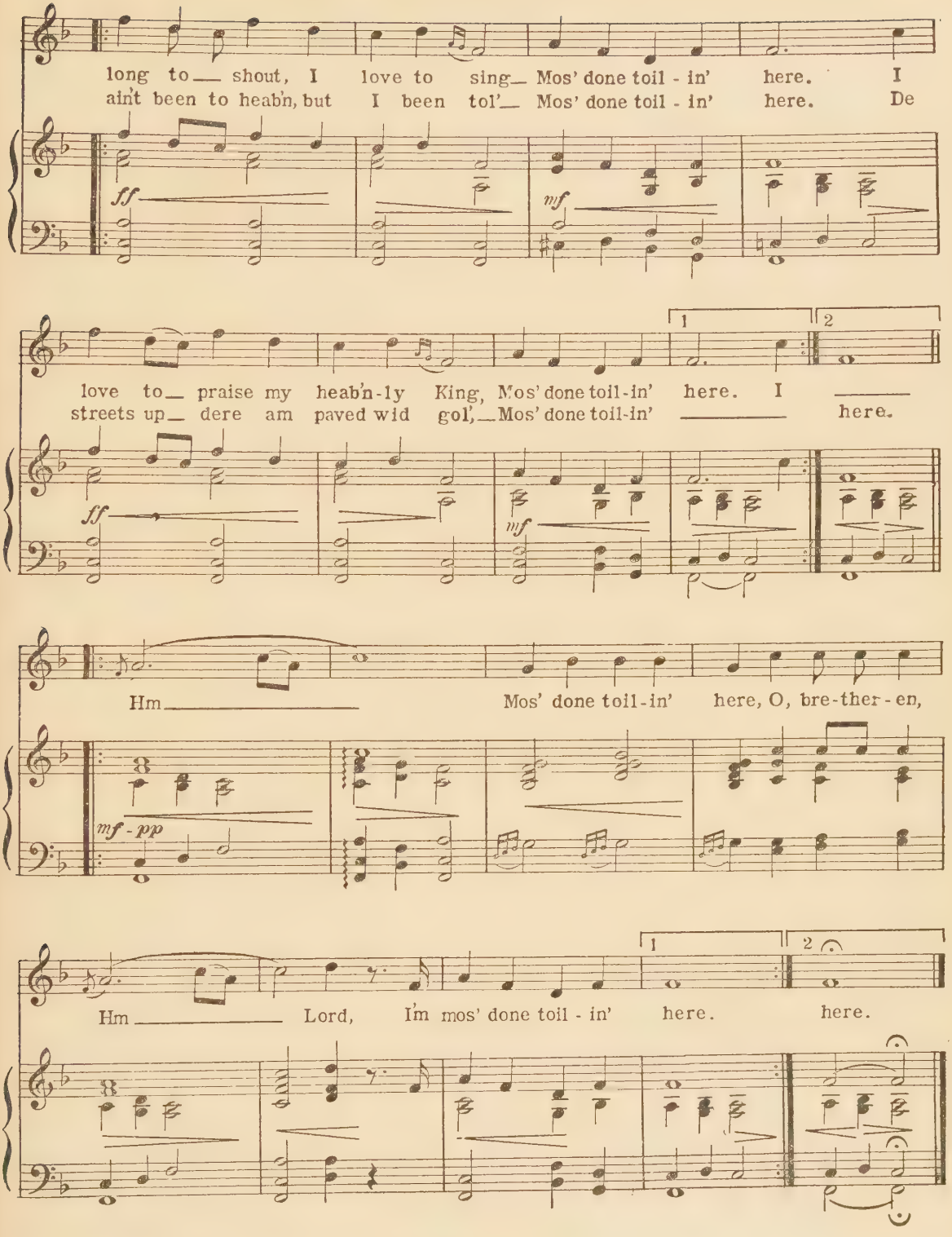



think of my po' soul. Come here Je - sus, come here,
here from Ga - li - lee. Came down here, an' he talked to
please, See me Je - sus, on my knees.
me, Went a - way an' lef' me free.
Can't you live hum - ble? Praise King Je - sus!
Can't you live hum - ble To de dy - in' Lam'? Lam'?

MOS' DONE TOILIN' HERE

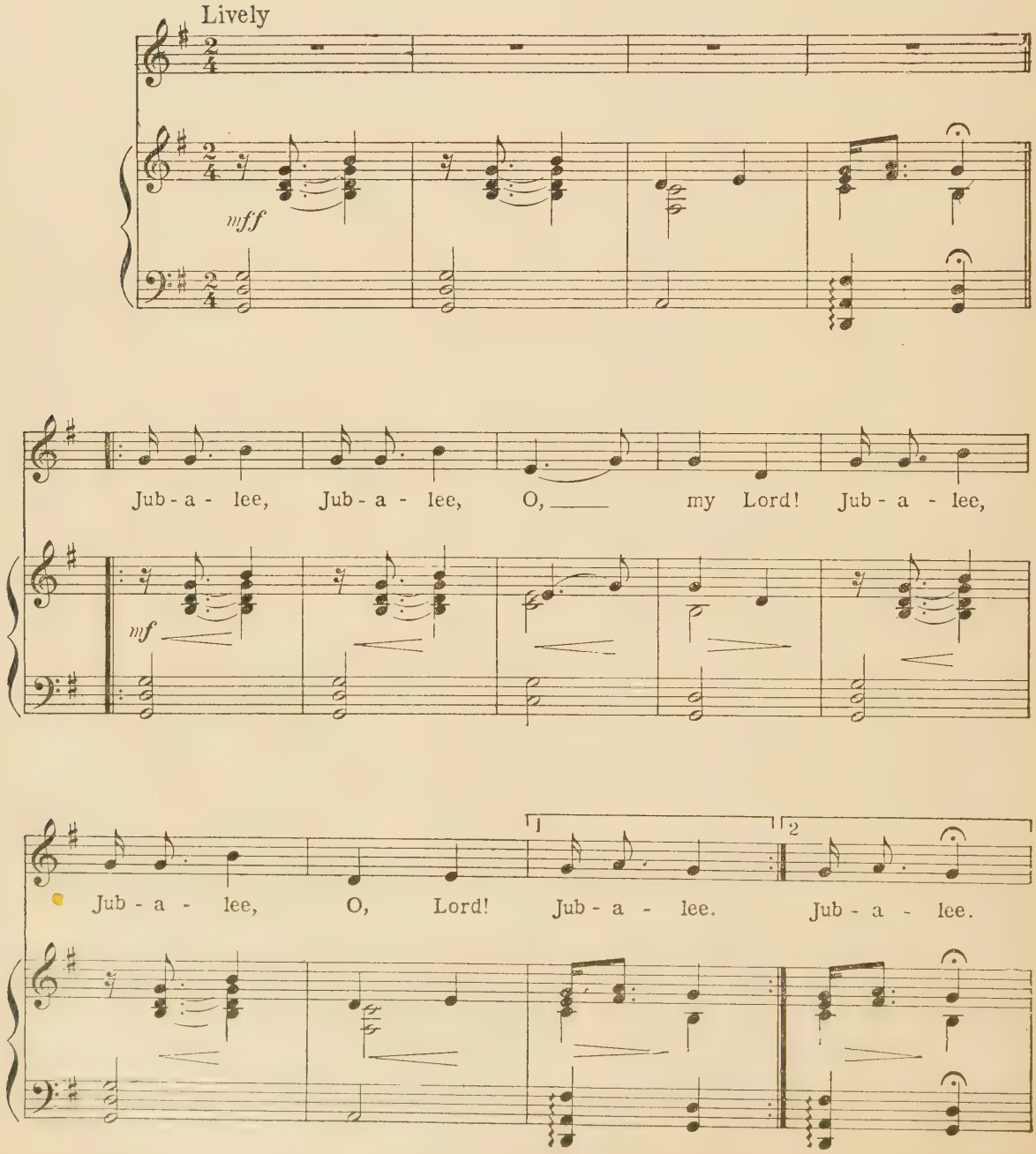
To Mr. Max Ewing

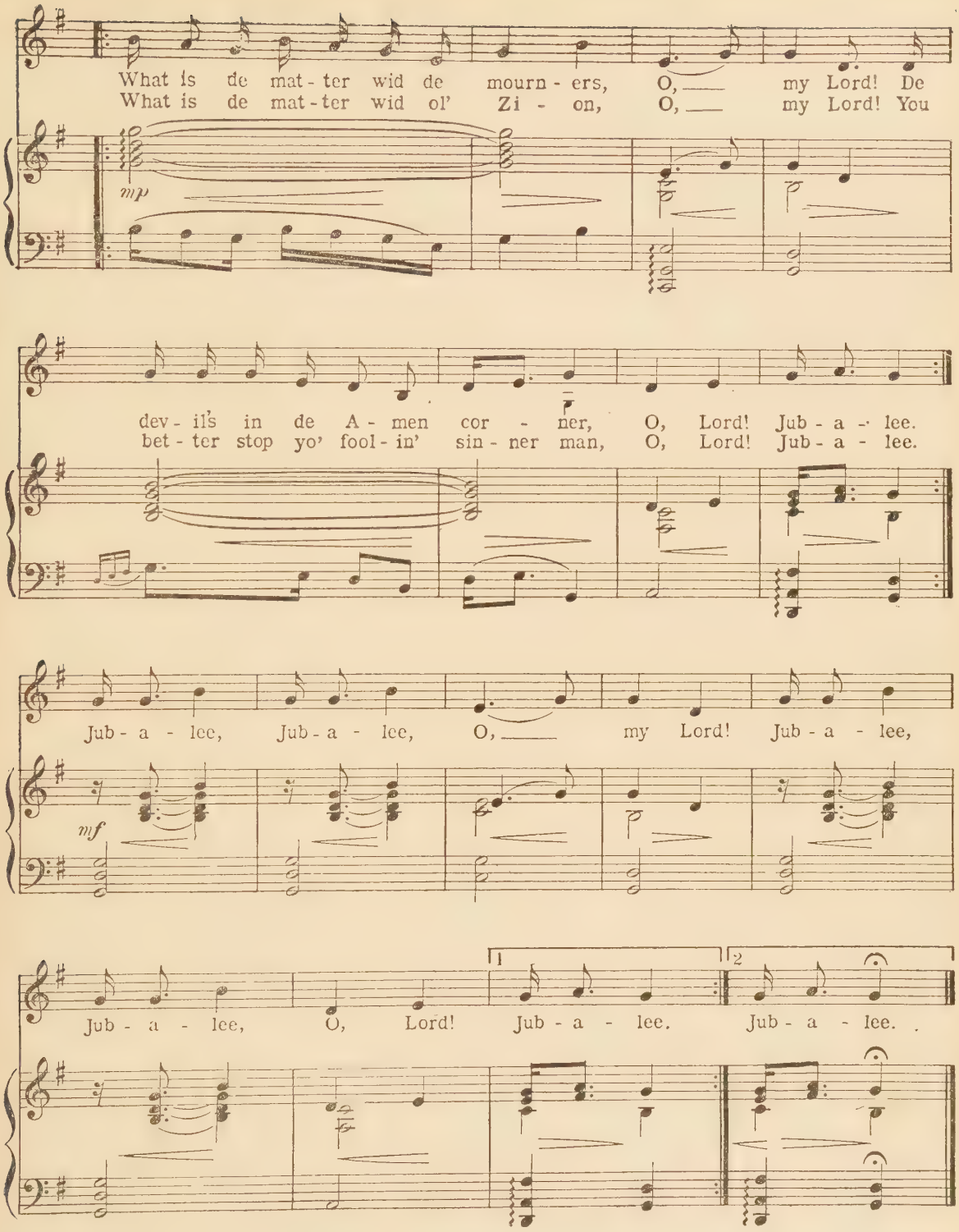



long to— shout, I love to sing— Mos' done toil - in' here. I
ain't been to heab'n, but I been tol'— Mos' done toil - in' here. De
ff
mf
1
2
love to— praise my heab'n-ly King, Mos' done toil-in' here. I
streets up— dere am paved wid gol',—Mos' done toil-in' here.
ff
mf
Hm Mos' done toil-in' here, O, bre-ther-en,
mf - pp
1
2
Hm Lord, I'm mos' done toil - in' here. here.

JUBALEE
(OR WHAT IS DE MATTER WID DE MOURNERS)

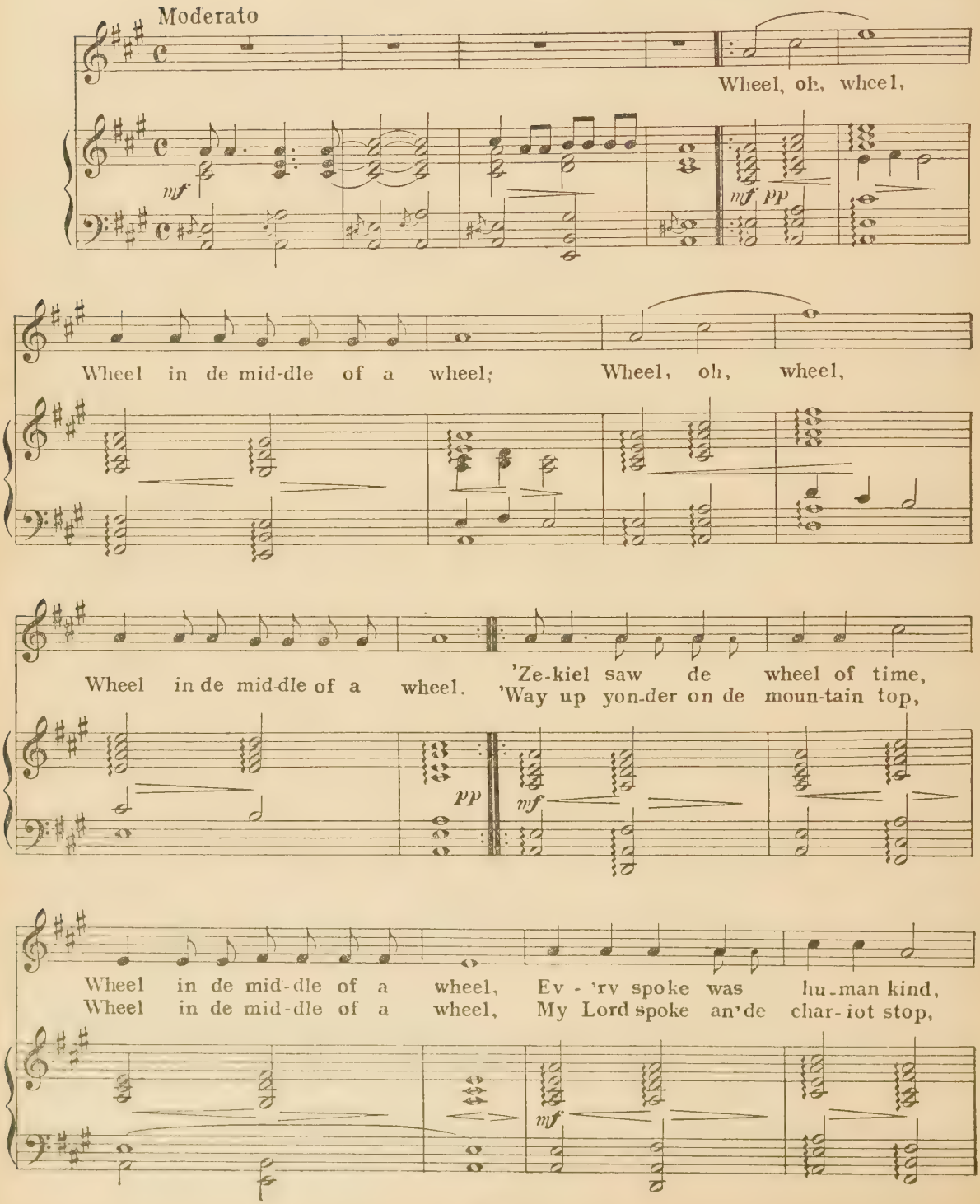
To my daughter Mildred

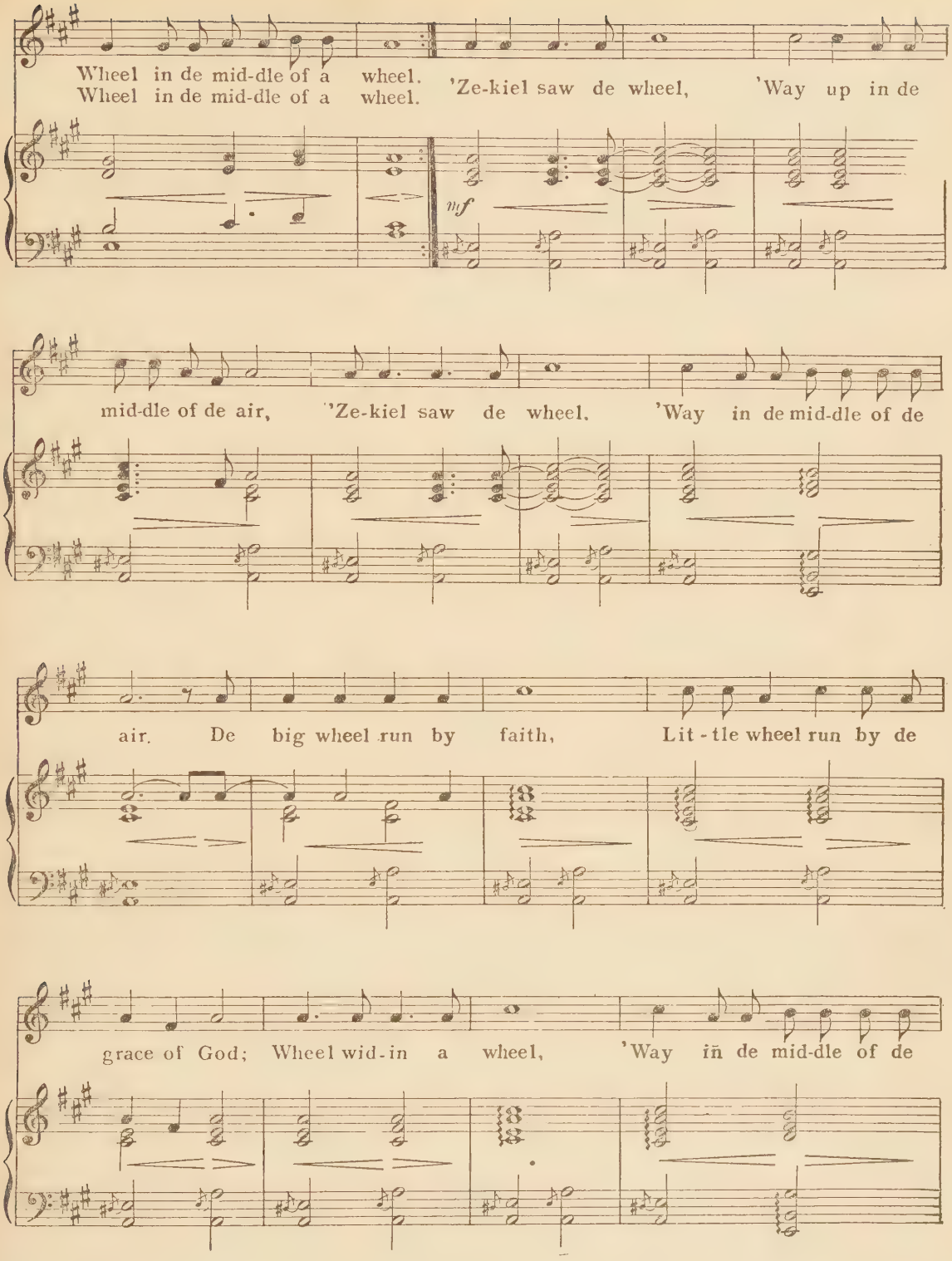


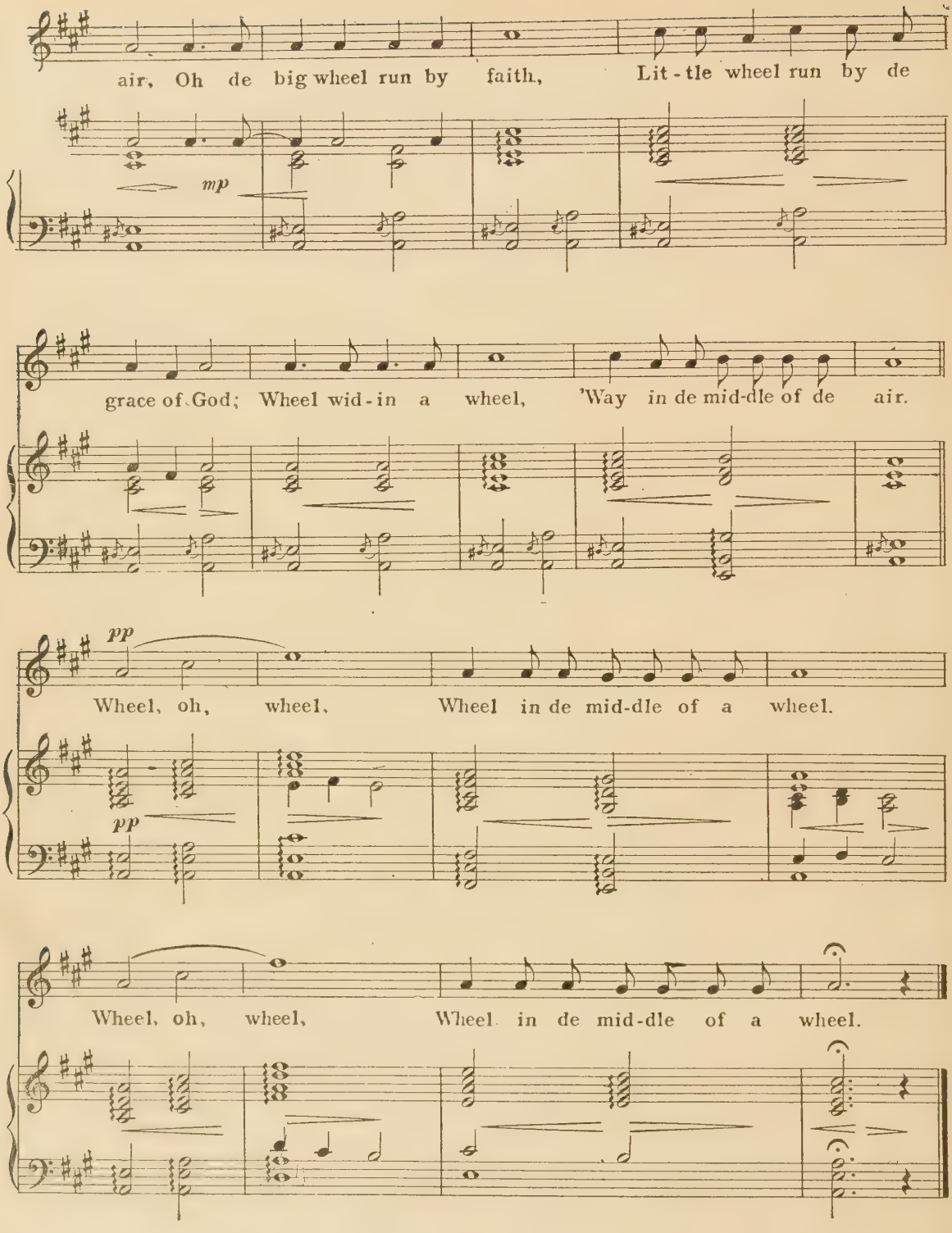

What is de mat-ter wid de mourn-ers, O, my Lord! De
What is de mat-ter wid ol' Zi-on, O, my Lord! You
mp
dev-il's in de A-men cor-ner, O, Lord! Jub-a-lee.
bet-ter stop yo' fool-in' sin-ner man, O, Lord! Jub-a-lee.
Jub-a-lee, Jub-a-lee, O, my Lord! Jub-a-lee,
mf
1
2
Jub-a-lee, O, Lord! Jub-a-lee. Jub-a-lee.

'ZEKIEL SAW DE WHEEL

To my wife, Nora E. Johnson

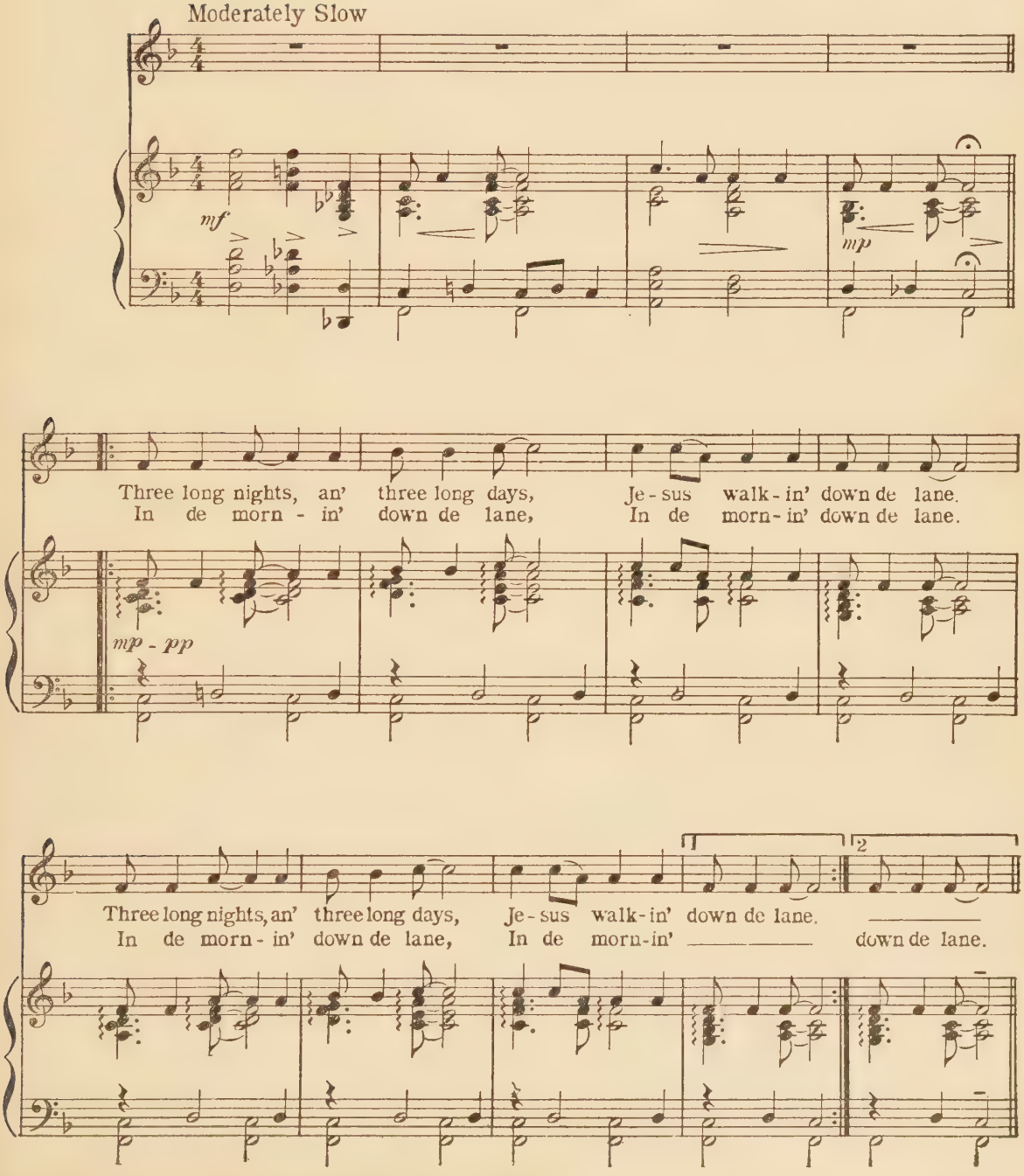


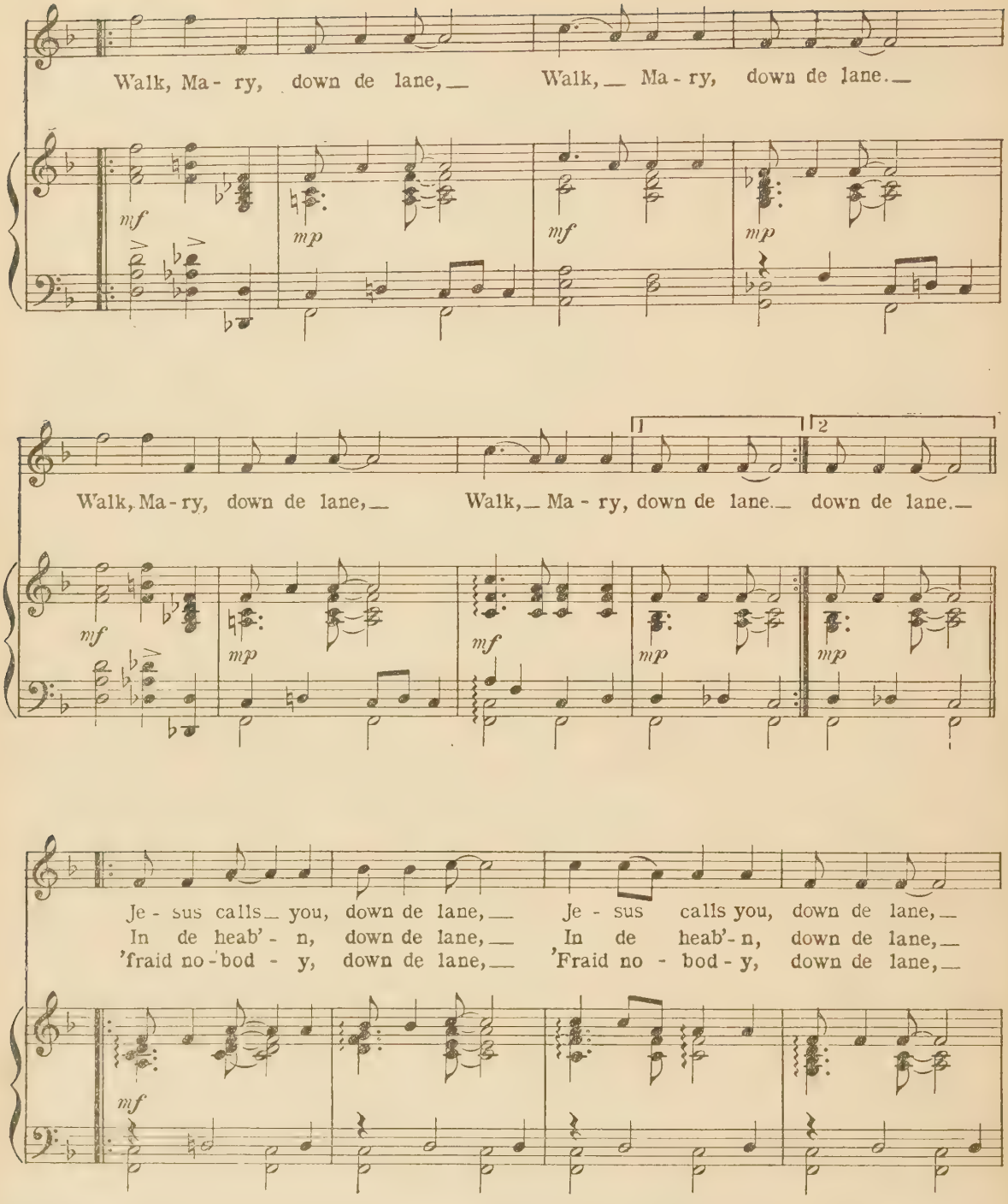

Wheel in de mid-dle of a wheel.
Wheel in de mid-dle of a wheel.
'Ze-kiel saw de wheel, 'Way up in de
mf
mid-dle of de air, 'Ze-kiel saw de wheel, 'Way in de mid-dle of de
air. De big wheel run by faith, Lit-tle wheel run by de
grace of God; Wheel wid-in a wheel, 'Way in de mid-dle of de

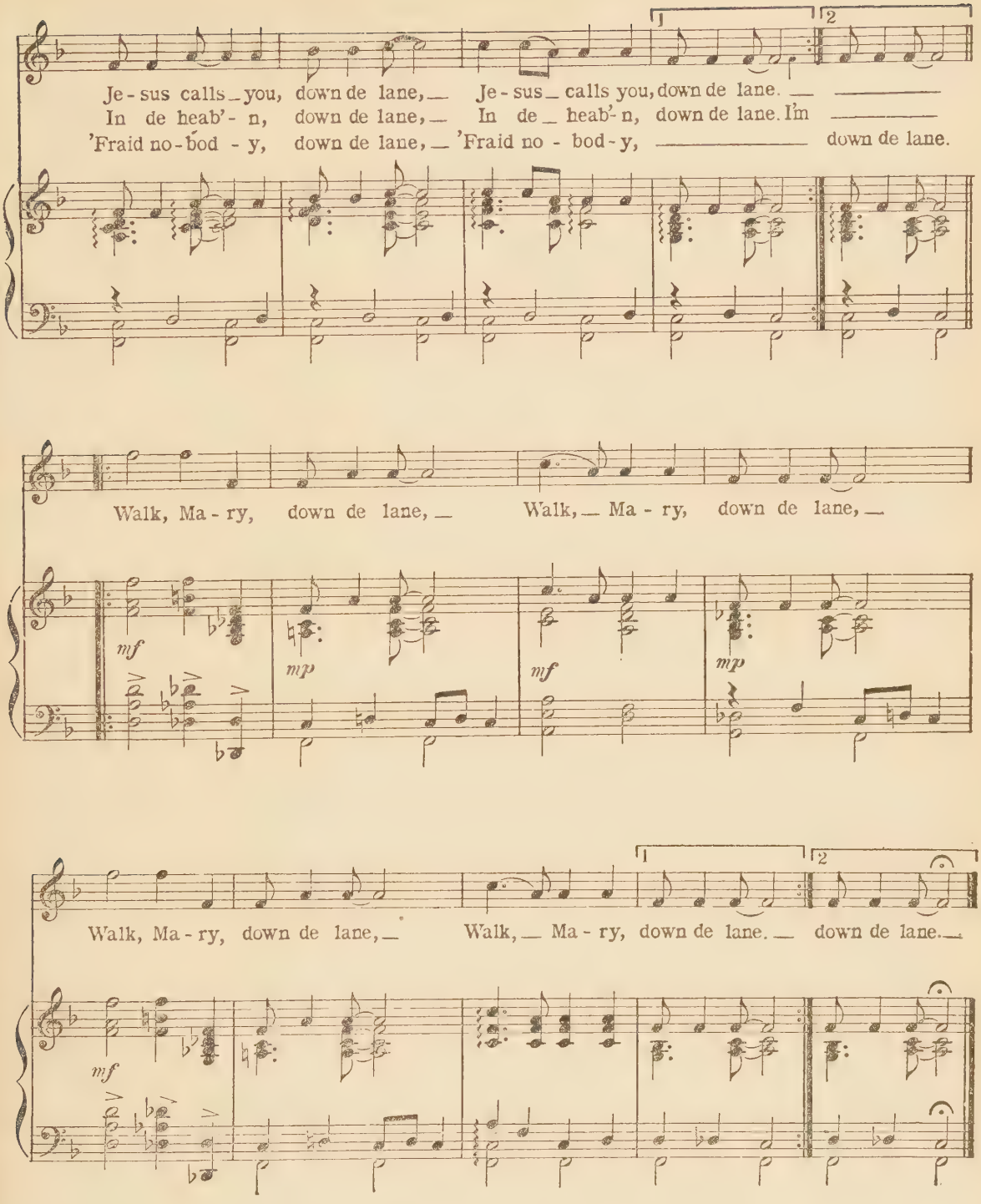

air, Oh de big wheel run by faith, Lit-tle wheel run by de
mp
grace of God; Wheel wid-in a wheel, 'Way in de mid-dle of de air.
pp
Wheel, oh, wheel, Wheel in de mid-dle of a wheel.
pp
Wheel, oh, wheel, Wheel in de mid-dle of a wheel.

WALK, MARY, DOWN DE LANE

To the memory of Ernest Hogan

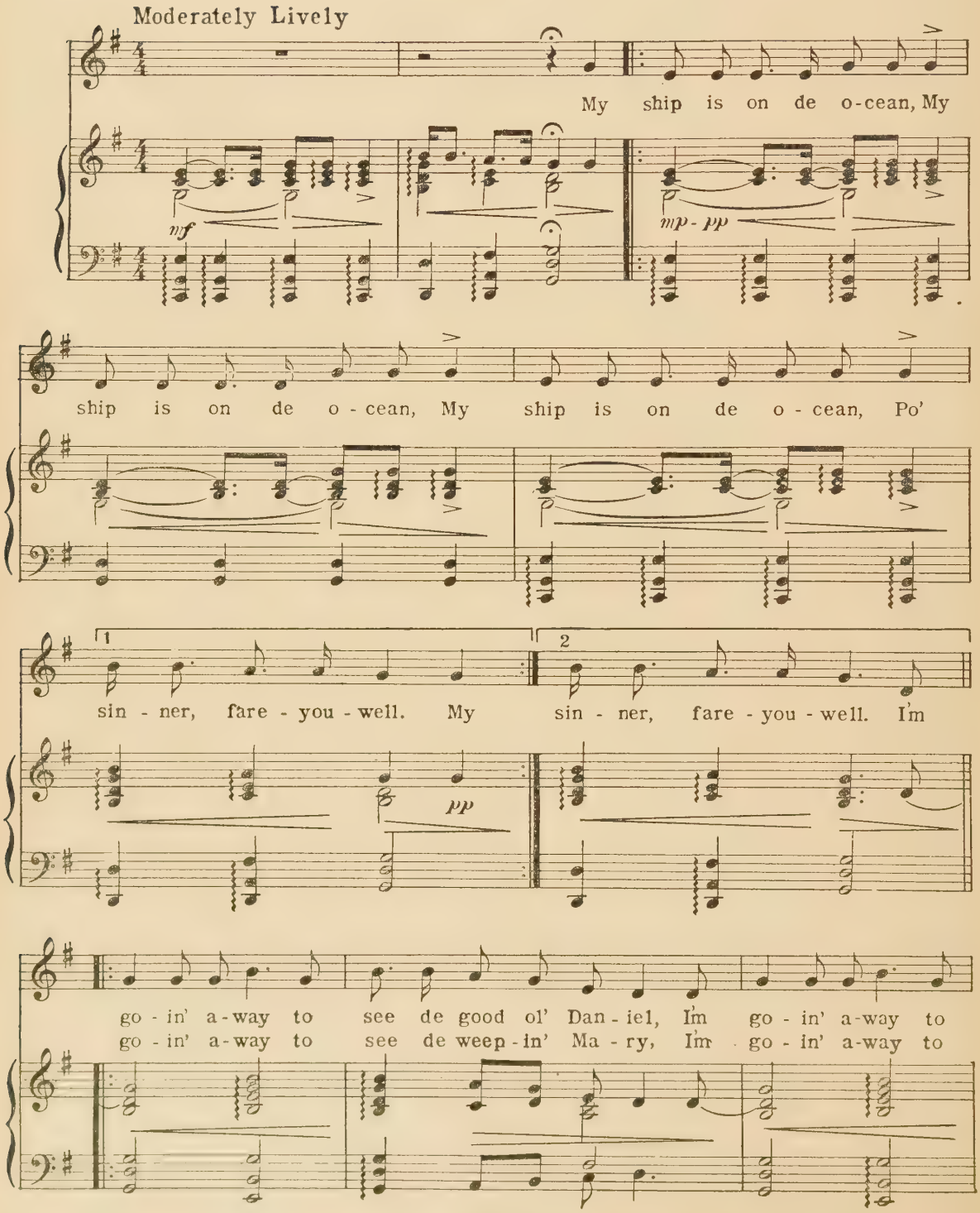


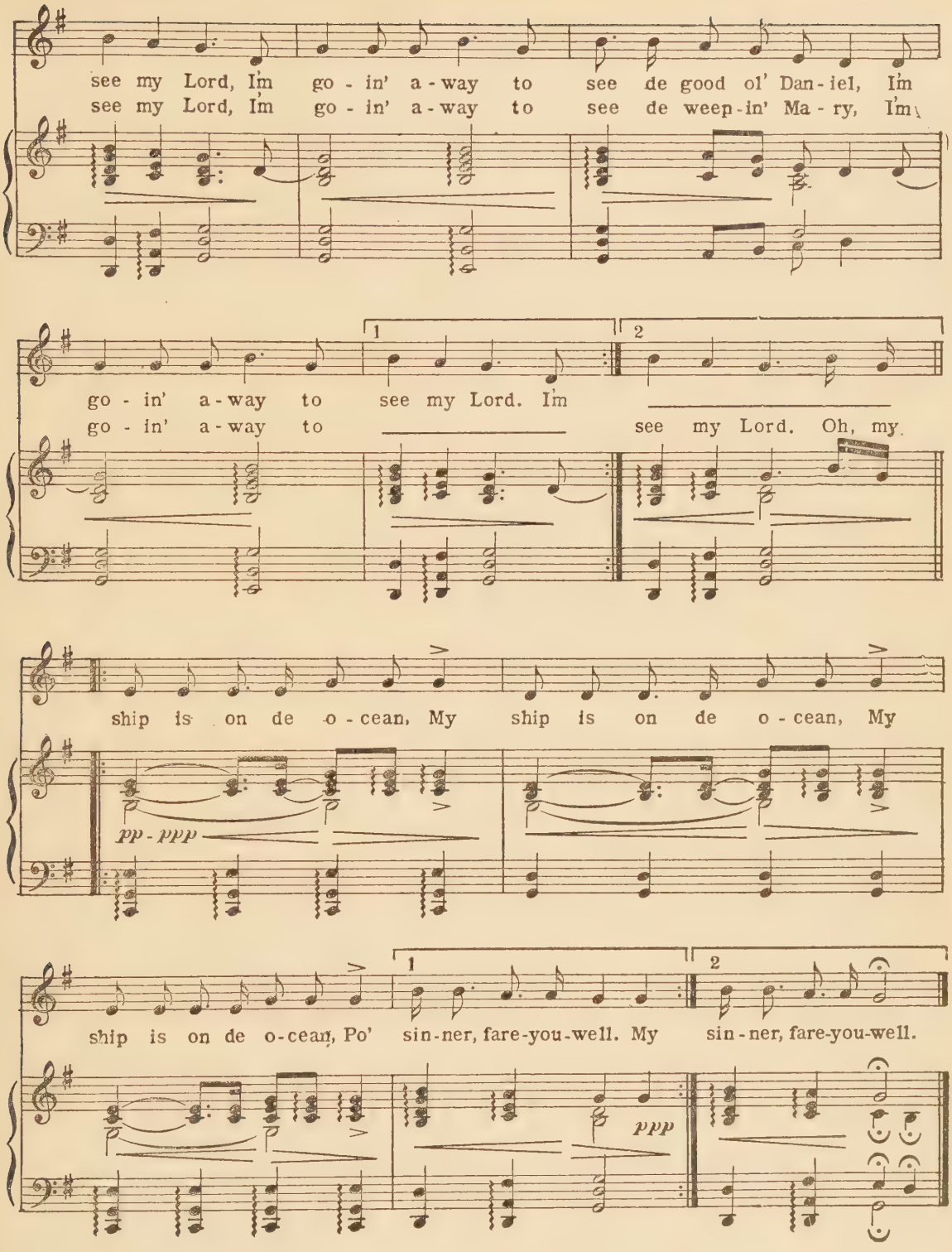

Walk, Ma - ry, down de lane,_ Walk,_ Ma - ry, down de lane._
mf mp mf mp
Walk, Ma - ry, down de lane,_ Walk,_ Ma - ry, down de lane._ down de lane._
1 2
mf mp mf mp mp
Je - sus calls_ you, down de lane,_ Je - sus calls you, down de lane,_
In de heab' - n, down de lane,_ In de heab' - n, down de lane,_
'fraid no - bod - y, down de lane,_ 'Fraid no - bod - y, down de lane,_
mf


Je - sus calls you, down de lane, Je - sus calls you, down de lane.
In de heab'- n, down de lane, In de heab'- n, down de lane. I'm
'Fraid no - bod - y, down de lane, 'Fraid no - bod - y, down de lane.
1
2
Walk, Ma - ry, down de lane, Walk, Ma - ry, down de lane,
mf
mp
mf
mp
Walk, Ma - ry, down de lane, Walk, Ma - ry, down de lane. down de lane.
1
2
mf

MY SHIP IS ON DE OCEAN

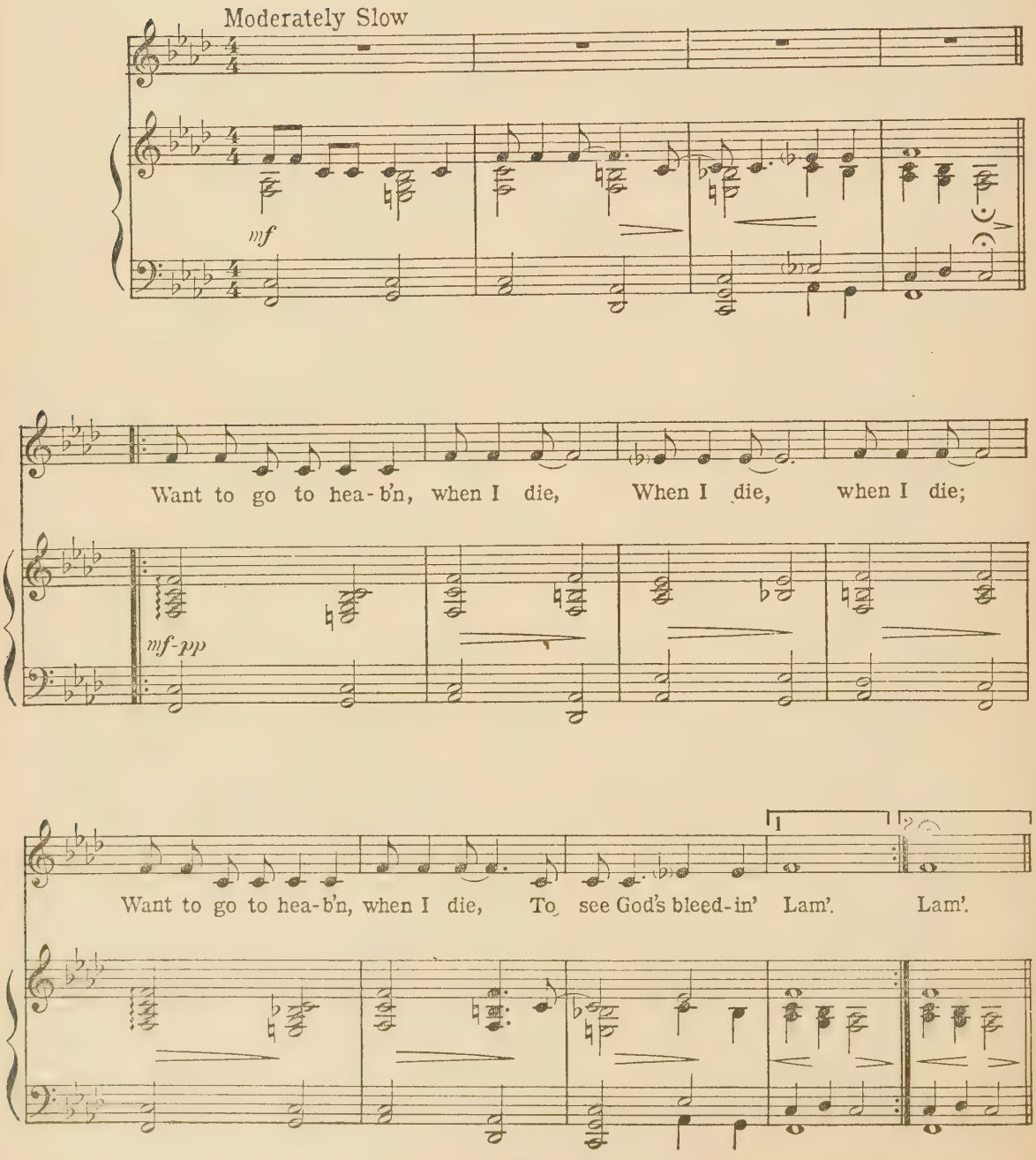
To Mr. Stanley Spiegelberg

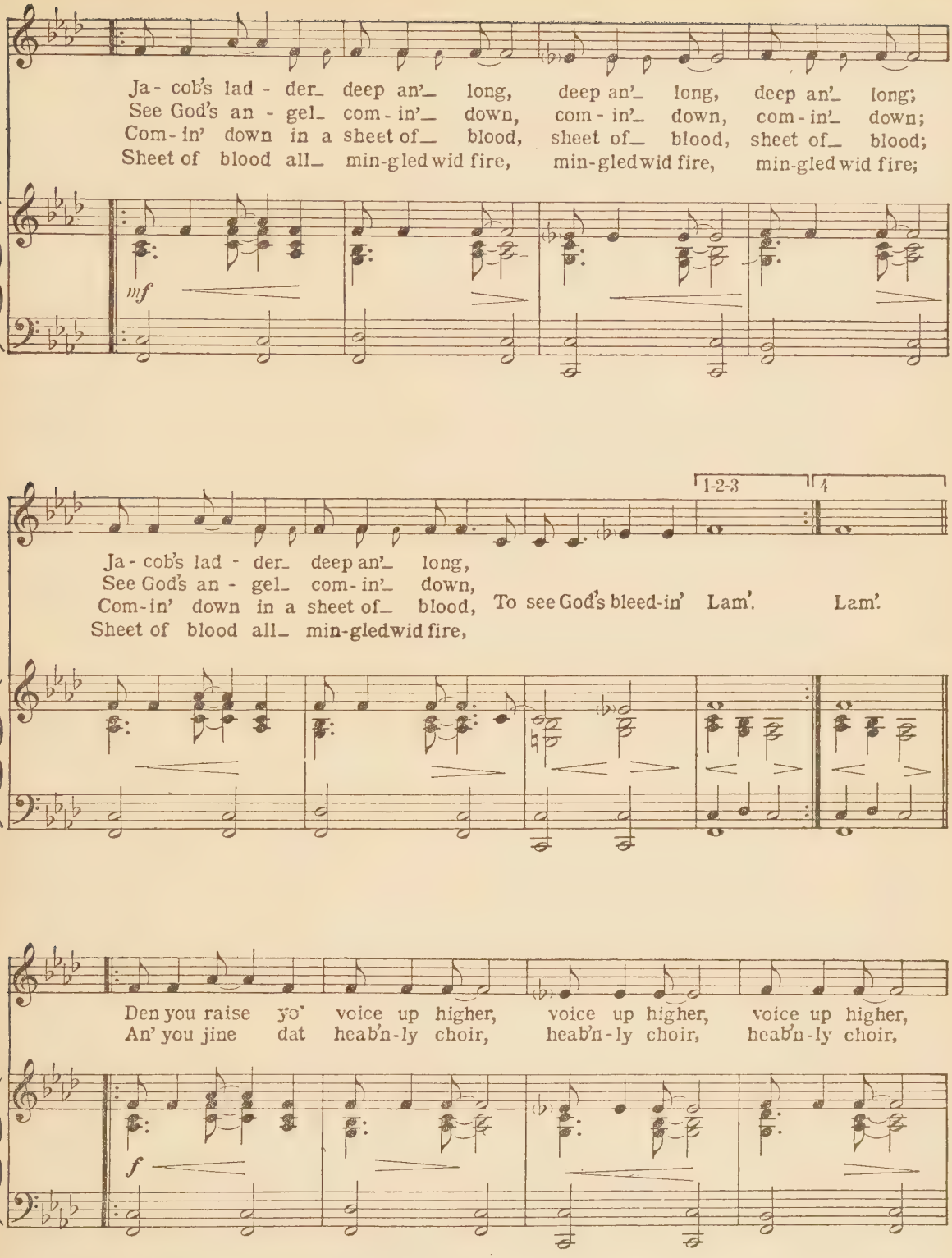


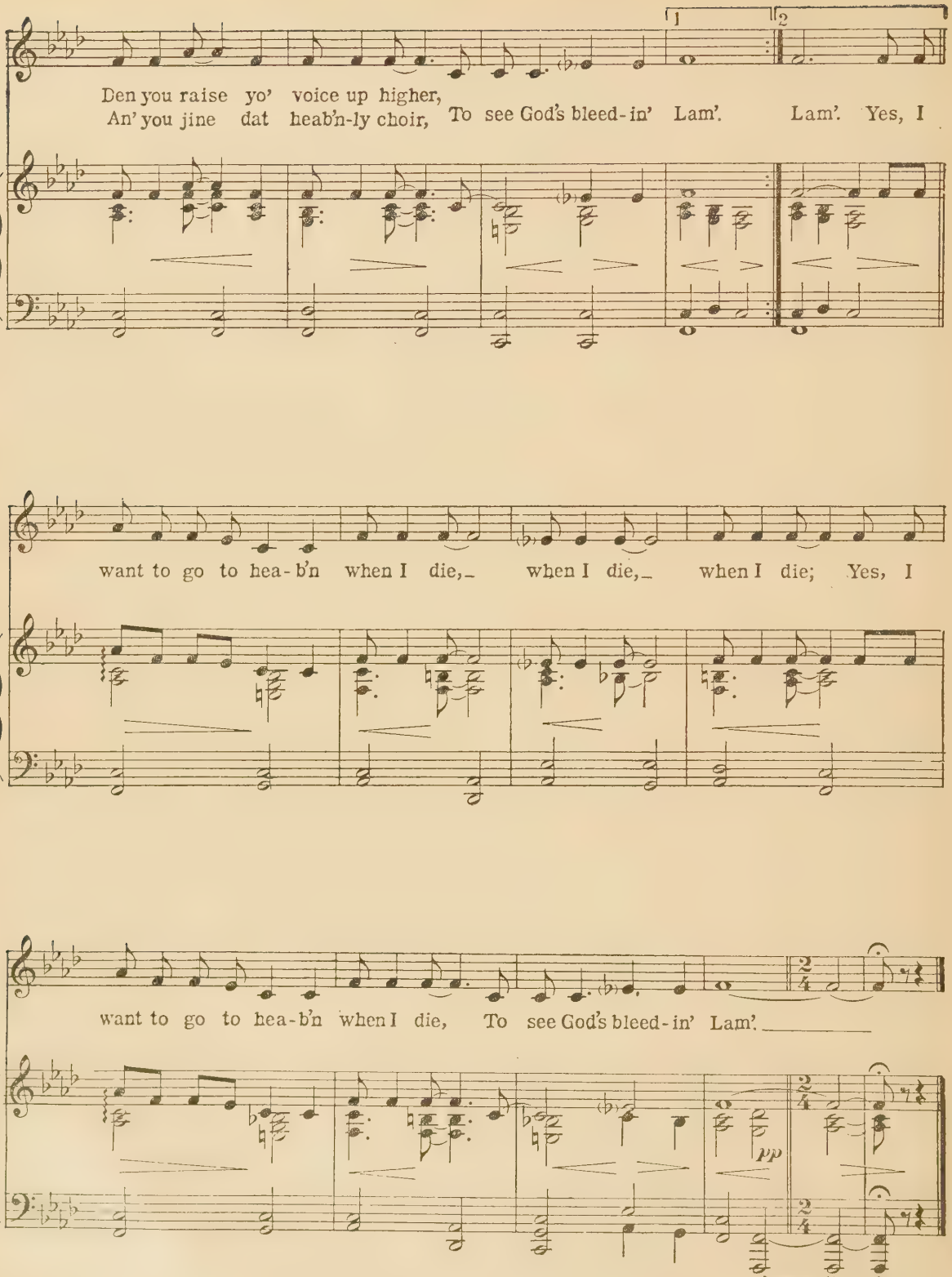

see my Lord, Im go - in' a - way to see de good ol' Dan - iel, Im
see my Lord, Im go - in' a - way to see de weep - in' Ma - ry, Im
1
2
go - in' a - way to see my Lord. Im
go - in' a - way to see my Lord. Oh, my
ship is on de o - cean, My ship is on de o - cean, My
pp - ppp
1
2
ship is on de o - cean, Po' sin - ner, fare - you - well. My sin - ner, fare - you - well.
ppp

TO SEE GOD'S BLEEDIN' LAM'

To Mr. H. L. Mencken

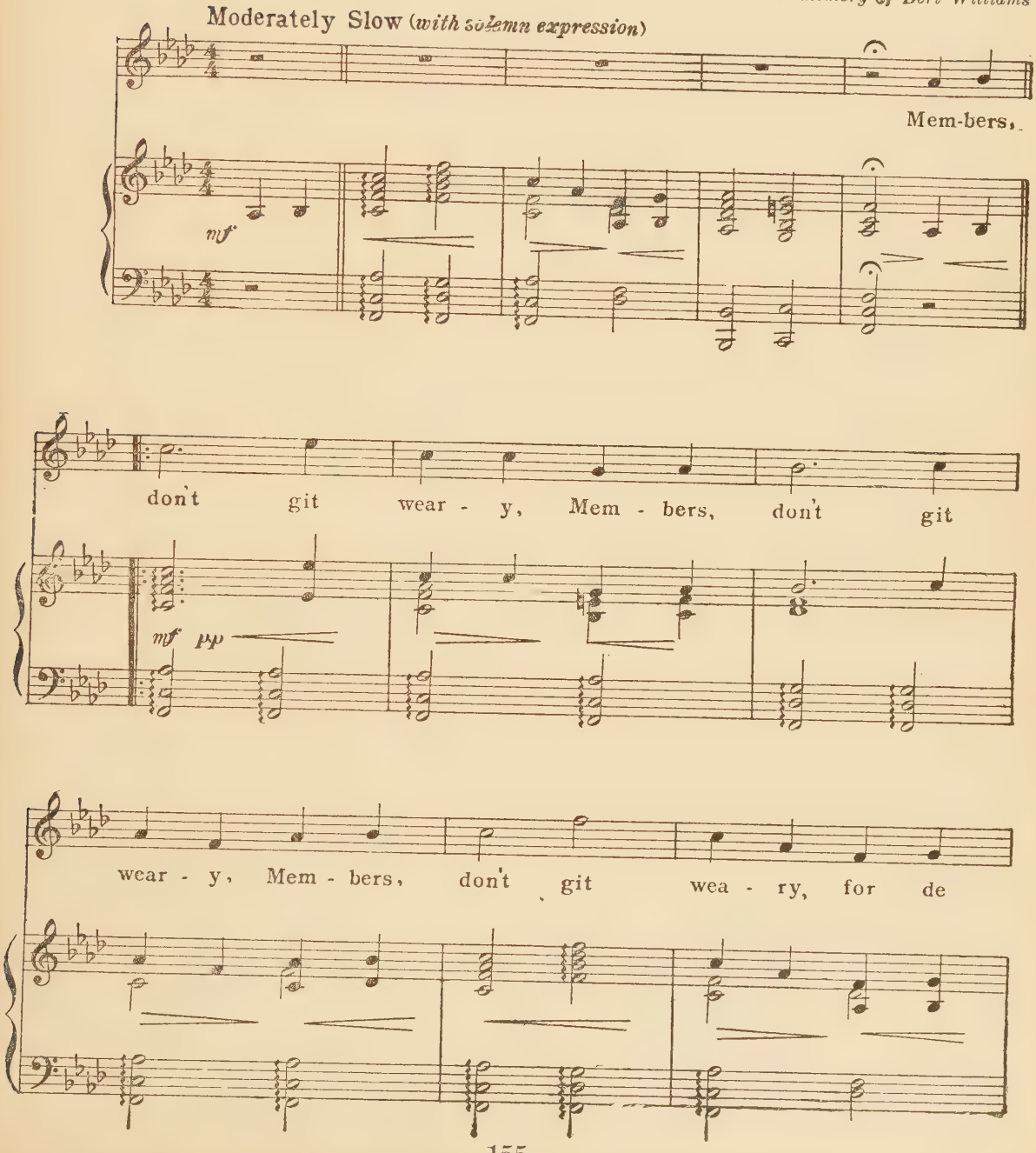


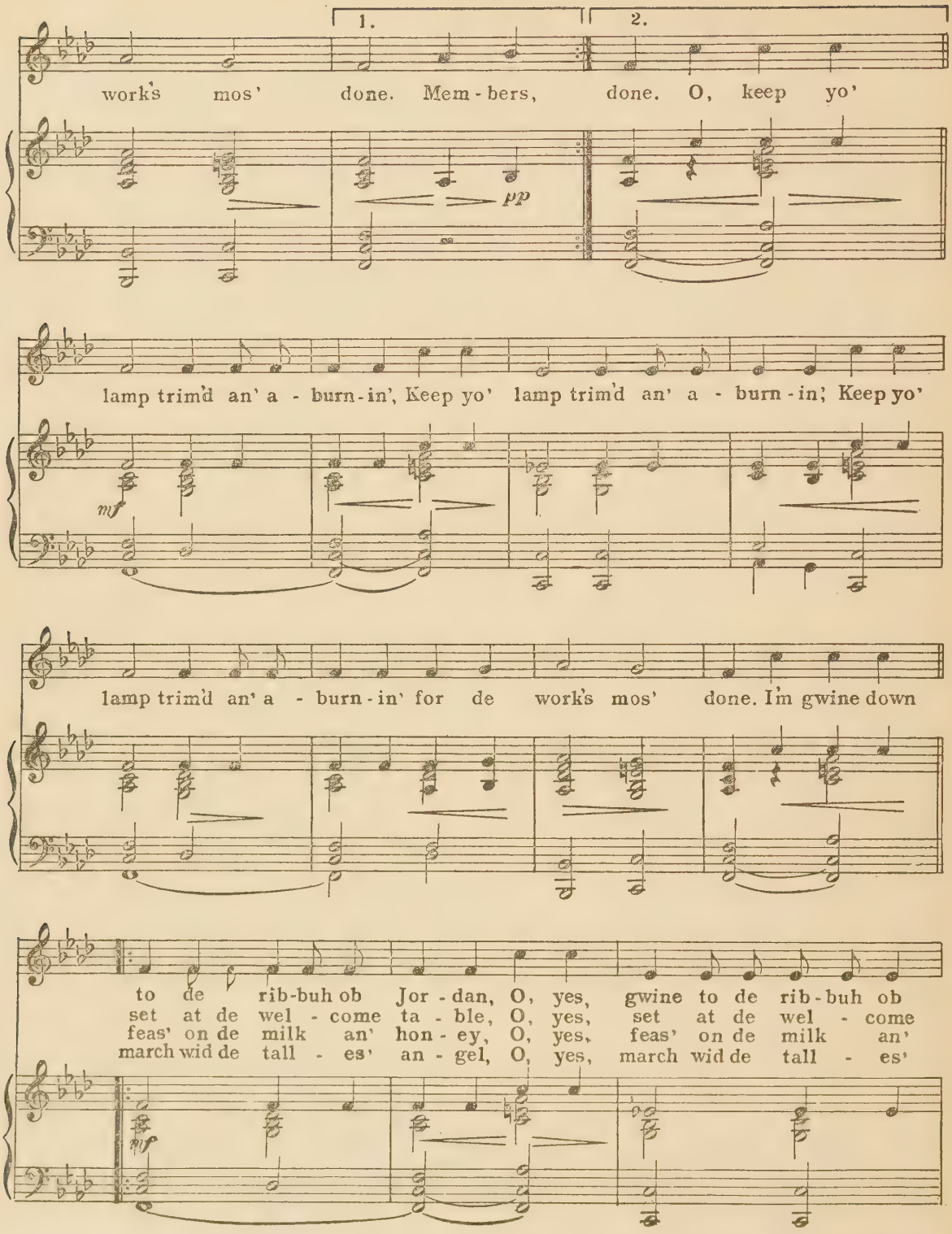

Ja - cob's lad - der_ deep an'_ long, deep an'_ long, deep an'_ long;
See God's an - gel_ com - in'_ down, com - in'_ down, com - in'_ down;
Com - in' down in a sheet of_ blood, sheet of_ blood, sheet of_ blood;
Sheet of blood all_ min-gled wid fire, min-gled wid fire, min-gled wid fire;
mf
1-2-3
4
Ja - cob's lad - der_ deep an'_ long,
See God's an - gel_ com - in'_ down,
Com - in' down in a sheet of_ blood, To see God's bleed-in' Lam'. Lam'.
Sheet of blood all_ min-gled wid fire,
Den you raise yo' voice up higher, voice up higher, voice up higher,
An' you jine dat heab'n-ly choir, heab'n-ly choir, heab'n-ly choir,
f

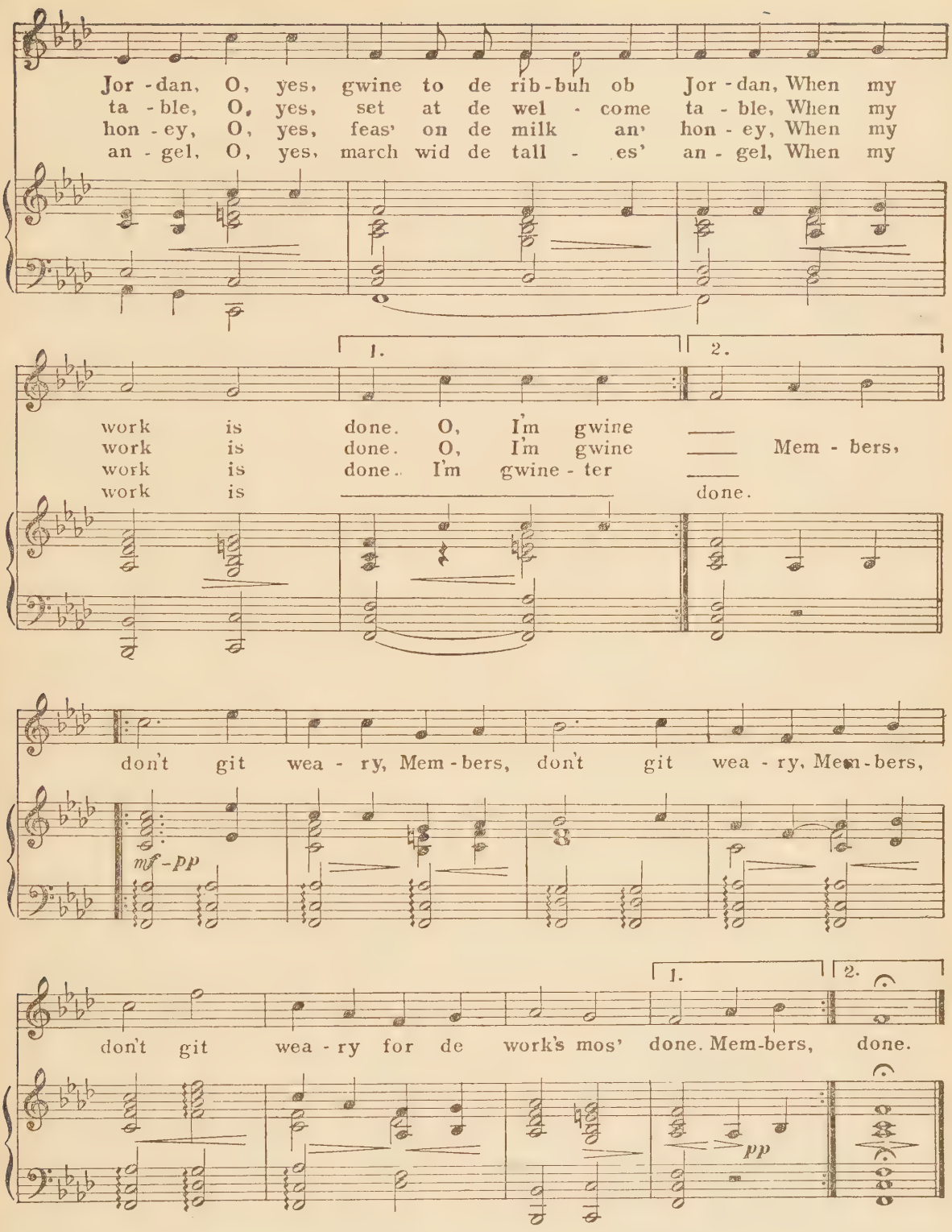

1
2
Den you raise yo' voice up higher,
An' you jine dat heab'n-ly choir, To see God's bleed-in' Lam'. Lam'. Yes, I
want to go to hea-b'n when I die,_ when I die,_ when I die; Yes, I
want to go to hea-b'n when I die, To see God's bleed-in' Lam'._____
pp

MEMBERS, DON'T GIT WEARY

To the memory of Bert Williams

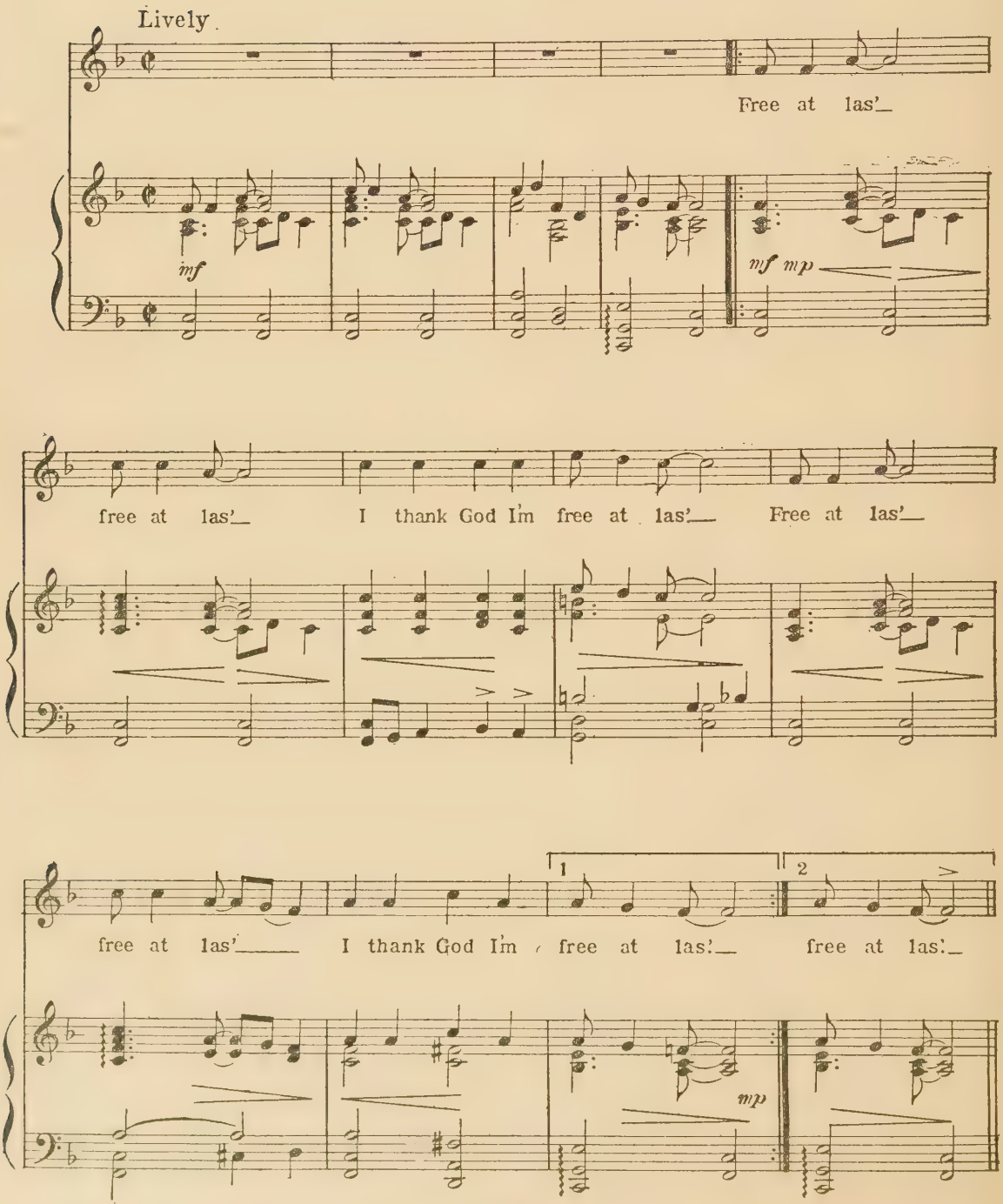


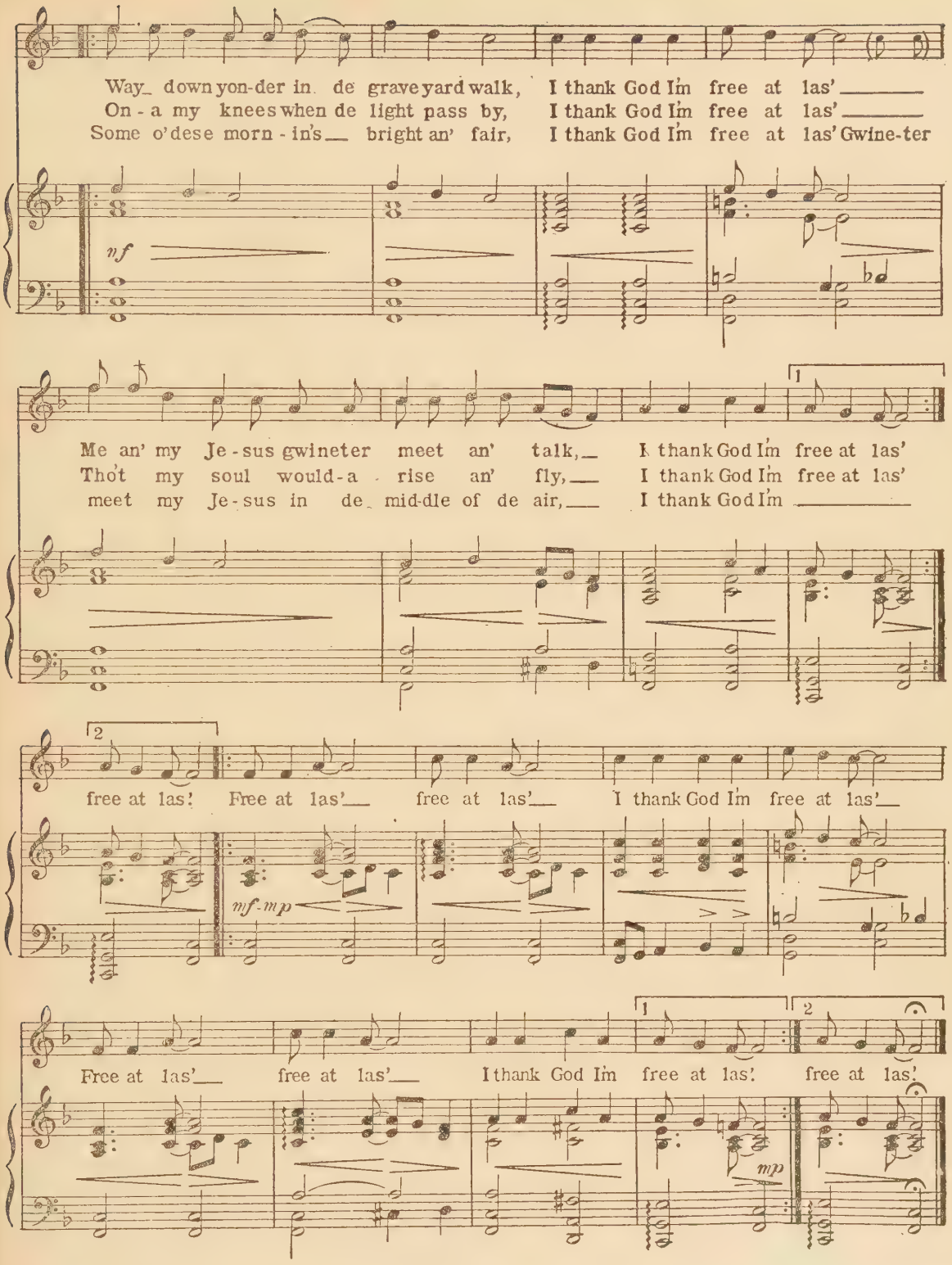

1.
2.
work's mos' done. Mem-bers, done. O, keep yo'
pp
lamp trim'd an' a-burn-in', Keep yo' lamp trim'd an' a-burn-in', Keep yo'
mf
lamp trim'd an' a-burn-in' for de work's mos' done. I'm gwine down
to de rib-buh ob Jor-dan, O, yes, gwine to de rib-buh ob
set at de wel-come ta-ble, O, yes, set at de wel-come
feas' on de milk an' hon-ey, O, yes, feas' on de milk an'
march wid de tall-es' an-gel, O, yes, march wid de tall-es'
mf


Jor - dan, O, yes, gwine to de rib - buh ob Jor - dan, When my
ta - ble, O, yes, set at de wel - come ta - ble, When my
hon - ey, O, yes, feas' on de milk an' hon - ey, When my
an - gel, O, yes, march wid de tall - es' an - gel, When my
1.
2.
work is done. O, I'm gwine
work is done. O, I'm gwine Mem - bers,
work is done. I'm gwine - ter
work is done.
don't git wea - ry, Mem - bers, don't git wea - ry, Mem - bers,
mf - pp
1.
2.
don't git wea - ry for de work's mos' done. Mem - bers, done.
pp

I THANK GOD I'M FREE AT LAS'

To Mr. Heywood Broun

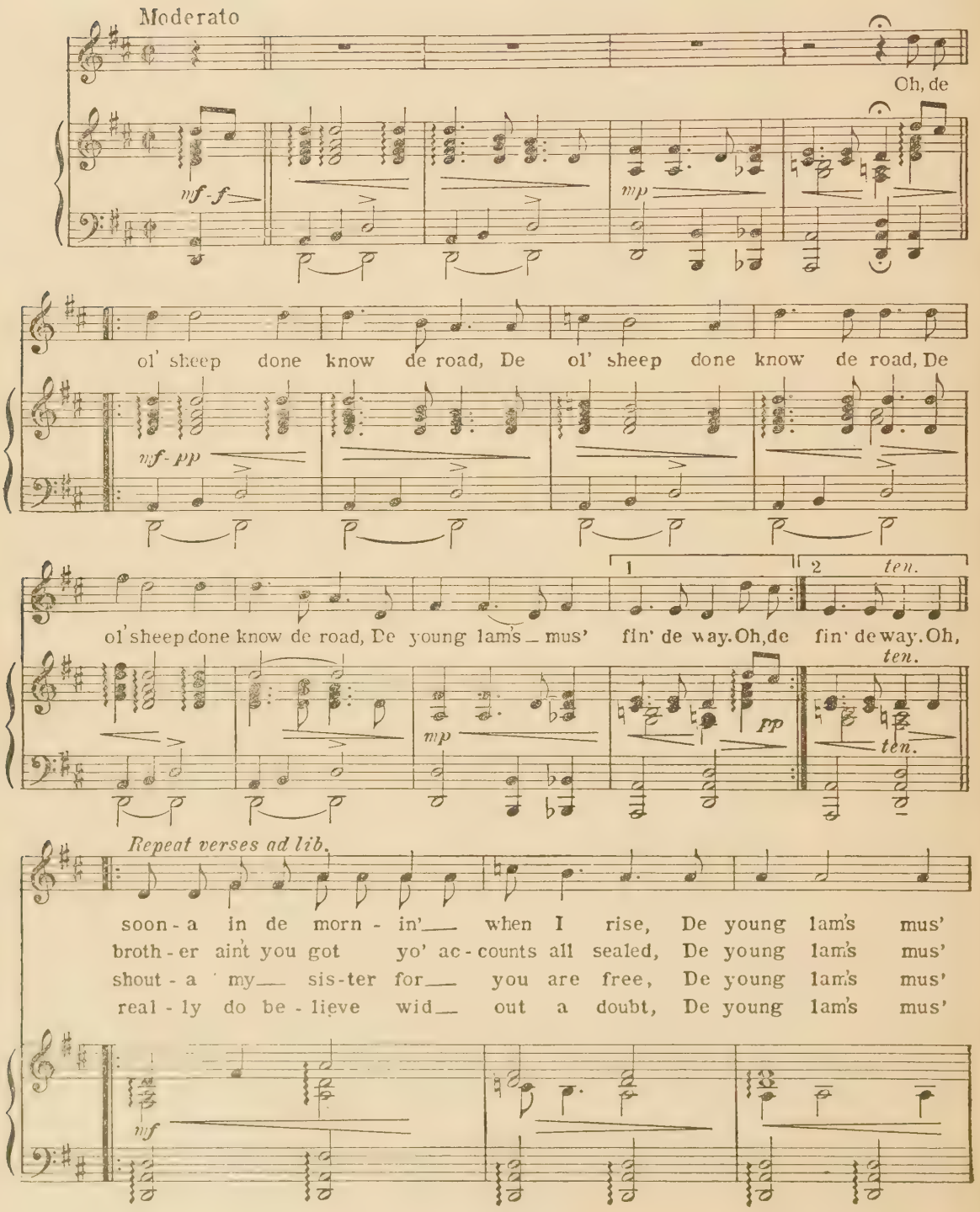


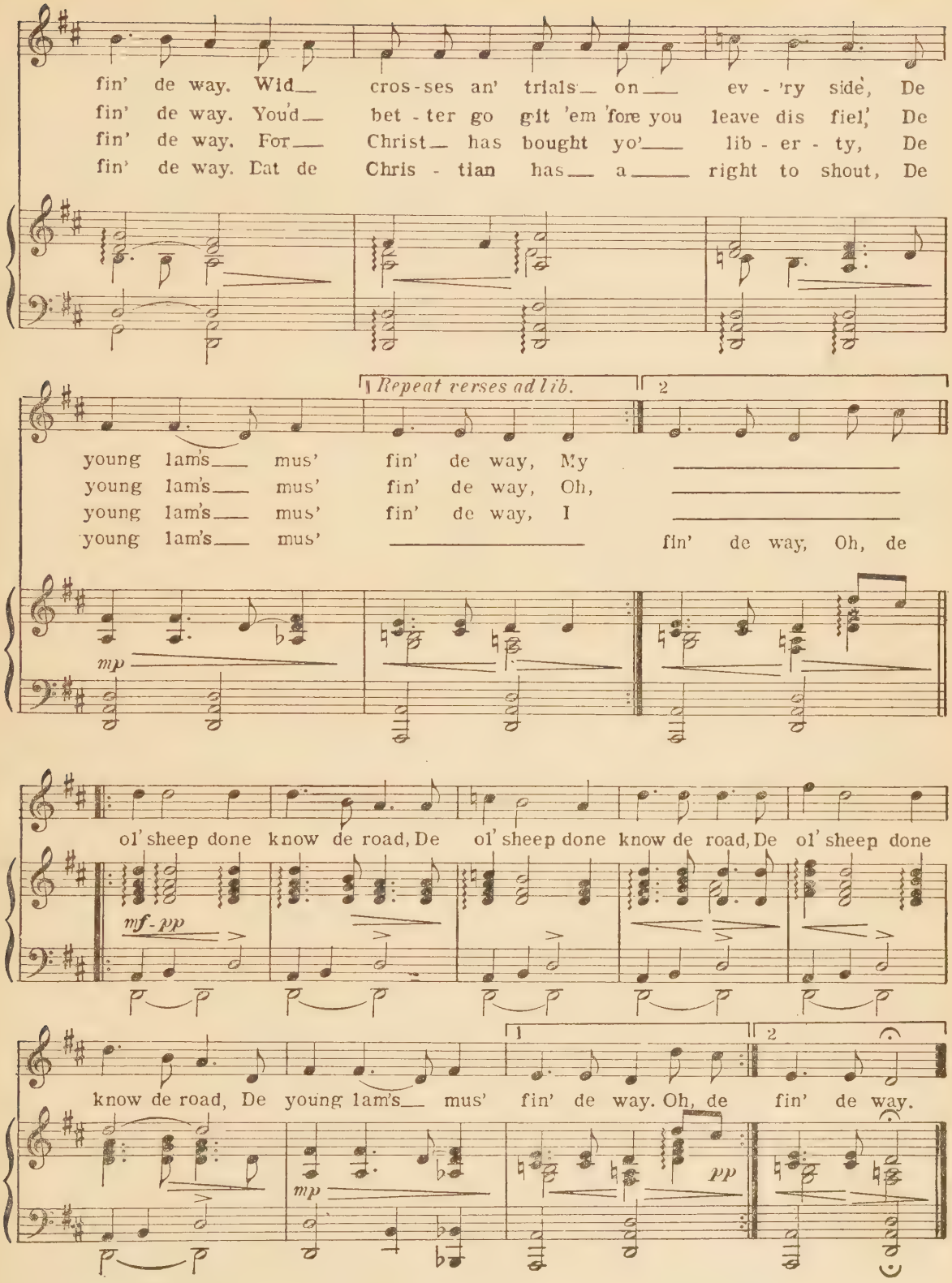

Way_ down yon-der in de grave yard walk, I thank God I'm free at las' _____
On - a my knees when de light pass by, I thank God I'm free at las' _____
Some o' dese morn - in's__ bright an' fair, I thank God I'm free at las' Gwine-ter
nf
Me an' my Je - sus gwineter meet an' talk,_ I thank God I'm free at las'
Tho't my soul would-a rise an' fly,__ I thank God I'm free at las'
meet my Je - sus in de_ mid-dle of de air,__ I thank God I'm _____
free at las! Free at las'__ free at las'__ I thank God I'm free at las'__
mf-mp
Free at las'__ free at las'__ I thank God I'm free at las! free at las!
mp

DE OL' SHEEP DONE KNOW DE ROAD

(DE YOUNG LAM'S MUS' FIN' DE WAY)

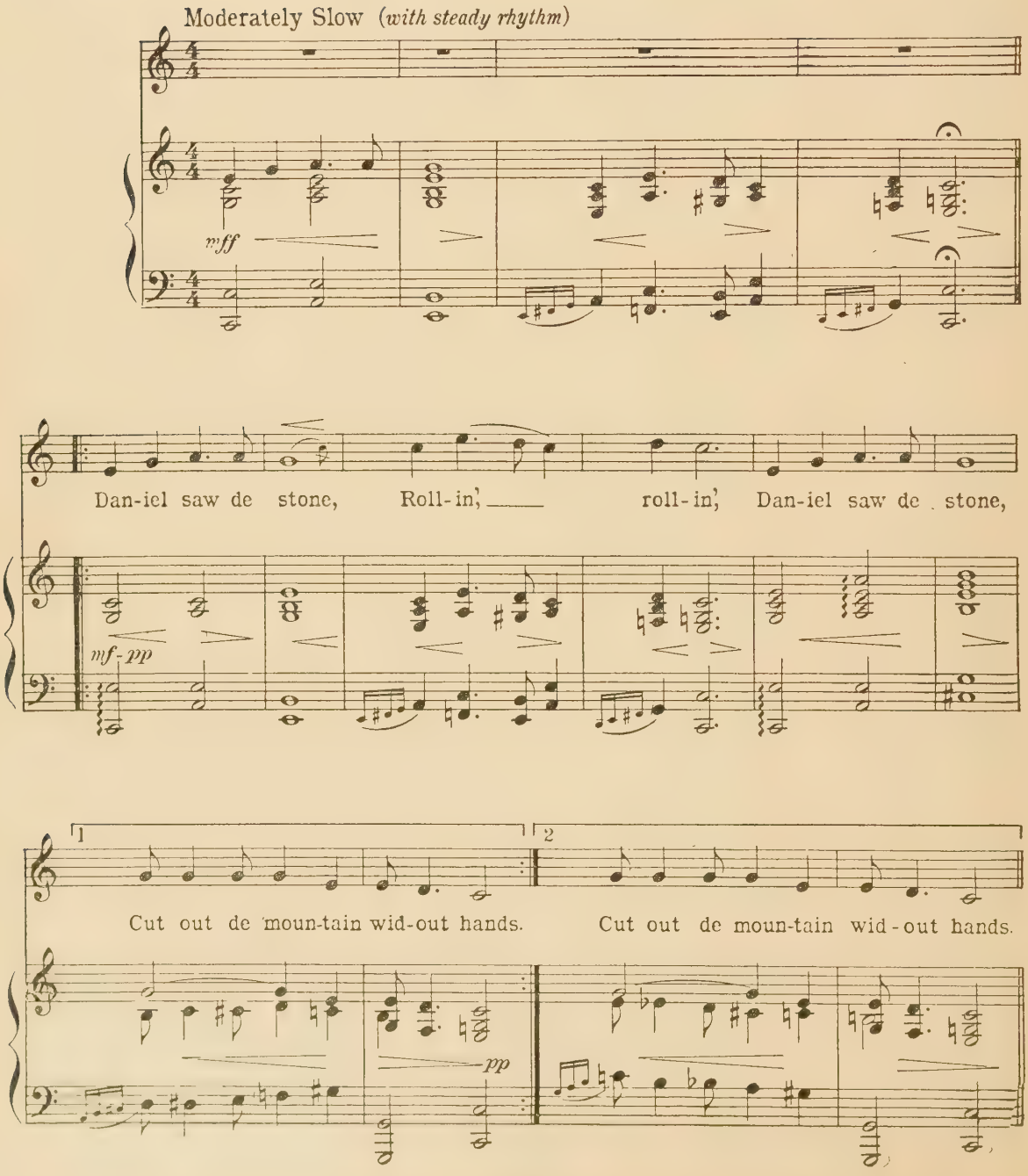
To Mr. and Mrs. John E. Nail

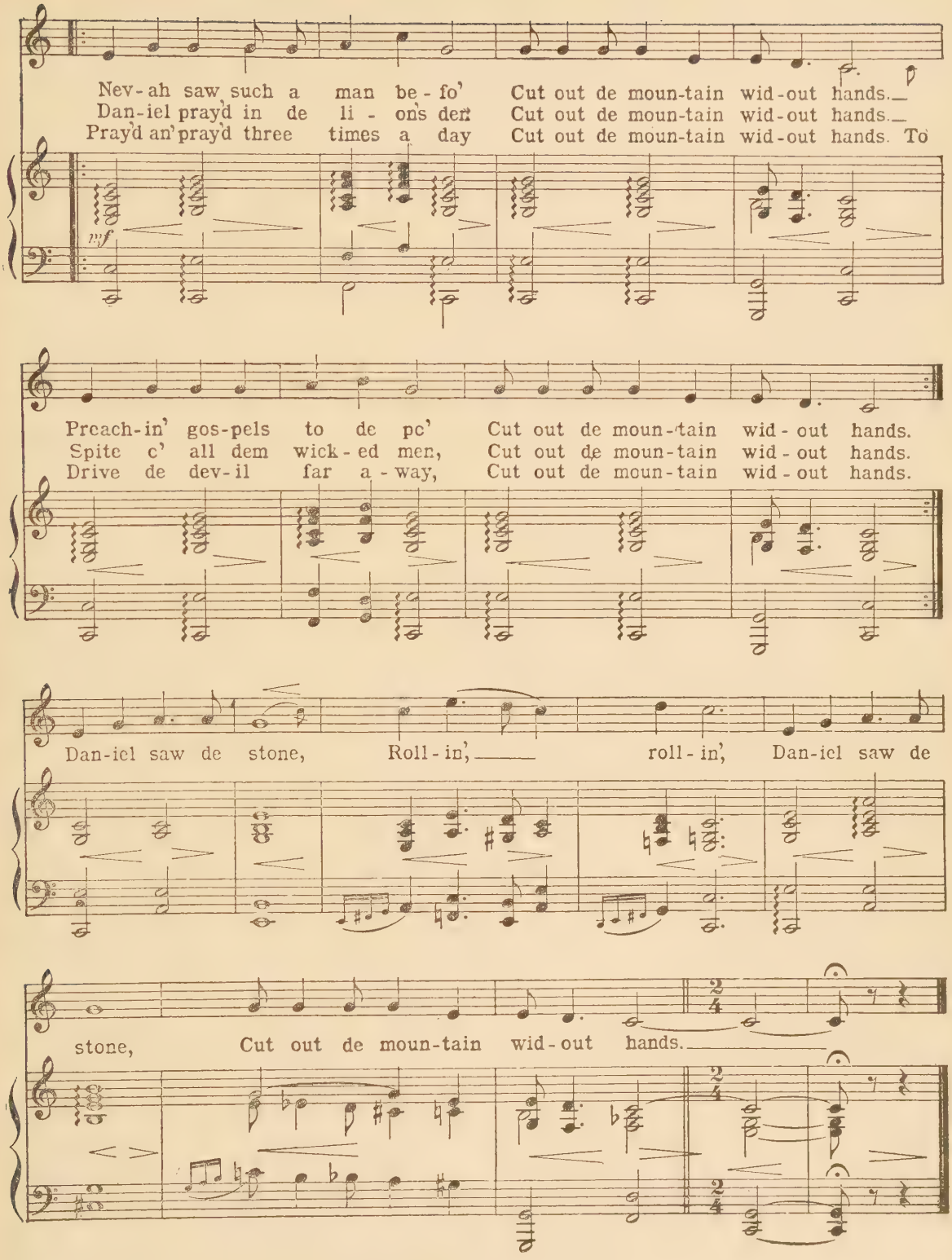



fin' de way. Wid cros-ses an' trials on ev - 'ry side, De
fin' de way. You'd bet - ter go git 'em 'fore you leave dis fiel', De
fin' de way. For Christ has bought yo' lib - er - ty, De
fin' de way. Dat de Chris - tian has a right to shout, De
Repeat verses ad lib.
1
2
young lam's mus' fin' de way, My
young lam's mus' fin' de way, Oh,
young lam's mus' fin' de way, I
young lam's mus' fin' de way, Oh, de
mp
ol' sheep done know de road, De ol' sheep done know de road, De ol' sheep done
mf - pp
know de road, De young lam's mus' fin' de way. Oh, de fin' de way.
mp
pp

DANIEL SAW DE STONE

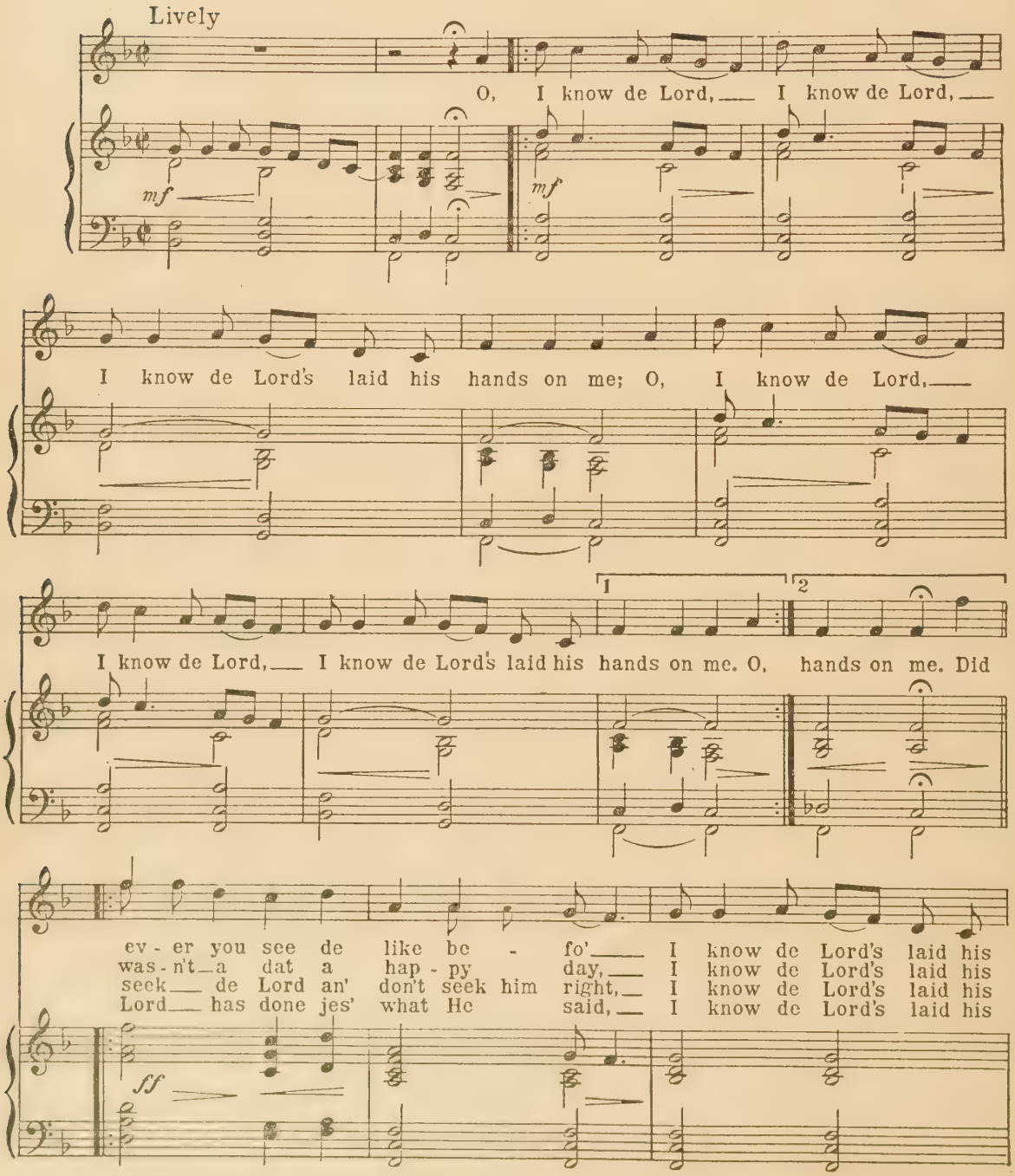
To Mr. George Oppenheimer

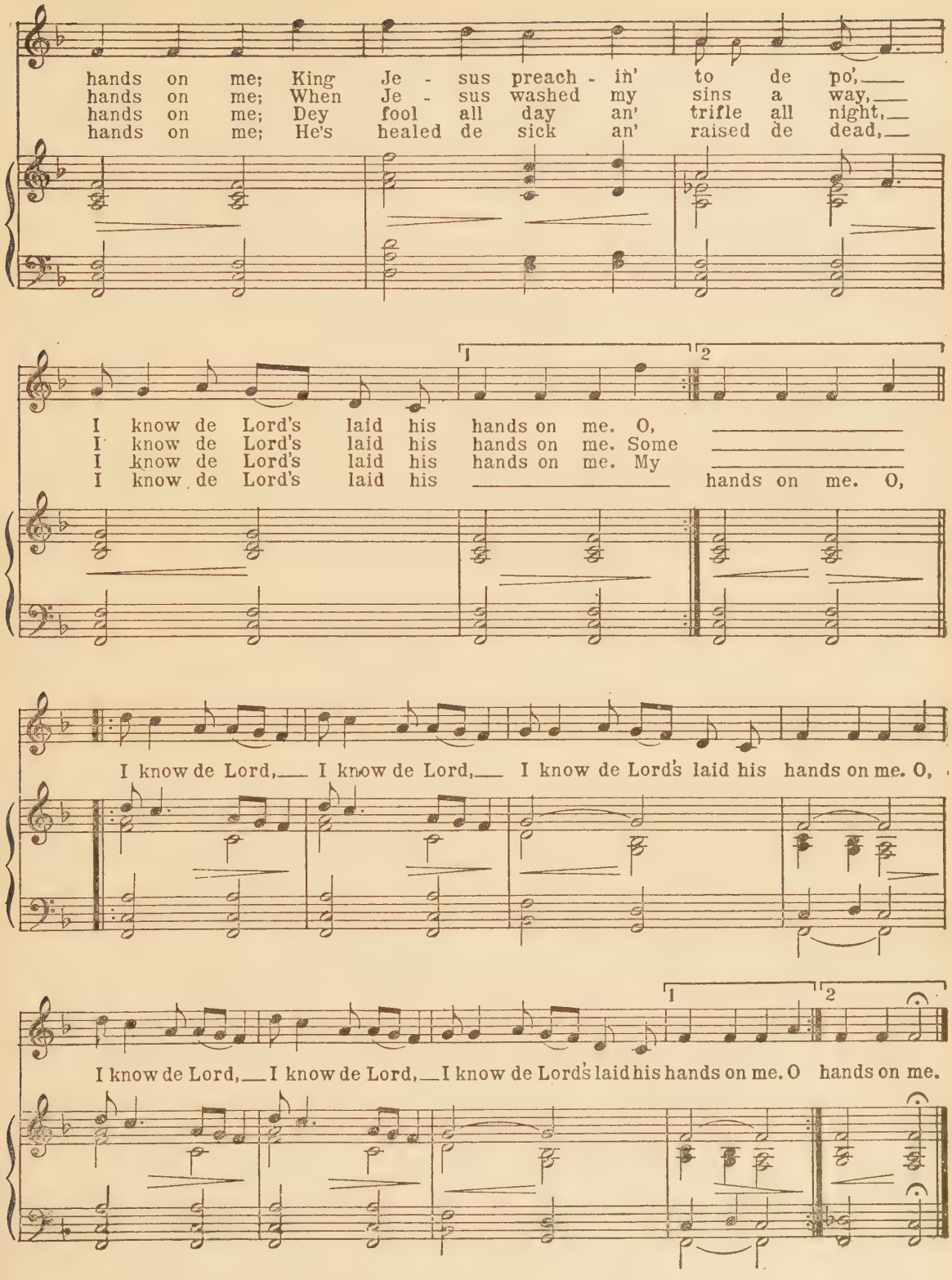



Nev-ah saw such a man be-fo' Cut out de moun-tain wid-out hands.
Dan-iel pray'd in de li-on's den Cut out de moun-tain wid-out hands.
Pray'd an' pray'd three times a day Cut out de moun-tain wid-out hands. To
mf
Preach-in' gos-pels to de pe' Cut out de moun-tain wid-out hands.
Spite c' all dem wick-ed men, Cut out de moun-tain wid-out hands.
Drive de dev-il far a-way, Cut out de moun-tain wid-out hands.
Dan-iel saw de stone, Roll-in', roll-in', Dan-iel saw de
stone, Cut out de moun-tain wid-out hands.

I KNOW DE LORD'S LAID HIS HANDS ON ME

To Mr. Langston Hughes

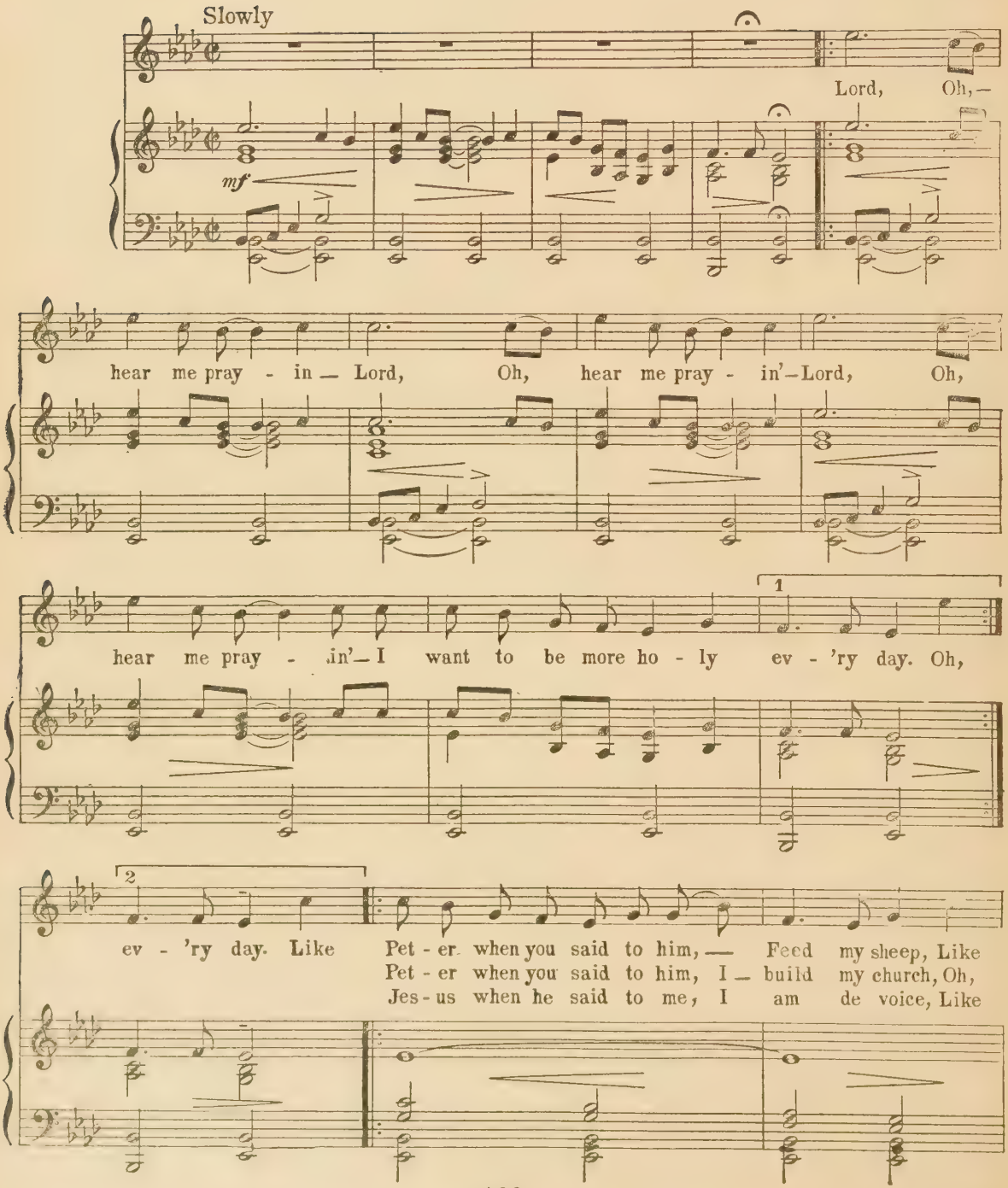


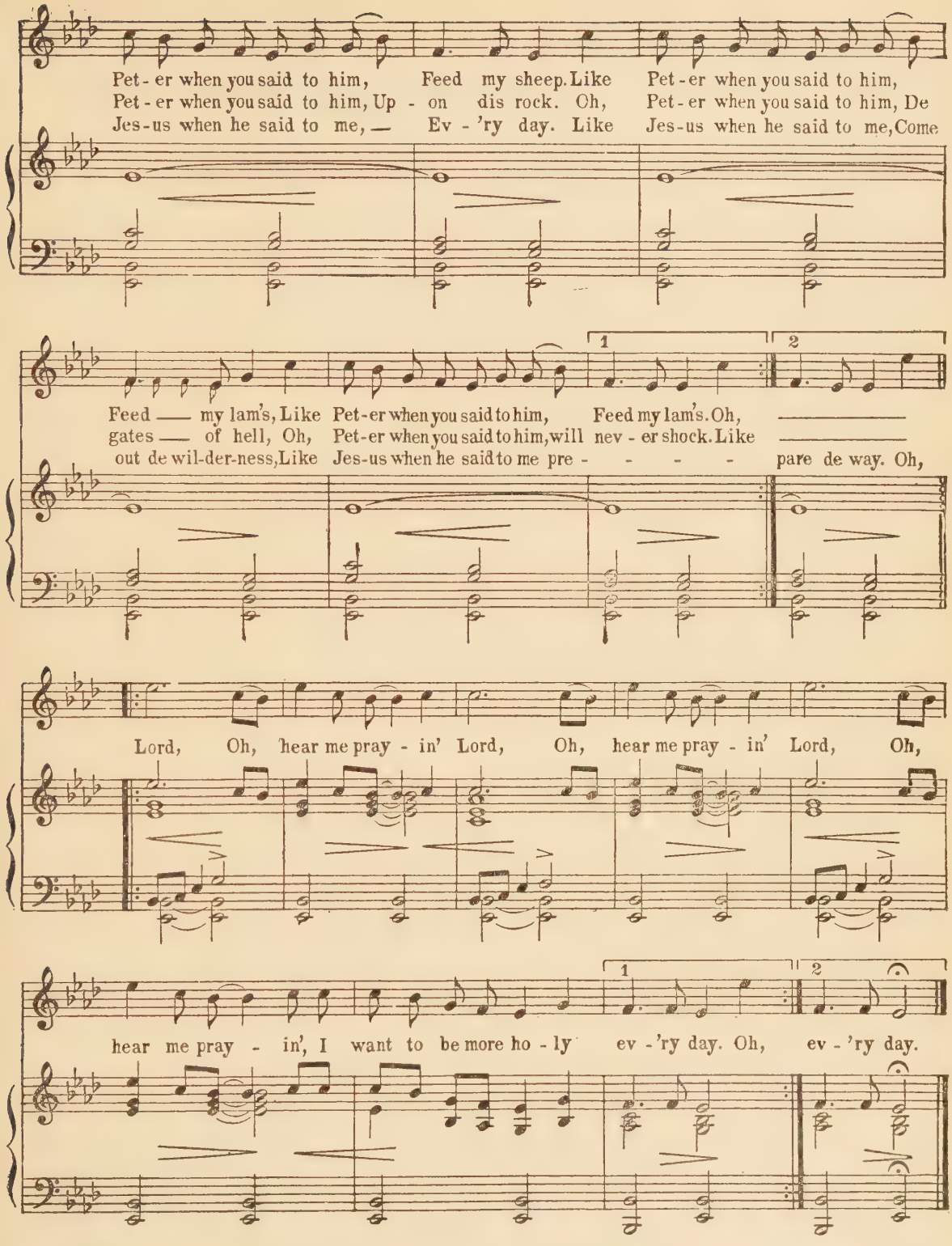

hands on me; King Je - sus preach - in' to de po',
hands on me; When Je - sus washed my sins a way,
hands on me; Dey fool all day an' trifle all night,
hands on me; He's healed de sick an' raised de dead,
1
2
I know de Lord's laid his hands on me. O,
I know de Lord's laid his hands on me. Some
I know de Lord's laid his hands on me. My
I know de Lord's laid his hands on me. O,
I know de Lord, I know de Lord, I know de Lord's laid his hands on me. O,
1
2
I know de Lord, I know de Lord, I know de Lord's laid his hands on me. O hands on me.

OH, HEAR ME PRAYIN'

(LORD, FEED MY LAM'S)

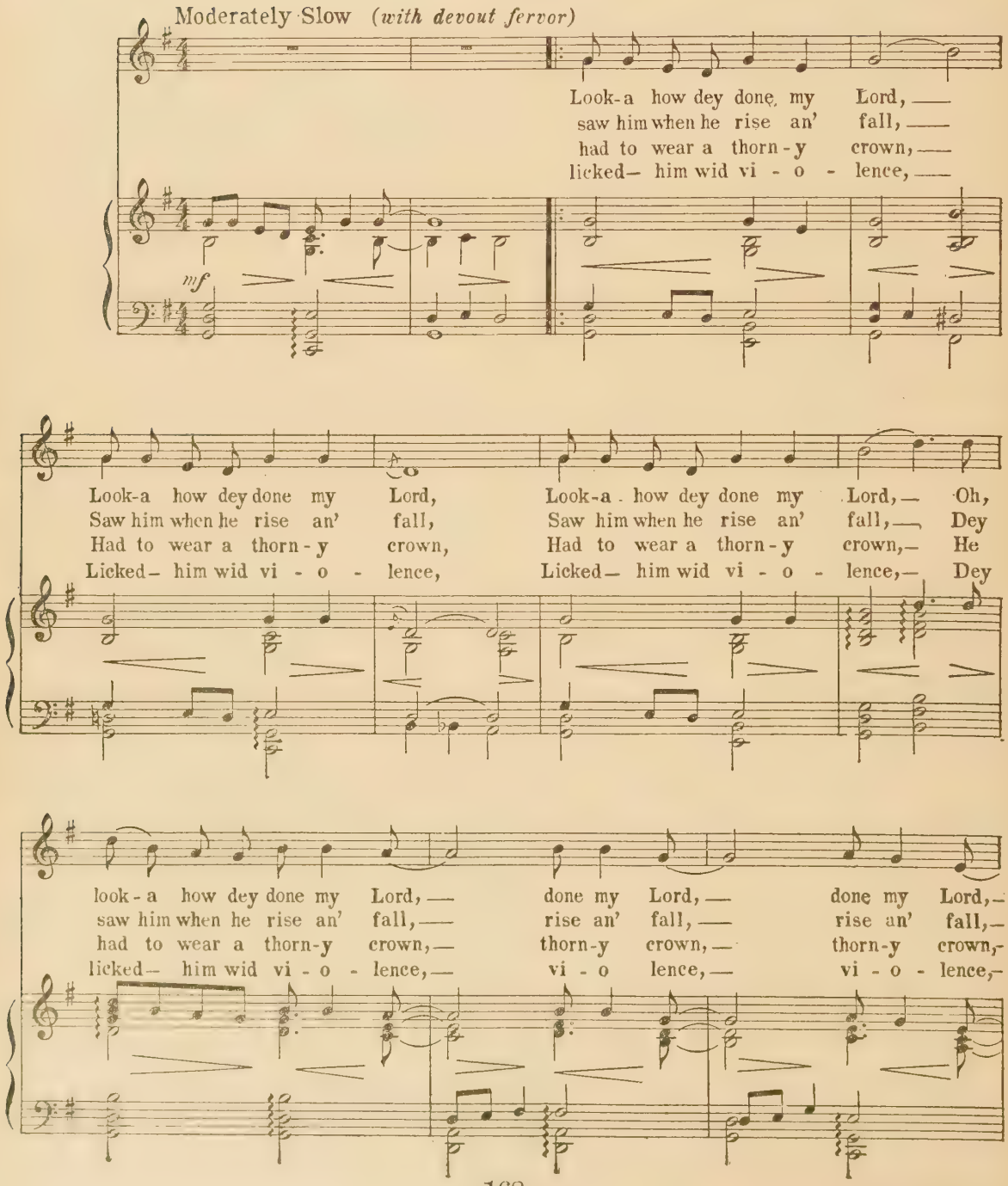
To Mr. Winold Reiss

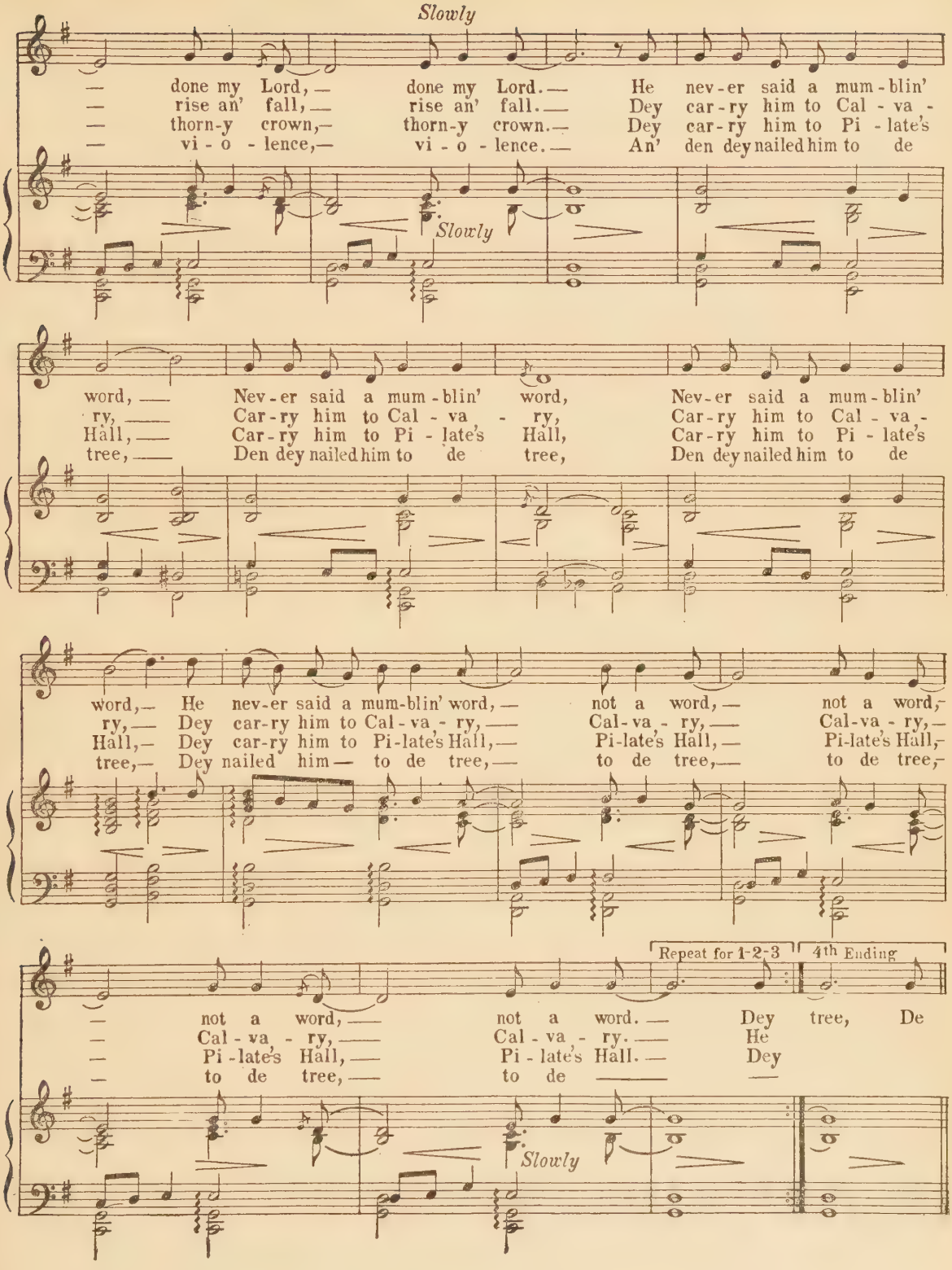


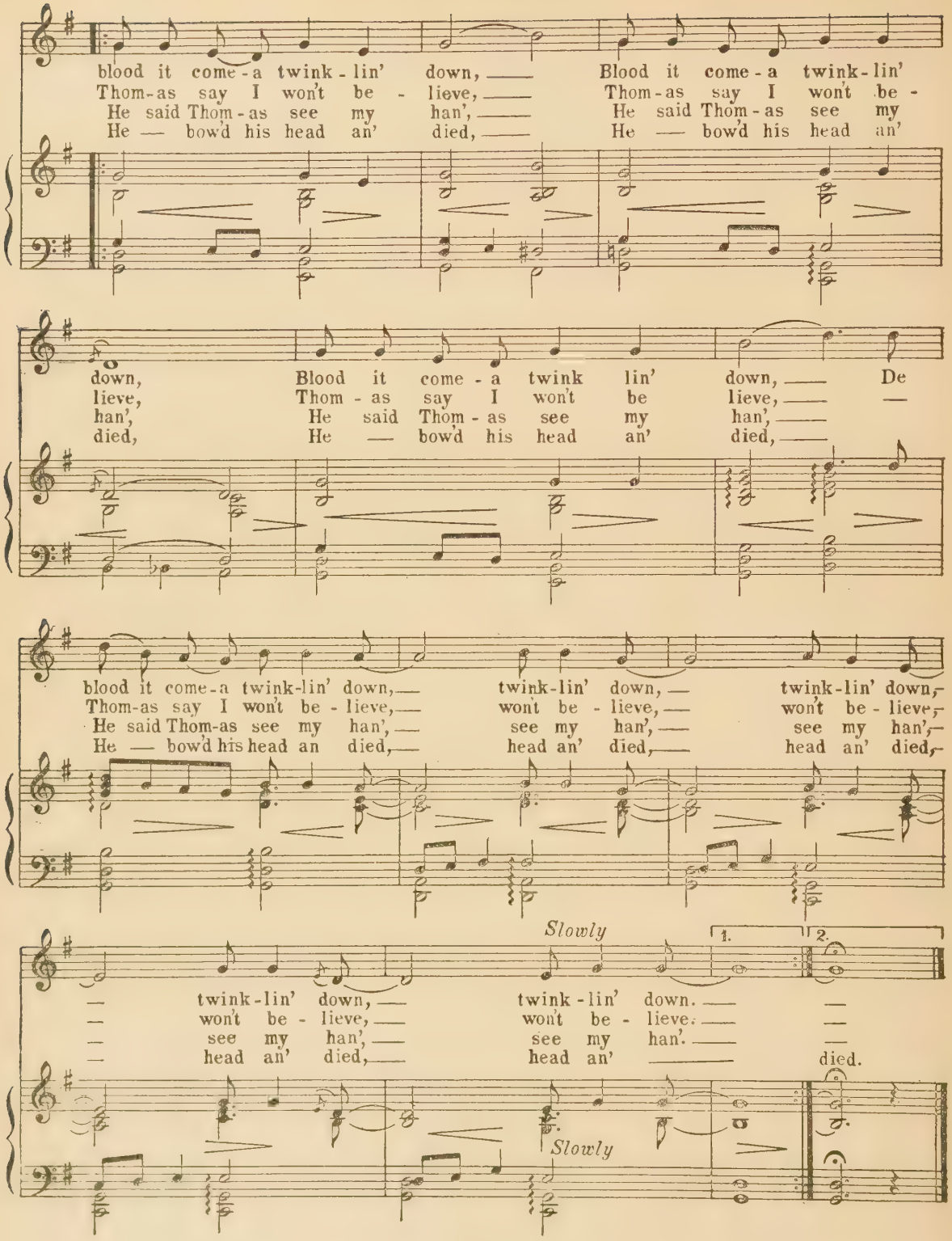

Pet - er when you said to him, Feed my sheep. Like Pet - er when you said to him,
Pet - er when you said to him, Up - on dis rock. Oh, Pet - er when you said to him, De
Jes - us when he said to me, — Ev - 'ry day. Like Jes - us when he said to me, Come
1
2
Feed — my lam's, Like Pet - er when you said to him, Feed my lam's. Oh, —
gates — of hell, Oh, Pet - er when you said to him, will nev - er shock. Like —
out de wil - der - ness, Like Jes - us when he said to me pre - - - - - pare de way. Oh,
Lord, Oh, hear me pray - in' Lord, Oh, hear me pray - in' Lord, Oh,
1
2
hear me pray - in', I want to be more ho - ly ev - 'ry day. Oh, ev - 'ry day.

LOOK-A HOW DEY DONE MY LORD

To Mr. Guy Johnson

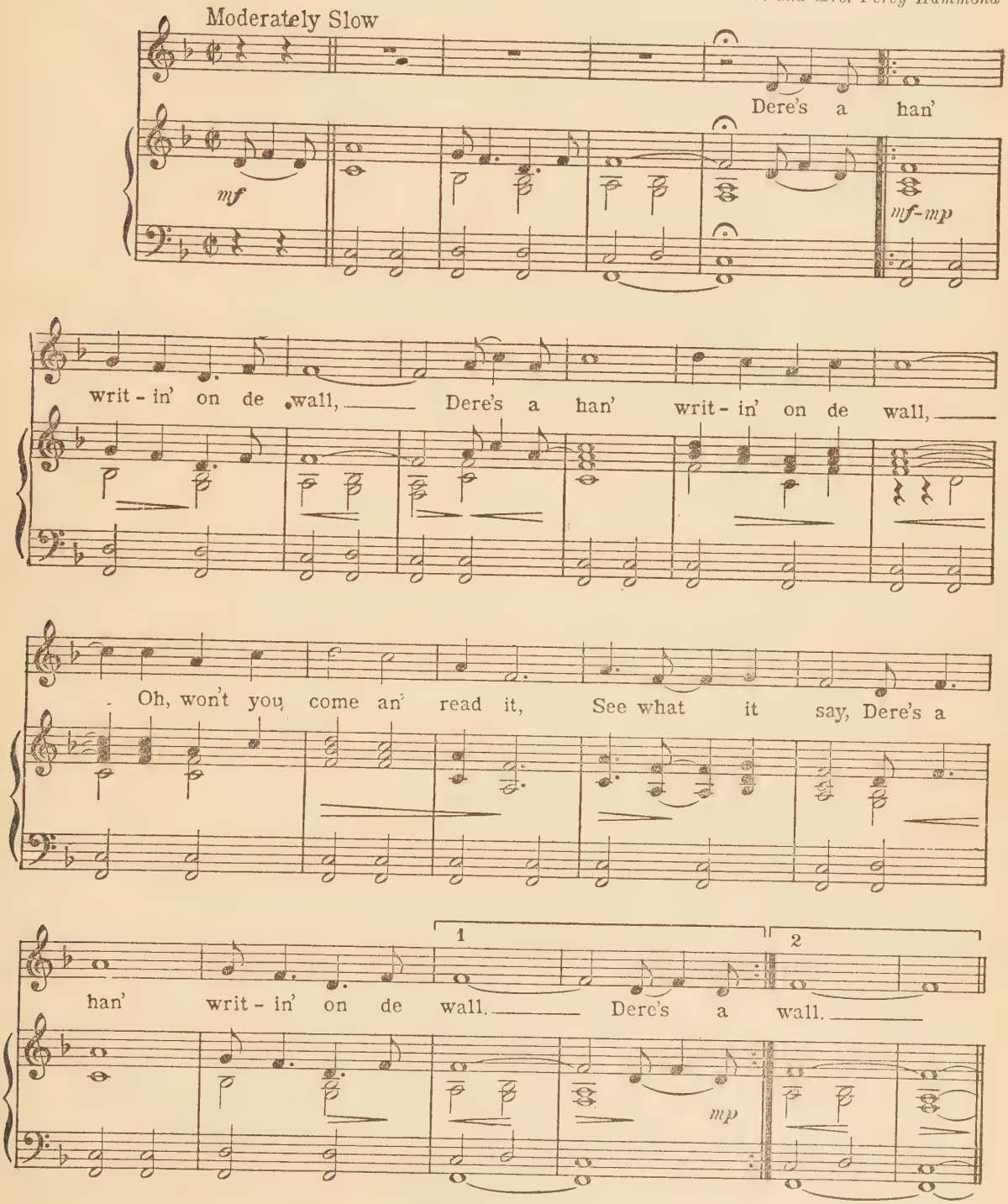


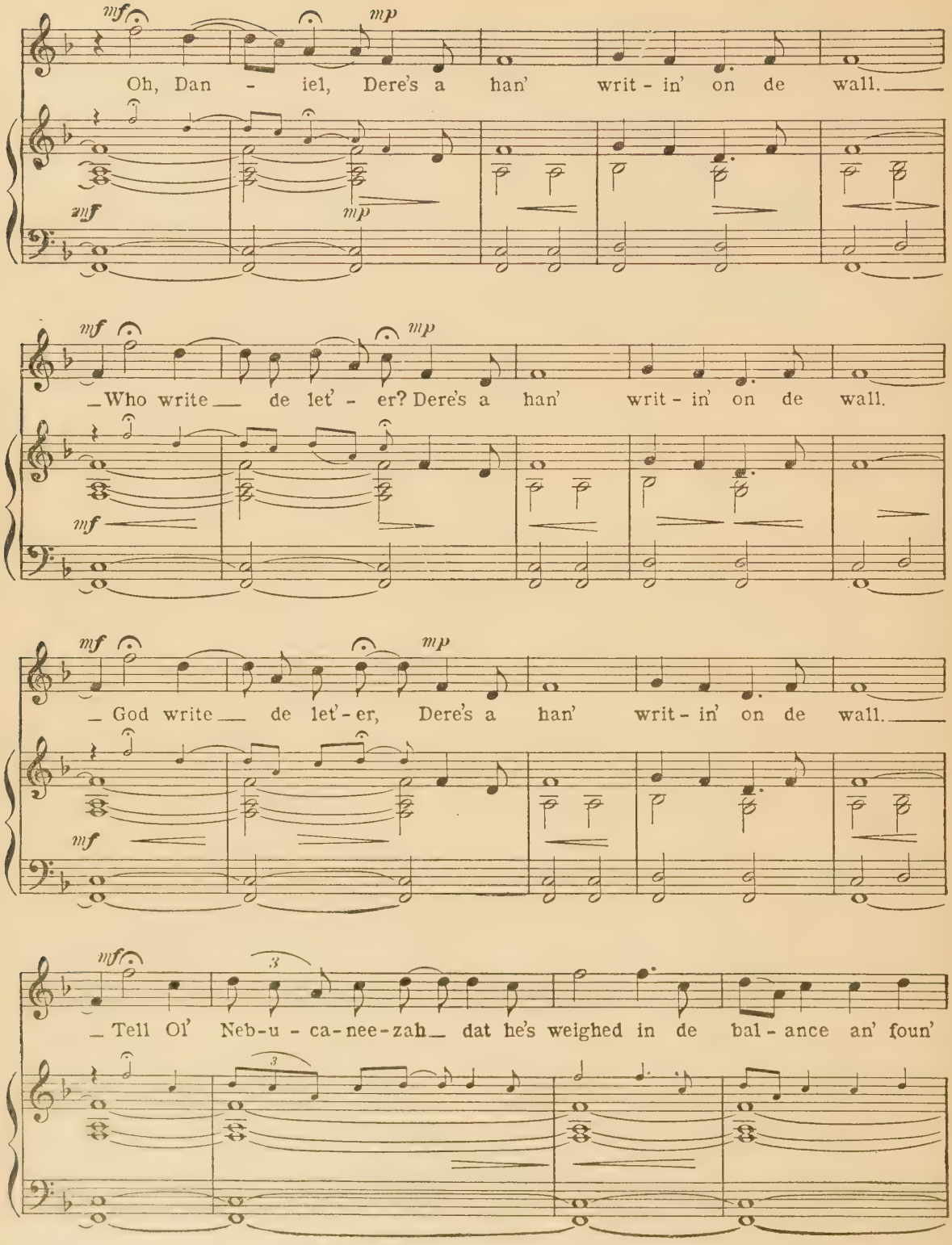

Slowly
— done my Lord, — done my Lord. — He nev-er said a mum-blin'
— rise an' fall, — rise an' fall. — Dey car-ry him to Cal-va-
— thorn-y crown, — thorn-y crown. — Dey car-ry him to Pi-late's
— vi-o-lence, — vi-o-lence. — An' den dey nailed him to de
Slowly
word, — Nev-er said a mum-blin' word, Nev-er said a mum-blin'
ry, — Car-ry him to Cal-va-ry, Car-ry him to Cal-va-
Hall, — Car-ry him to Pi-late's Hall, Car-ry him to Pi-late's
tree, — Den dey nailed him to de tree, Den dey nailed him to de
word, — He nev-er said a mum-blin' word, — not a word, — not a word, —
ry, — Dey car-ry him to Cal-va-ry, — Cal-va-ry, — Cal-va-ry, —
Hall, — Dey car-ry him to Pi-late's Hall, — Pi-late's Hall, — Pi-late's Hall, —
tree, — Dey nailed him — to de tree, — to de tree, — to de tree, —
Repeat for 1-2-3
4th Ending
— not a word, — not a word. — Dey tree, De
— Cal-va-ry, — Cal-va-ry. — He
— Pi-late's Hall, — Pi-late's Hall. — Dey
— to de tree, — to de — —
Slowly

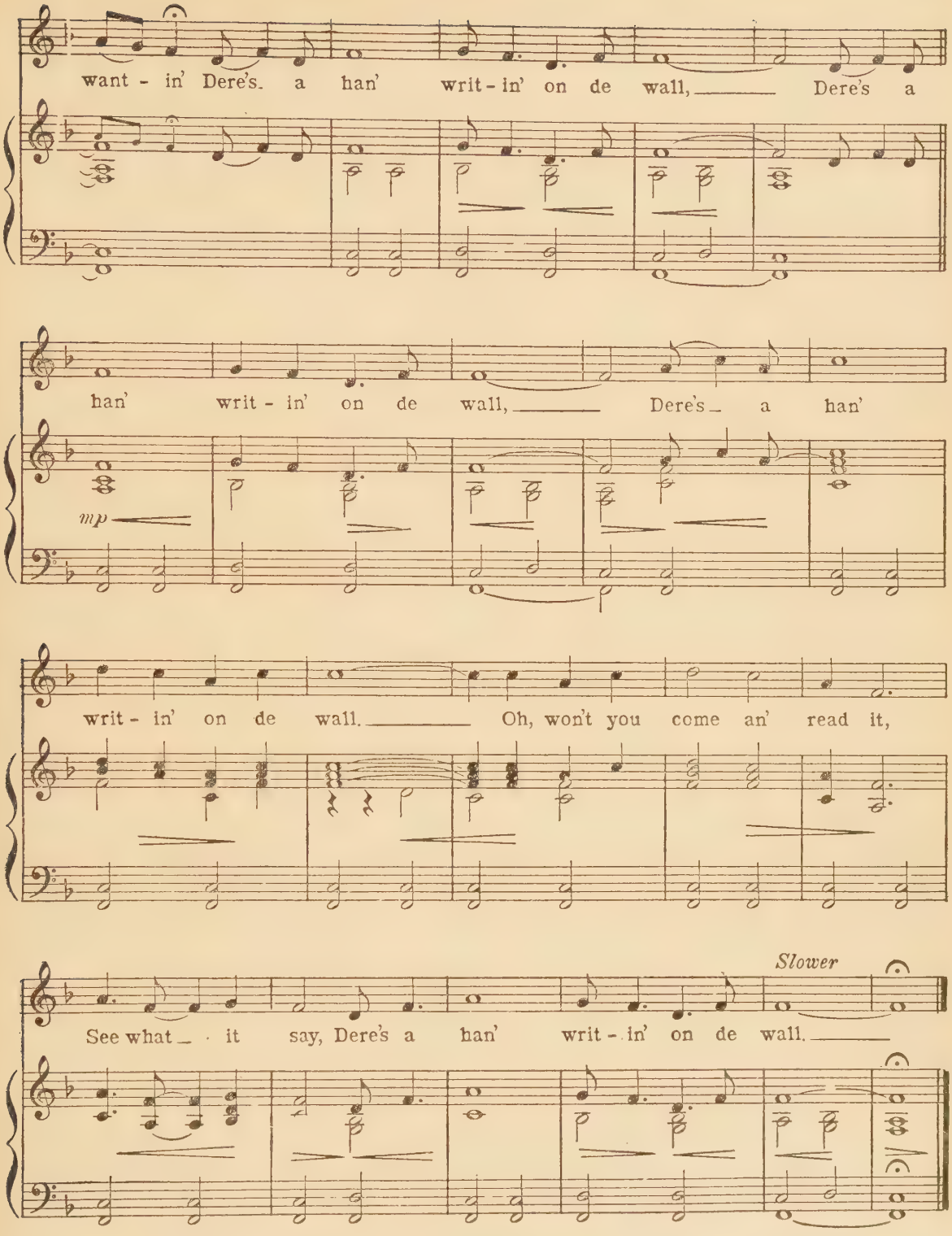

blood it come-a twink-lin' down, Blood it come-a twink-lin'
Thom-as say I won't be - lieve, Thom-as say I won't be -
He said Thom-as see my han', He said Thom-as see my
He — bow'd his head an' died, He — bow'd his head an'
down, Blood it come-a twink lin' down, De
lieve, Thom-as say I won't be lieve, —
han', He said Thom-as see my han',
died, He — bow'd his head an' died,
blood it come-a twink-lin' down, twink-lin' down, twink-lin' down,
Thom-as say I won't be - lieve, won't be - lieve, won't be - lieve,
He said Thom-as see my han', see my han', see my han',
He — bow'd his head an died, head an' died, head an' died,
Slowly
1.
2.
— twink-lin' down, twink-lin' down.
— won't be - lieve, won't be - lieve.
— see my han', see my han'.
— head an' died, head an' died.
Slowly

DERE'S A HAN'WRITIN' ON DE WALL

To Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hammond

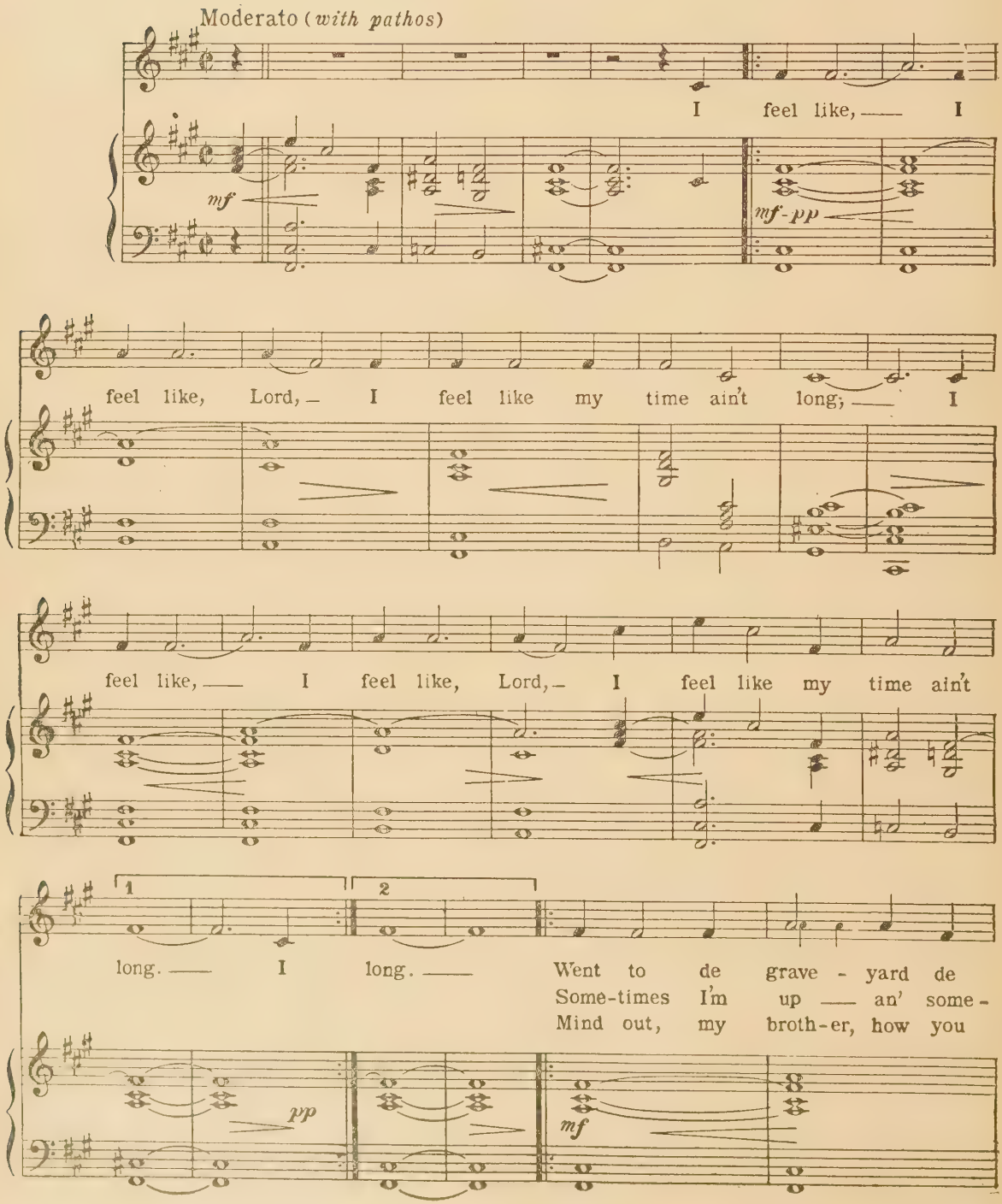


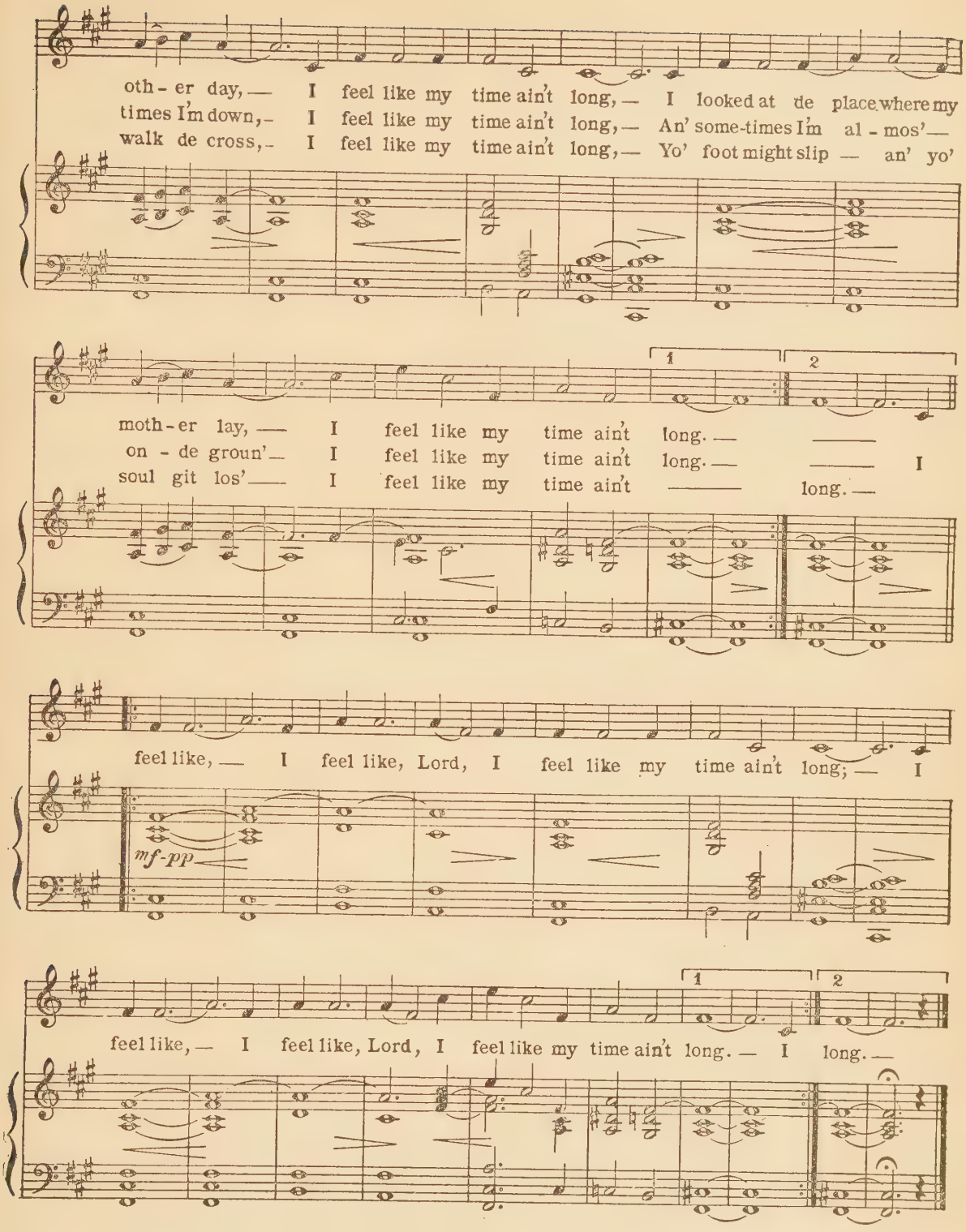

mf
mp
Oh, Dan - iel, Dere's a han' writ - in' on de wall.
mf
mp
mf
mp
Who write de let' - er? Dere's a han' writ - in' on de wall.
mf
mf
mp
God write de let' - er, Dere's a han' writ - in' on de wall.
mf
mf
3
Tell Ol' Neb-u - ca-nee-zah dat he's weighed in de bal - ance an' foun'
3


want - in' Dere's a han' writ - in' on de wall, Dere's a
han' writ - in' on de wall, Dere's a han'
mp
writ - in' on de wall. Oh, won't you come an' read it,
Slower
See what it say, Dere's a han' writ - in' on de wall.

I FEEL LIKE MY TIME AIN'T LONG

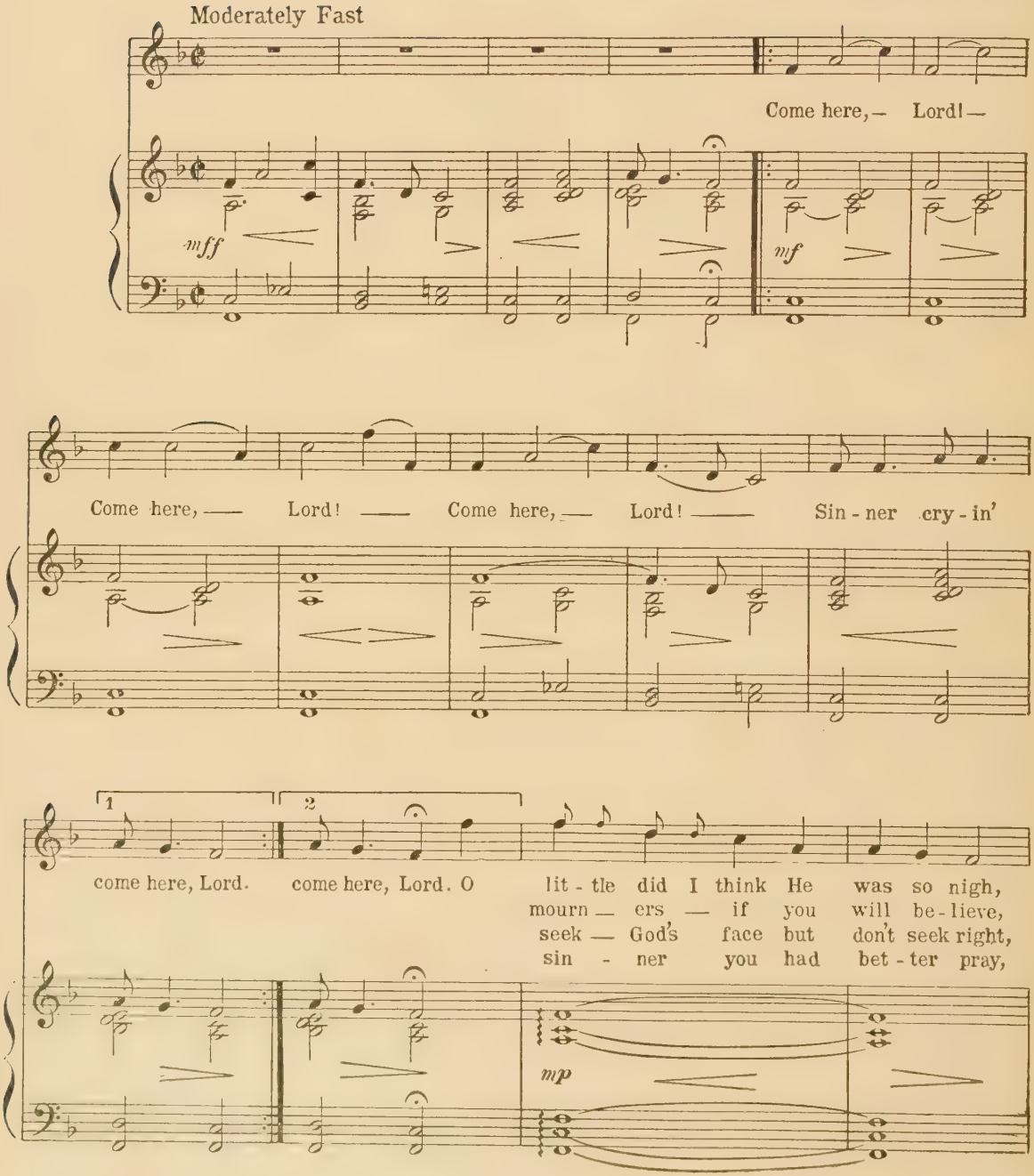
To Mrs. Irita Van Doren

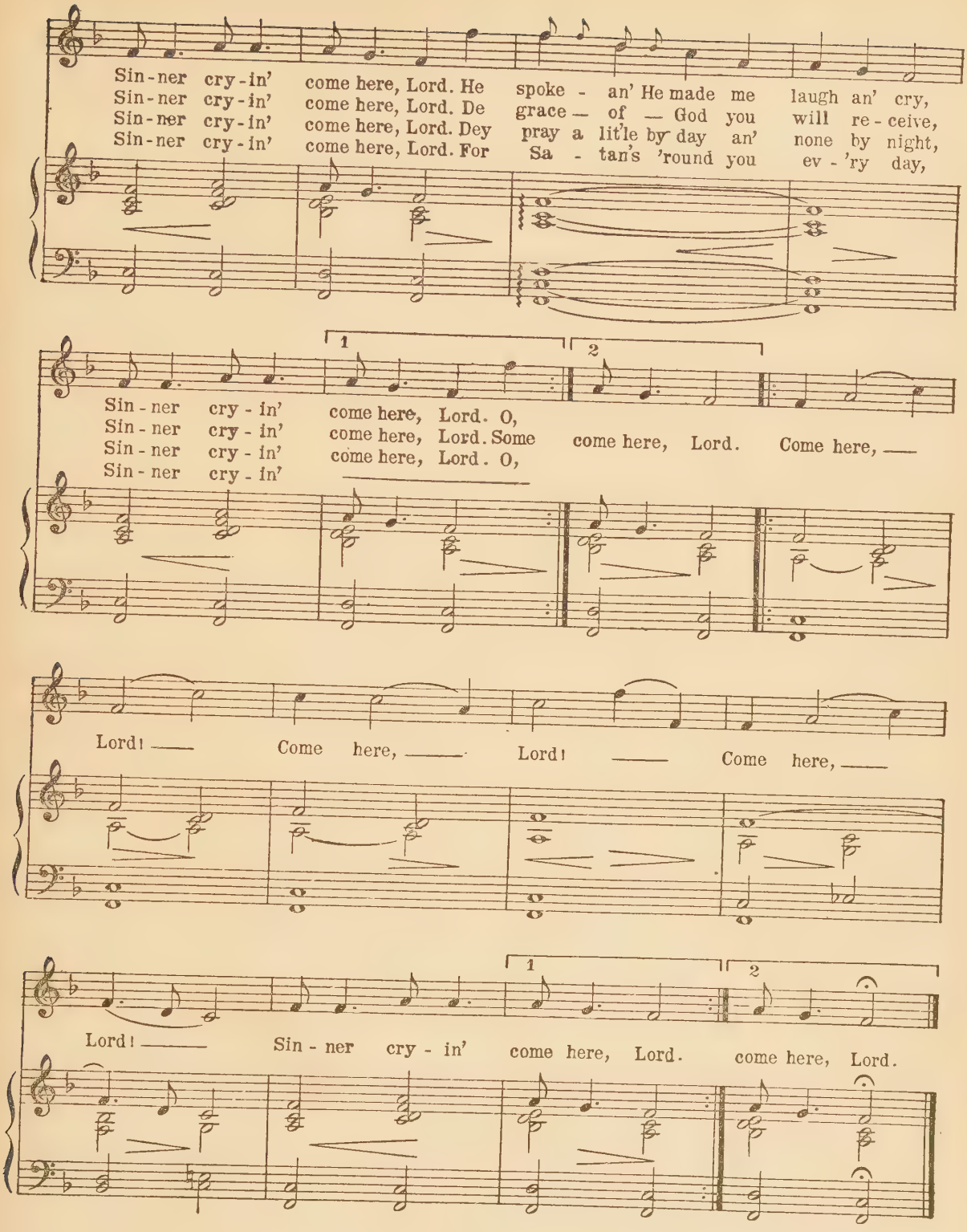



oth - er day, — I feel like my time ain't long, — I looked at de place where my
times I'm down, — I feel like my time ain't long, — An' some-times I'm al - mos' —
walk de cross, — I feel like my time ain't long, — Yo' foot might slip — an' yo'
1
2
moth - er lay, — I feel like my time ain't long. —
on - de groun' — I feel like my time ain't long. —
soul git los' — I feel like my time ain't long. —
I
feel like, — I feel like, Lord, I feel like my time ain't long; — I
mf-pp
1
2
feel like, — I feel like, Lord, I feel like my time ain't long. — I long. —

COME HERE LORD!

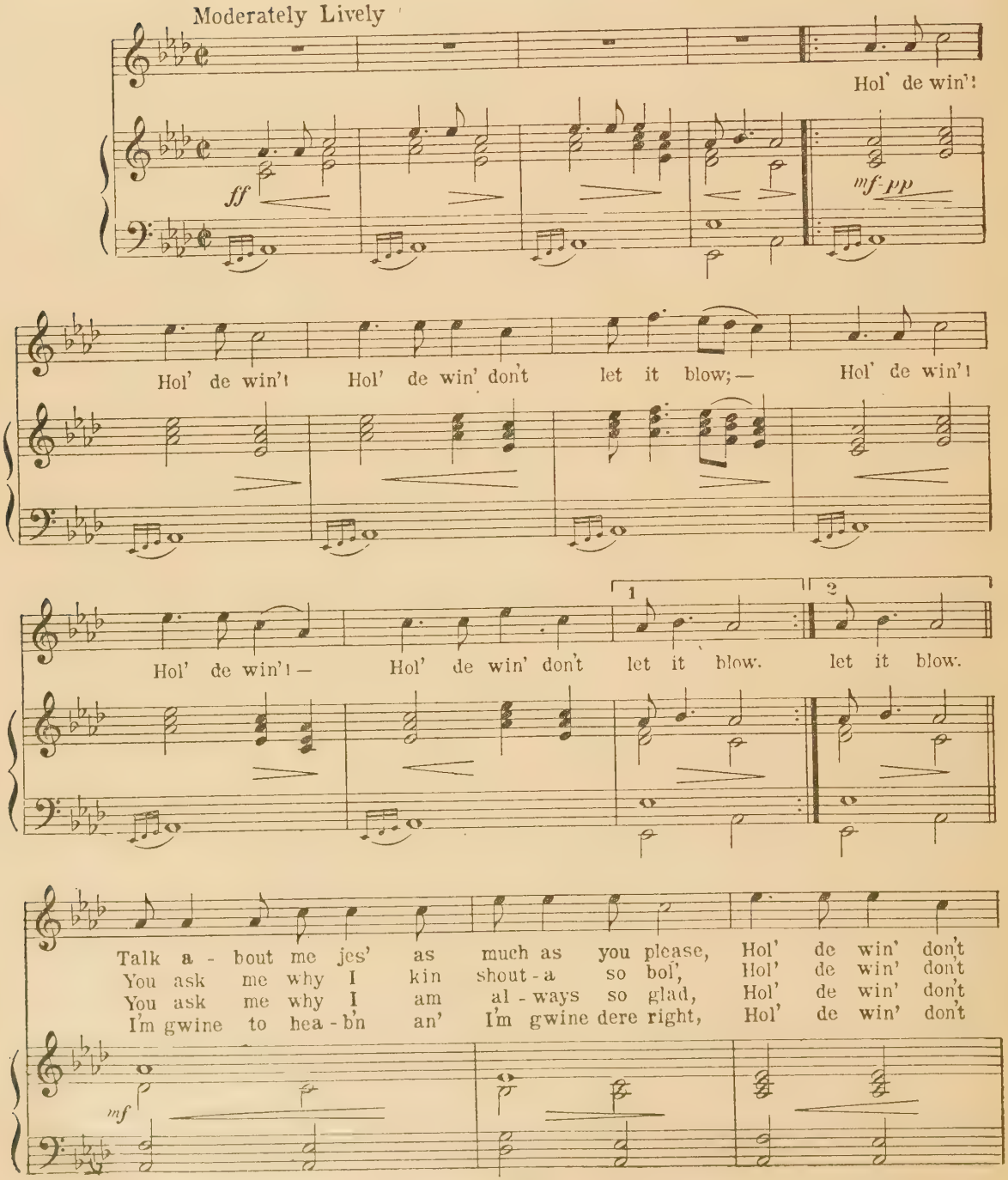
To Mr. Harry Block

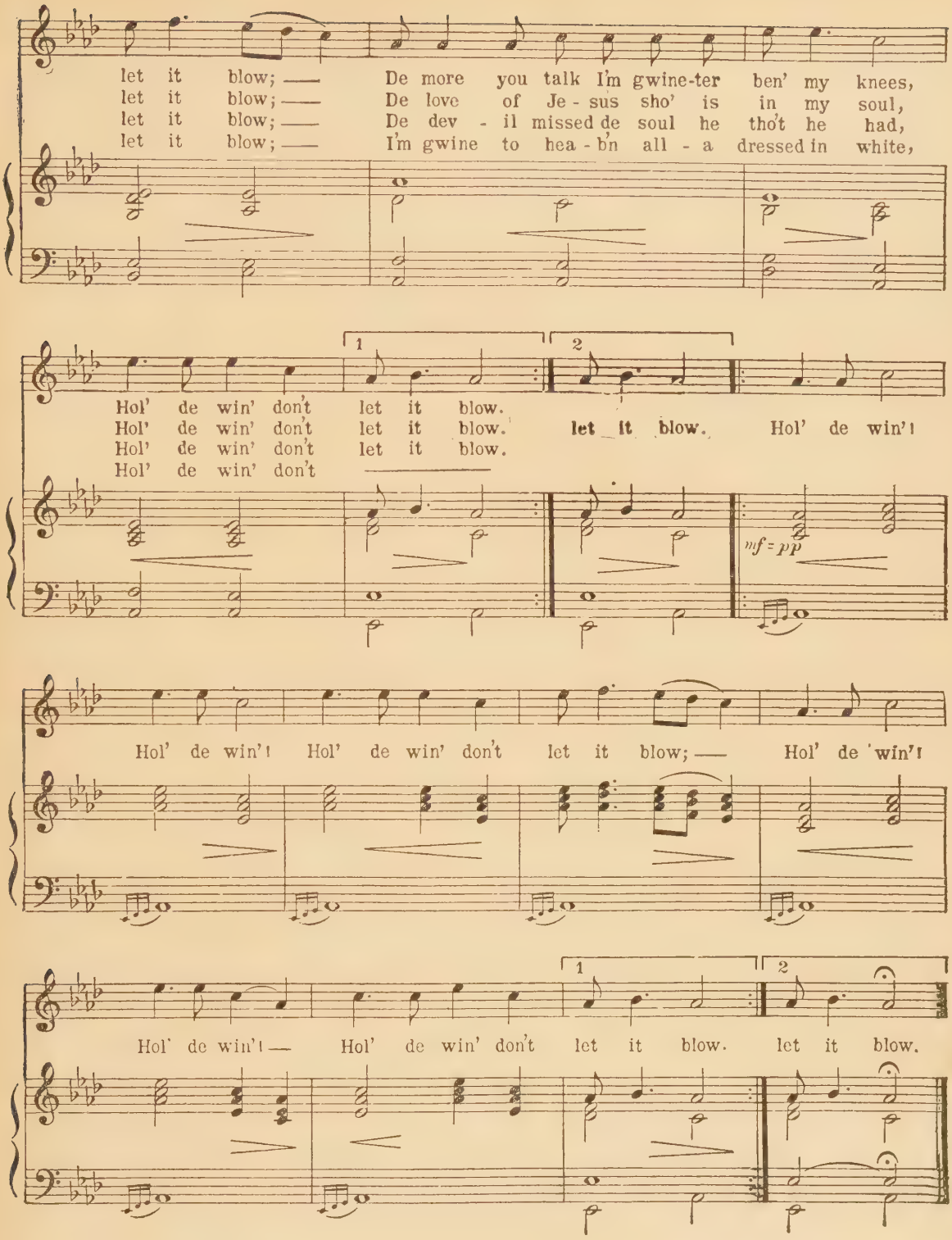



Sin-ner cry-in' come here, Lord. He spoke - an' He made me laugh an' cry,
Sin-ner cry-in' come here, Lord. De grace — of — God you will re-ceive,
Sin-ner cry-in' come here, Lord. Dey pray a lit'le by day an' none by night,
Sin-ner cry-in' come here, Lord. For Sa - tan's 'round you ev-'ry day,
1
2
Sin-ner cry-in' come here, Lord. O,
Sin-ner cry-in' come here, Lord. Some come here, Lord. Come here, —
Sin-ner cry-in' come here, Lord. O,
Sin-ner cry-in'
Lord! — Come here, — Lord! — Come here, —
1
2
Lord! — Sin-ner cry-in' come here, Lord. come here, Lord.

HOL' DE WIN' DON'T LET IT BLOW

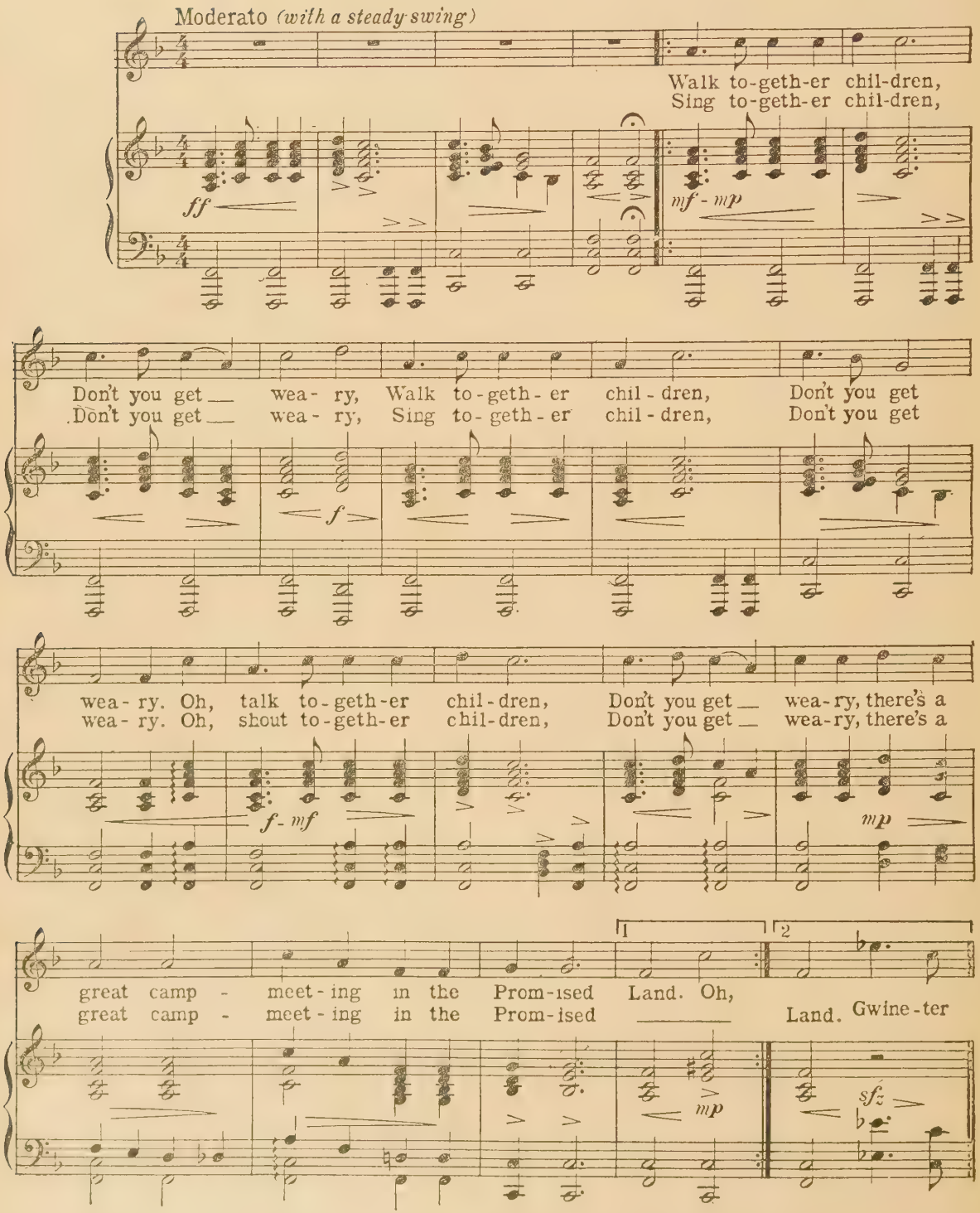
To Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Goossens

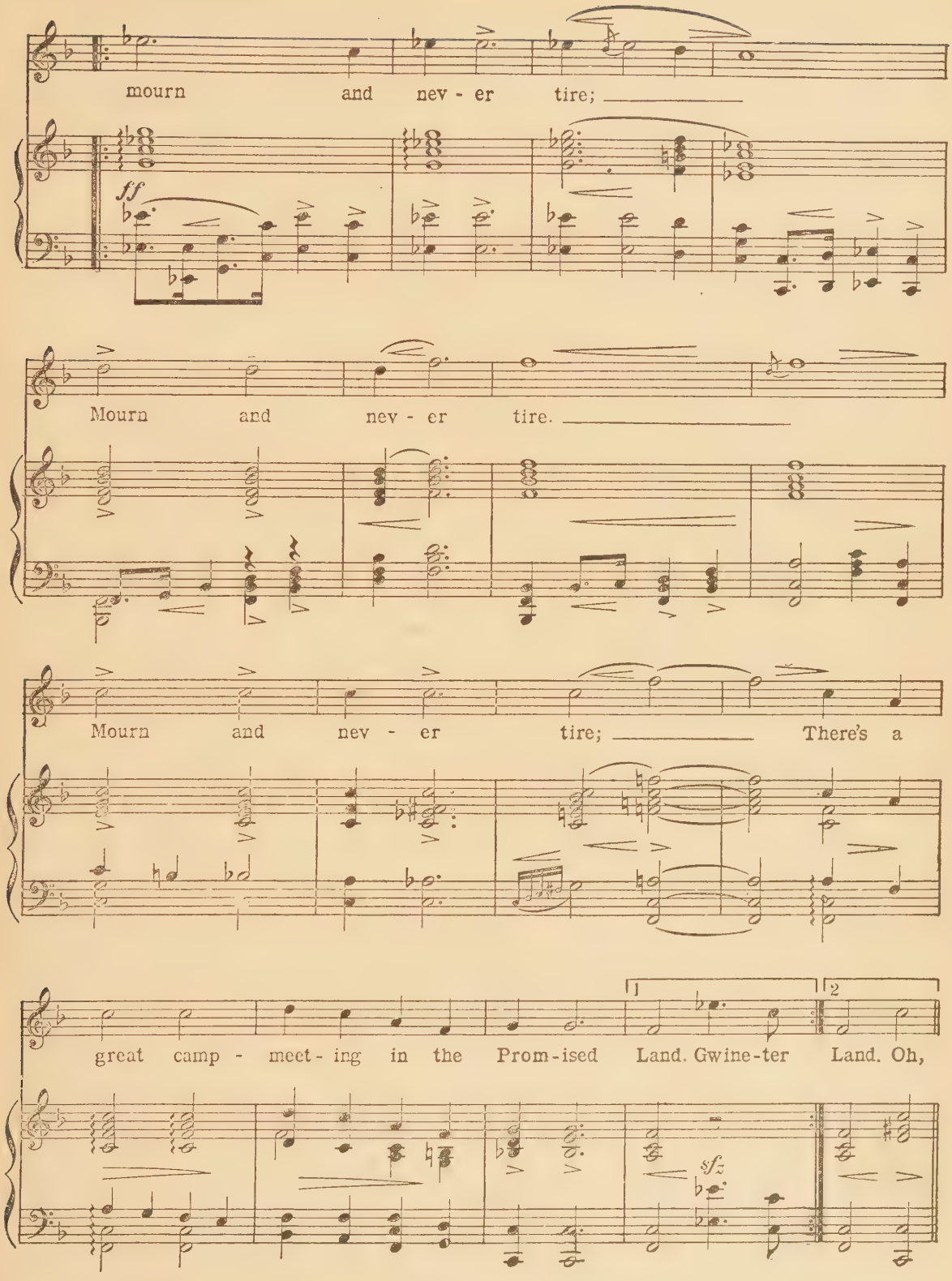


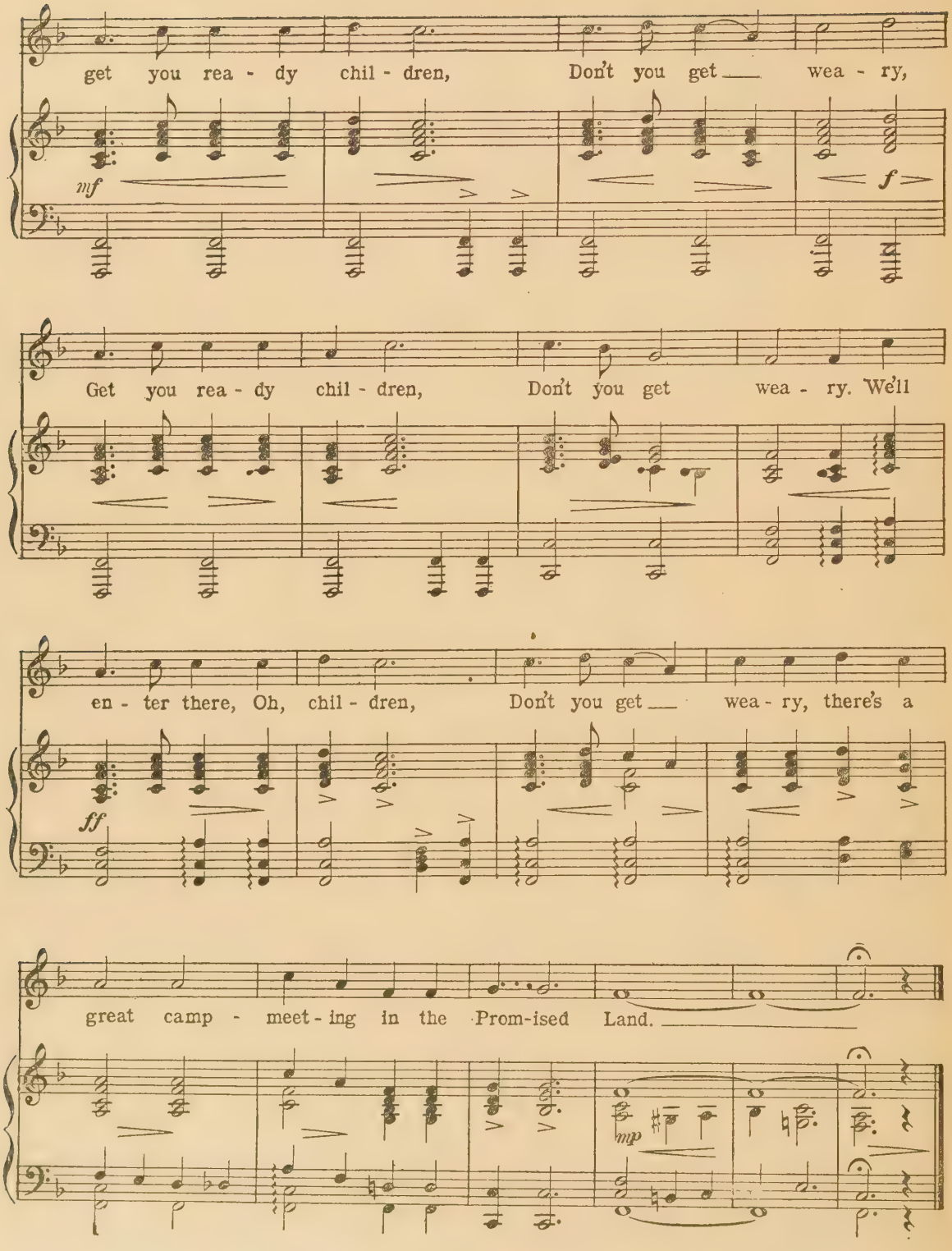

let it blow; —
let it blow; —
let it blow; —
let it blow; —
De more you talk I'm gwine-ter ben' my knees,
De love of Je - sus sho' is in my soul,
De dev - il missed de soul he tho't he had,
I'm gwine to hea - b'n all - a dressed in white,
1
2
Hol' de win' don't let it blow.
Hol' de win' don't let it blow.
Hol' de win' don't let it blow.
Hol' de win' don't
let it blow.
Hol' de win'!
mf = pp
Hol' de win'! Hol' de win' don't let it blow; — Hol' de win'!
1
2
Hol' de win'! — Hol' de win' don't let it blow.
let it blow.

WALK TOGETHER CHILDREN

To Dr. W. E. Burghardt DuBois

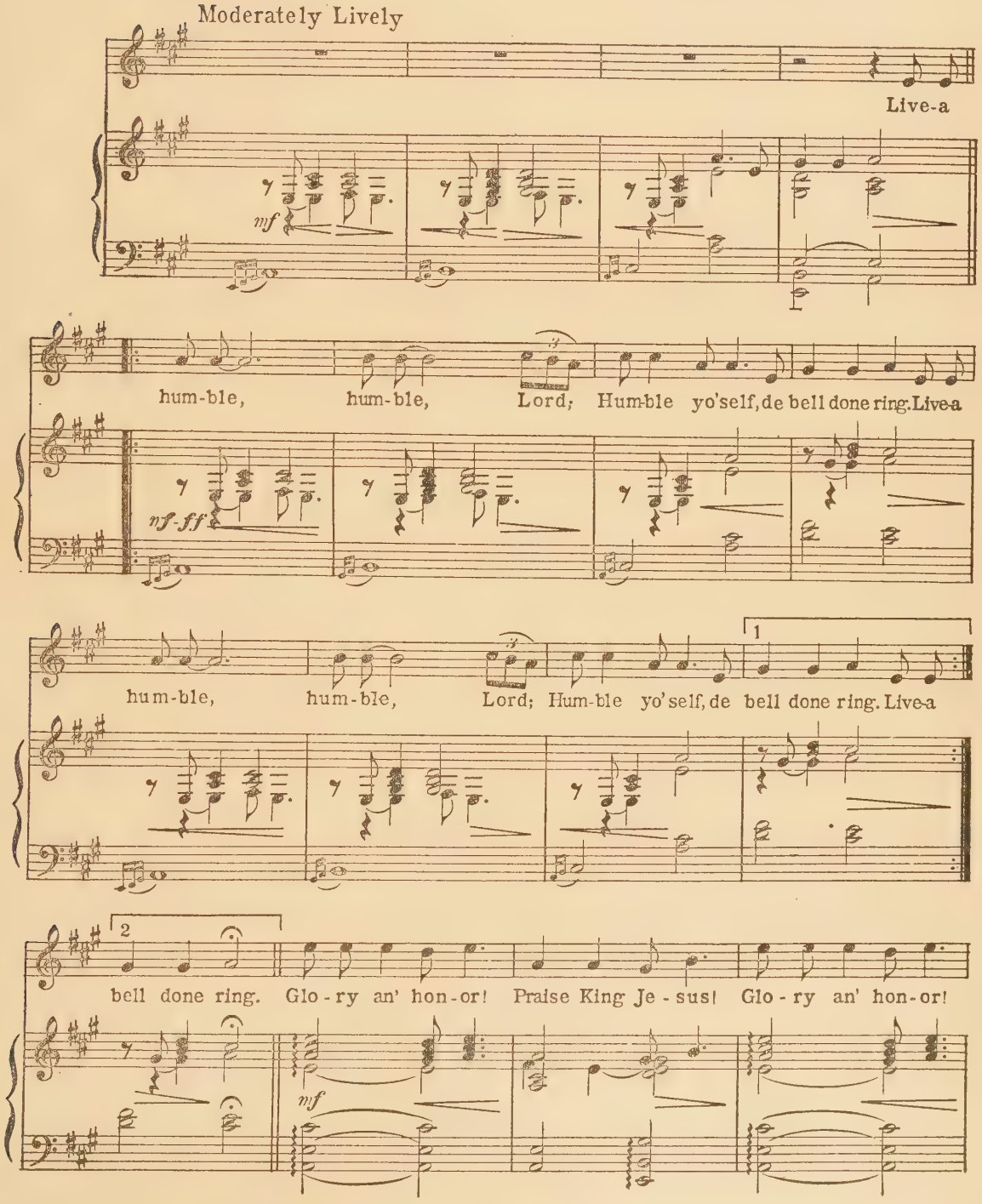


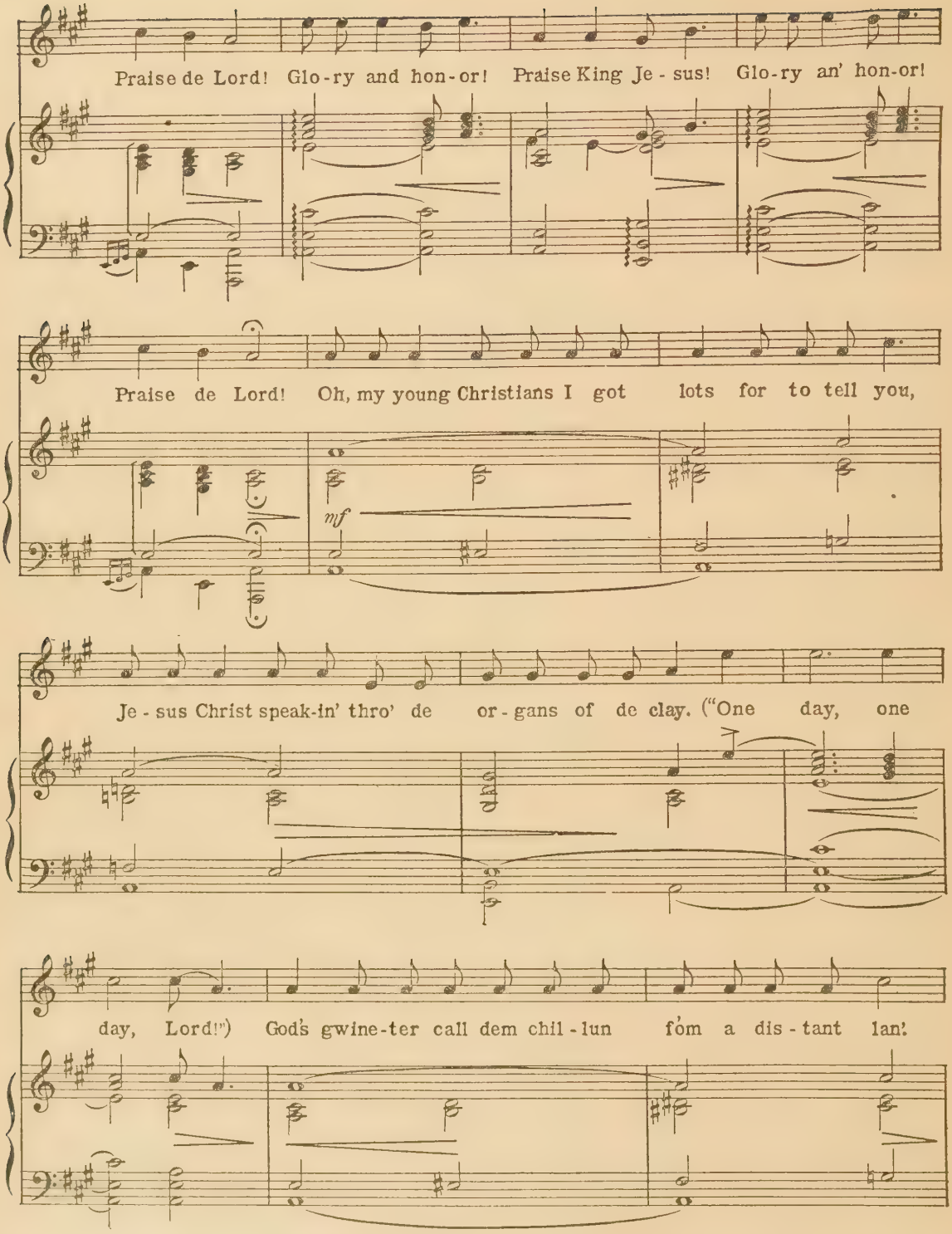

mourn and nev - er tire;
ff
Mourn and nev - er tire.
Mourn and nev - er tire; There's a
great camp - meet - ing in the Prom - ised Land. Gwine - ter Land. Oh,
1
2
sfz

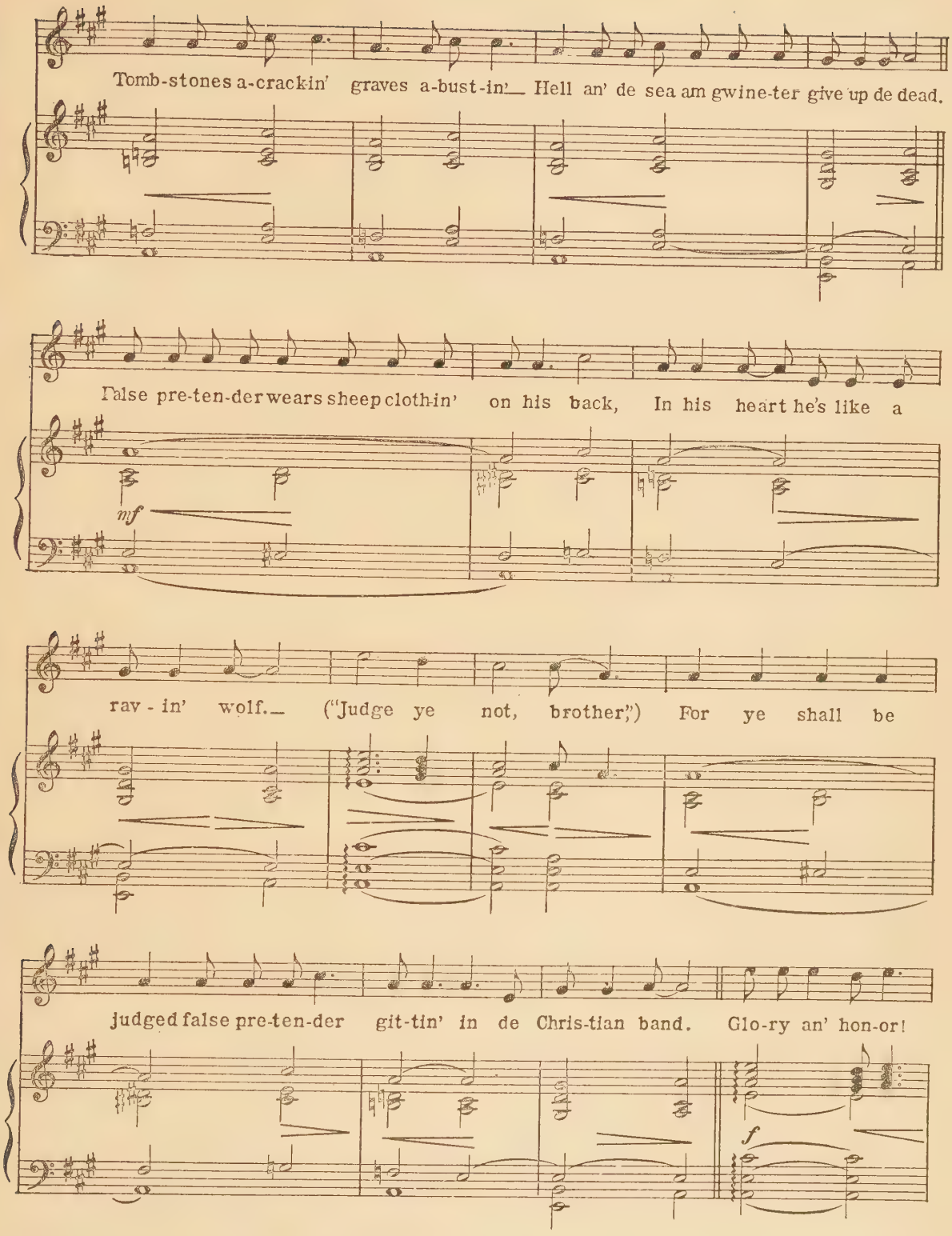

get you rea - dy chil - dren, Don't you get wea - ry,
mf
f
Get you rea - dy chil - dren, Don't you get wea - ry. We'll
en - ter there, Oh, chil - dren, Don't you get wea - ry, there's a
ff
great camp - meet - ing in the Prom-ised Land.
mp

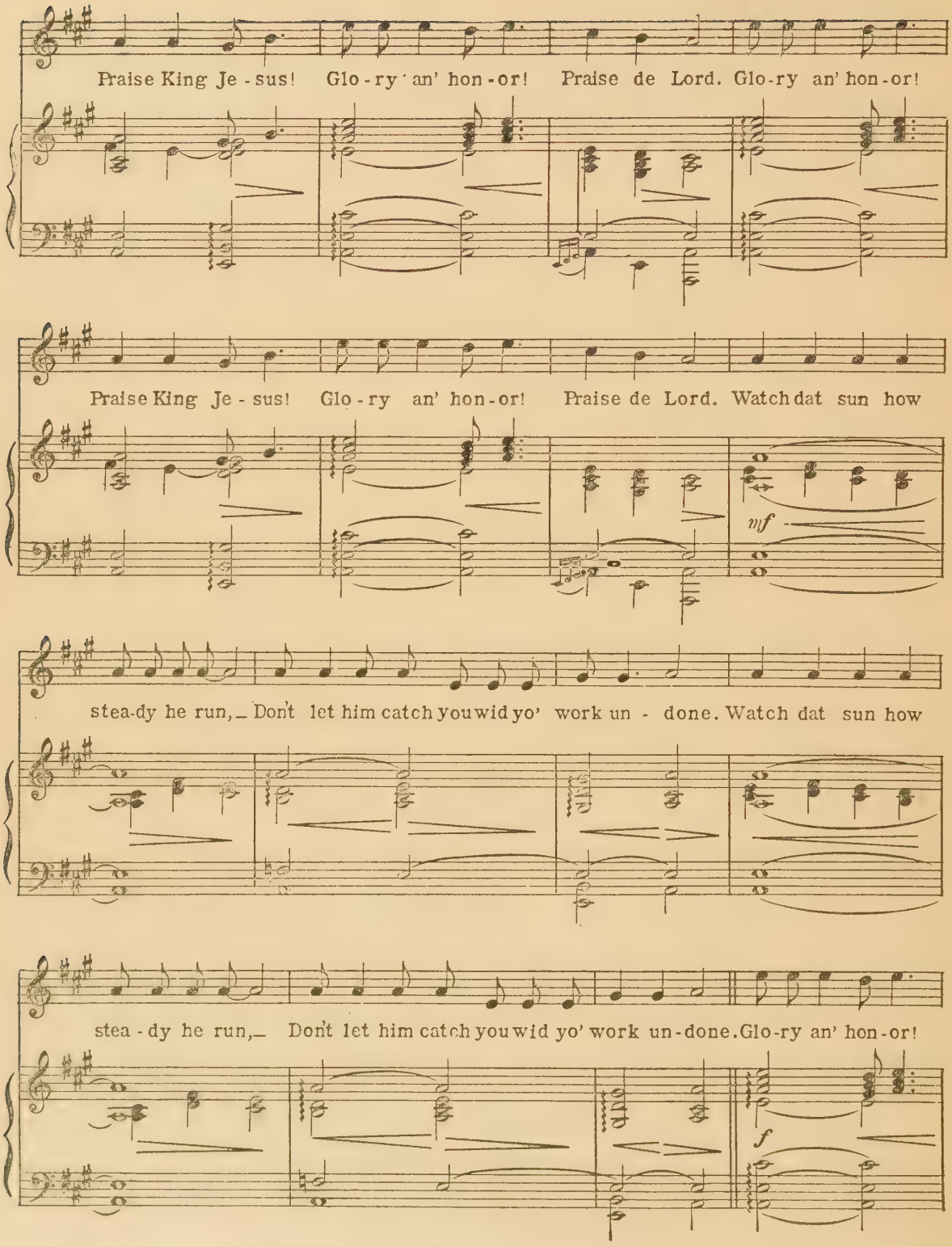
HUMBLE YO'SELF DE BELL DONE RING

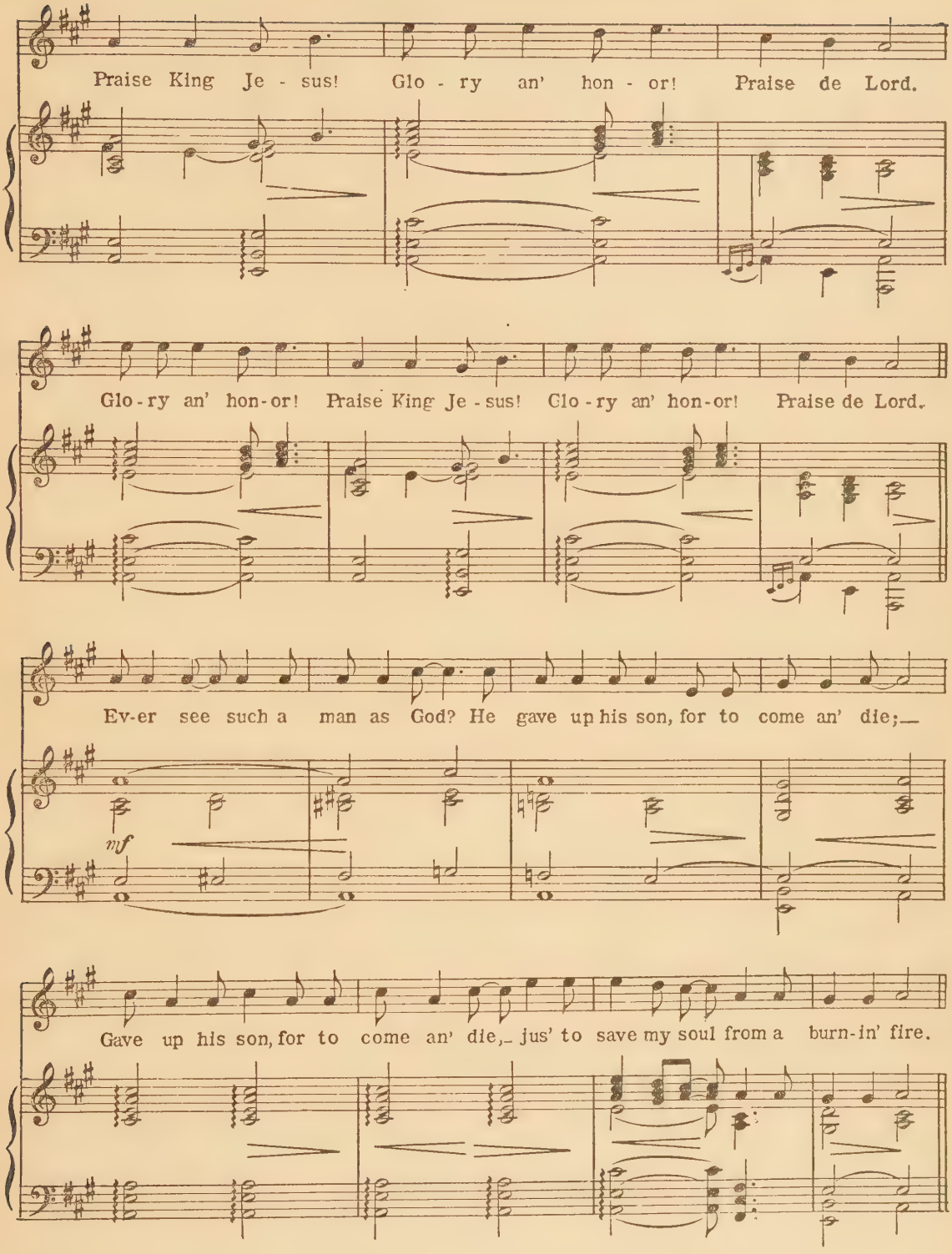
To my Coadjutor—Taylor Gordon

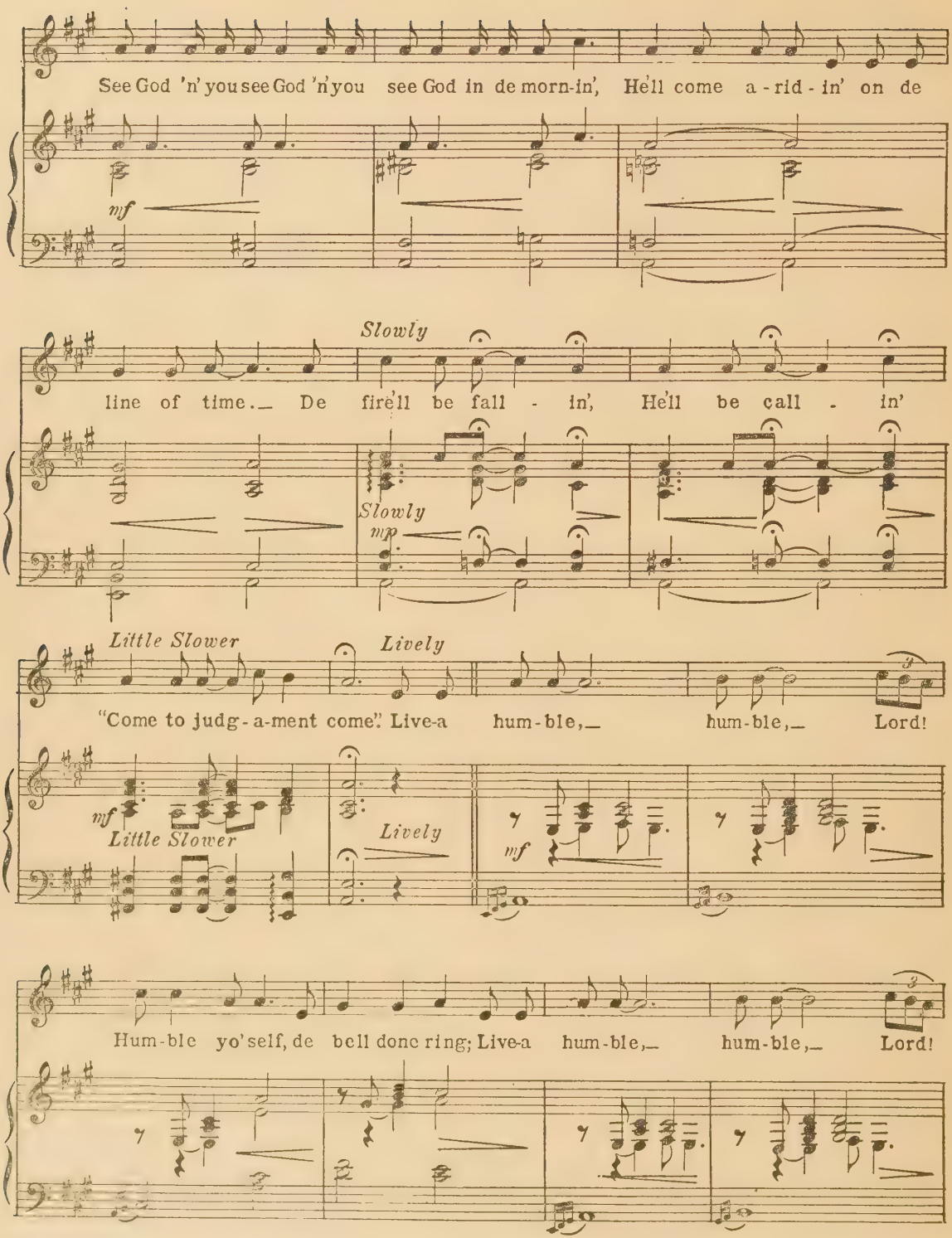


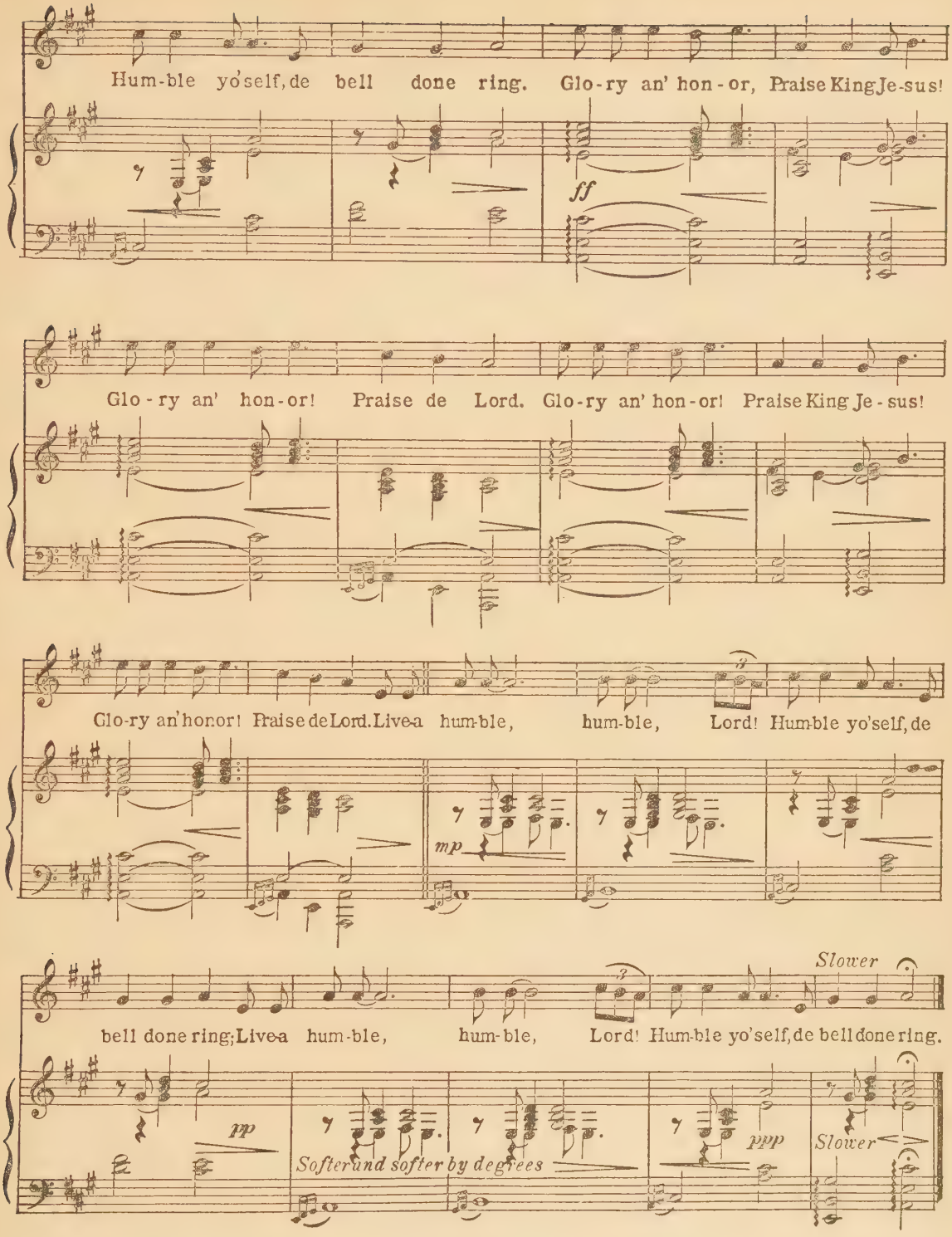

Praise de Lord! Glo-ry and hon-or! Praise King Je-sus! Glo-ry an' hon-or!
Praise de Lord! Oh, my young Christians I got lots for to tell you,
mf
Je-sus Christ speak-in' thro' de or-gans of de clay. ("One day, one
day, Lord!") God's gwine-ter call dem chil-lun fom a dis-tant lan'.


Tomb-stones a-crackin' graves a-bust-in'_ Hell an' de sea am gwine-ter give up de dead.
False pre-ten-der wears sheep cloth-in' on his back, In his heart he's like a
mf
rav - in' wolf._ ("Judge ye not, brother,") For ye shall be
judged false pre-ten-der git-tin' in de Chris-tian band. Glo-ry an' hon-or!
f


Praise King Je - sus! Glo - ry an' hon - or! Praise de Lord. Glo-ry an' hon - or!
Praise King Je - sus! Glo - ry an' hon - or! Praise de Lord. Watch dat sun how
mf
stea-dy he run, Don't let him catch you wid yo' work un - done. Watch dat sun how
stea - dy he run, Don't let him catch you wid yo' work un-done. Glo-ry an' hon-or!
f


Praise King Je - sus! Glo - ry an' hon - or! Praise de Lord.
Glo - ry an' hon - or! Praise King Je - sus! Glo - ry an' hon - or! Praise de Lord.
Ev-er see such a man as God? He gave up his son, for to come an' die;—
mf
Gave up his son, for to come an' die,— jus' to save my soul from a burn-in' fire.


See God 'n' you see God 'n' you see God in de morn-in', He'll come a-rid-in' on de
mf
Slowly
line of time. De fire'll be fall - in', He'll be call - in'
Slowly
mp
Little Slower
Lively
"Come to judg-a-ment come". Live-a hum-ble, hum-ble, Lord!
mf
Little Slower
Lively
mf
Hum-ble yo'self, de bell done ring; Live-a hum-ble, hum-ble, Lord!


Hum-ble yo'self, de bell done ring. Glo-ry an' hon-or, Praise King Je-sus!
ff
Glo-ry an' hon-or! Praise de Lord. Glo-ry an' hon-or! Praise King Je-sus!
Glo-ry an' honor! Praise de Lord. Live a hum-ble, hum-ble, Lord! Hum-ble yo'self, de
mp
Slower
bell done ring; Live a hum-ble, hum-ble, Lord! Hum-ble yo'self, de bell done ring.
pp
Softer and softer by degrees
ppp
Slower

1571